

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

David Woodward

THE INVENTION OF AIR

A Hold of the Future

iknow whatis

to(come

itlives inme

wrapsme(up

wheni don'twant

tobe(held

thatway

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Who are We (Now : ?

didi hear(correctly ?

diddifferent whisper in your(ear ?

didyou repeat her(words ?

didi listen to the(tune ?

dida rhythm beatmy(heart ?

arewe ready for the(drum ?

willwe(now:) dance&speaking&fight&taste theway

we(know)

we(can ?

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The Oneday Plan: Tomorrow's Party

didi tell(you) you're(not

here

but in someLand(farfrom

here

not sofar ican't tell you:this:

live

alife awhile withlove whileit'

S

He(e)r;E

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Response to #68

athousand whys
&wheres(nowhens) opens
thecomposite flowered head
petals beamloVe
to the size(le,sS
sun:light(Laughing
&every(wHere

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Alarmed! We Cry

i.

idon'tknow howmuchLonger
icanlive withhonking&
beeping&whining(without good wine
goingoff(&on)goinggoing(oing
goingSons inmyhead
ican'tstand(uppoperly
any(more myback isbent
myspine isless ofwhat
itused tobe , isay(orrather
write 'tobe' allthetime
'cause idon'tknow any(more:whensorwhats
:whatthis:IS iam:what ?
&what:was whereisIT:now ?
&ofcourse : beep!bEEp!b(L)leep!

ii.

,Leaping into the size(less
sun:light is notwhat
IT:usedtobe
,atleast not what ithought
endless days&minds
thought to(prove
,notproveim(prove
with eachday&(mind
thesun as it guards
against the coldest

iii.

distantheart.

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Bonus:

Yes (&Thanks

a short poet once told me
how a bird invented

the air,

i had to reach up high
to listen to the sound

of song,he(made

and now once is twice
turning into three

athousand whys

i do not ask

he does not tell

who would

who knows

twilight'ssongS

byheart

the vaste;ness of the void

&that unfools are

unfree