

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/3

Clinton Van Inman

DIANA

Go drag your white skull beyond blind seas
That tumble dazed to your mono-eyed magic.
Go tell Neptune when the night is through.
Charm him, too, with your waxing and waning.
But you can't catch me with those veiled half smiles.
Your borrowed brilliance exposes you.
I know too well your darker side.
Go charm some other star struck rhapsodist.

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LIGHTLESS

Each year the light is less.
We can barely see it now,
The faint necklace of
The Milky Way.

The old ones were wrong,
You know with their waxed fingers
Pointing up like abandoned adobe.
Yet you know better in your cubical gardens
And half moth-eaten moons,
You have arrived in
Handcuffs.

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If We Could Dance One Night Away

If we could dance just one more night away
Filled with champagne and candlelight,
In hours held only in our delight,
Only this and this alone would please.
Like Chablis mixed with sweet bouquet
In moments we soon shall not forget
Save all not close to the clarinet,
Where only perfume and tobacco lingers
Our love shall rise above all of these.
While we tango upon the outer terrace
Moonbeams shall fall upon your face,
And I shall say that nothing really matters
Except this time that we have passed
Because we have saved our best for last.

Diamond Moon

Double humped round in roses I
Charm some vision in a paper cup.
Like Orestes in a diamond moon
Rising from stained glass to find
No meaning beyond my movement.
But only when worlds collide
Will the silence of my Trojan Seas
Protect me from his desert sands.
I am now an O-as-is only
But dare drink my deeper waters
You last king in a sandman's dust.

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GUESTS

It was no accident my coming here,
They must have known long before
I wandered to their farmhouse near
That I would soon knock upon their door.

Call it more than a good neighbor's sense
In snow to leave the porch lamp lighted
Or post the sign on their picket fence,
For all those lost are all always invited.

The Way The Moon

The way the moon had seemed
To play its hide and seek
Behind every fleeting cloud
Where it would seem to peek
Like a child to cast its smile
Down upon me all the while
I watched him like a sprite
Play catch with every fallen star
And ride a comet's tail like a slide
And hide Jack Frost's pants in the briar
Next to the Muses' flute 'til May
Had shown more than I could say.