

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

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Nature's Statue

The lone ranger
Stands tall and sturdy
Embedded
From the ground up
Brown
Gray
Jagged
Rough
Blistered
Foundation.
Brightly colored verdures
Sprouted
From its plethora
Of arms and fingers
Flows silently
In the wind.

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Rhodes

Oceanic dream of light blue clarity
Shimmers from the rays of the sweltering sun
Rocky or sandy relentless terrain
Lying down on a soft, warm blanket
Gazing out into the wonders of an endless horizon

Across the silent iridescent waters,
There are meek houses, white and blue
Constructed of concrete and wood,
Simple elegance of an utter modest proportion,
Mounted on a high rutted peak,
Surrounded by fig and olive trees,
Having brown, thin and feeble branches
Its fruit is bountiful, fresh and pure

The sky is clear and cloudless
Soothing aromas of salt fill the air
A soft breeze cools the skin
Breathing slowly, inhale after exhale,
Consuming each glimpse
Of the immaculate paradise