

## Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

*Keith Moul*

### **Collecting the Senses**

The high senses intercept  
a barely perceptible sound—  
water drips on a mute surface—  
or is it blood's pulse in the eyelid  
staying a while my eye's need to see?

I walk and sit on my low senses,  
bottoms of feet and buttock.  
Too long on the latter  
makes the former tingle.

I haven't yet discovered mid-senses.

All this happens on an actual day, Tuesday.  
I have saved the only known record.

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### Resenting the Senses

That movement beneath the trees  
less than a minute ago has stopped.  
Some rotting logs and shrubs go more quiet.  
A soundless breeze mixes among them,  
until sound rests throughout the world.

I have carried the scene as a memory  
for twenty years; like a vole in my pocket,  
it pops up, nibbles my shirt and my skin.  
Perhaps I fell asleep under those trees,  
perhaps I resented too much my senses,

until roots circled my head, my arms and legs,  
trapped me as a beetle stopped on my eye,  
acting predatory but so tickling my lashes and brow.

Those with faith in a future life must take pause,  
to hear my story so bound in a repeated present.  
I admit not looking forward. I see myself  
as I was, furtive, perhaps conjuring a recurrence.

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### **The Intersection Birch Bay – Lynden Rd at Stein Rd**

Winter rain falls heavily;  
tire spray ahead obscures the way--  
at the turn, 5.3 miles to home.

I rarely think of my mother  
(dead of her life of pain 9 years now),  
but at this moment I must find my way.

I take special care at this dangerous time  
as my father's lesson, whom my mother  
(dead of her contempt 9 years now)  
let float through his separate life, unmoored.

A sailor, scarred no doubt by war,  
dad made it home to see me born.  
He lovingly cradled both me and my mother  
(dead of her loneliness 9 years now).  
I keep the old pictures, recently digitized.

Under my own duress, still out in the cold,  
yet comfortably sure of my way, my mother  
(dead of her regret 9 years now) looms  
in countless drops of rain, countless moments  
receding behind, countless caresses delayed;

as I age, previous generations all passed by,  
I cannot re-capture the many crossroads; I  
am lost to the black '51 Ford in which I learned  
of stalls and ungenerous rust; I encounter  
non-linear time, stormy discontinuity.

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My mother (dead of her life's forfeitures,  
dead of her weariness from life's omissions,  
dead of her need for incomplete gaieties,  
dead finally of time and her children's neglect)  
is buried now closer to her husband than ever.