

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

Diane Webster
EMERGE

One rock has courage
to emerge from the pond
and ripple its wake
toward shore.

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SUMMER

Dog days of summer
hover around 100 degrees,
and the cat sleeps
without purring
on my lap
as sweat seeks path
of least resistance
down my back
like dew drizzling
down a blade of grass
on a cooler mountain.

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SITTING ON STEPS

Water surges down
the ditch through head gates;
wind turnstiles through leaves
on the catalpa tree;
baby next door cries
as the cat dozes in the window sill;
a distant, memory-almost-remembered
thunder rumbles in darkened clouds
before the smell of rain precedes the actual.

IN ONE BREATH

Fire engine siren prays
"Hope it's not my house,"
but someone's joke
goes up in smoke
like the flight-for-life helicopter
lifts off from the hospital,
and we shade our eyes
in a kind of salute
to the fallen lying inside
concentrating on one breath
and then another,
glad to finally land
to answered prayers.