

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

Freddy Frankel

A Poem

is in part like the shore,
in part like the sea;
you have to go there to feel
the wind, the sting
of blown sand
on bare legs; the sharp edge
of the clam shattered,
the smooth dome of the cowrie –

the pride in your castle
painstakingly built;
your heart break
when the walls cave in,
your tall joy demolished.
Did you cry – or perhaps
shrug it off like a man.
I didn't.

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Retirement Village

Some pass on each year from here –
their lives at times mislaid;

some so much in need it seems their years
are overstayed.

But although we live among the dying, even
finger death, comfort can be found among the old –

summer blooms in the gardens we tend,
winter blooms for the bold.