

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

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Lastness

is a dark-spotted leaf,
folding its mystery, in purple, still attached
to a branch trying to shake it loose
into crunching, fallen, brittle air ---

into dying, resurrecting in its next stage,
loving in the fall, into the unknown ---
soon it would have no choice; it would be gone.

I too, will be gone; my staying is not possible ---
returning to soil is welcomed and waiting.
My heart is straight with the universe

--- what a beginning!
In the excellence of seasons and weather,
we cannot change inevitability,

we can only embrace it.

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Psalm

How can a broken heart be possible when you're enraptured?
There is information out there --- explicit in everything.

Nothing requires us to be in contemplation
in order to obtain it. When we go into nature,
our senses are revived, replenished.

Belonging is messy, intrinsic business.
When you are in the presence of something eternally powerful,
engaging, inclusive things, are purified and illuminated.

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Psalm

The universe has a sermon about remembrance.
It tells about substance and inspiration.
It says we have a strange way of changing things.
even if we do not intend to cause the change.
We all desire caring and being cared for.

If I could not hear,
the marshes would send their breezes
full of loons and drakes.
If I could not speak, silence would speak for me
becoming yellow roses, incandescent star-falls.
grammar of memory,
adjectives of landscapes would appear.

Nothing would abandon me.
Love would be compound sentences
in traces of uncommon space
bringing my creator's intense message.
I would know more than I do now.
I would know parables of Love.

In this, there is no vacuum of oblivion.
There is only promise.