

**Wilderness House Literary Review 7/3**

*James G. Piatt*  
**Warm Night Breezes**

Warm night breezes,  
Carrying the aromas of musty  
Pine into the air,  
Lingering in my senses,  
Give birth to peacefulness.

The Iron Horse traveling on  
Ancient iron rails, escapes  
Into the distance, and with a  
A lingering haunting sound,  
Carries my dreams, into  
The night.

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**The Placid Pond**

Silver, soundless,  
The placid pond  
Rests peacefully  
Inside a meadow's  
Verdant glen.

A downy dove  
Atop soft currents of  
A warm summer's,  
Breeze coos into  
The softness of the  
Air sending soft  
Healing rhythms in  
My, aching, heart.

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### A Special Summer Day

Cherry tipped clouds painted in the sky  
Far atop small verdant glades hidden below,  
We travel on twisted patchwork roads on high  
Into ancient quilts of green where flowers grow,  
Umber colored oaks, soft green pines,  
Pinecones strewn like dark brown jewels,  
Warm soft winds, hot sun, cool red wines, and  
Stately trees cover blue tranquil pools.  
When our souls breathe in so deeply,  
Sitting atop pine needles so brown,  
A quiet serenity covers us so steeply,  
As the translucent water flows, up and down;  
The slow moving river carries us to  
Peaceful dreams, under, evening stars.

**Forgotten Time**

Among the images of  
My wandering dreams, I  
Become lost in the  
Forgotten memories of  
Sad yesterdays,  
Like splintered glass,  
Murmurings of these  
Forgotten memories  
Pierce my mind, and  
As time goes by they  
Torment my  
Aging  
Thoughts.

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### Summer has Arrived

Visions of warm days have come to stay  
The ocean's blue tide is calm and still:  
The warm breathe of summer does easily flow.

Frozen streams and barren trees no longer dismay,  
My summer heart is now lightened and still:  
Visions of warm days have come to stay.

Warm dreams arrive as winter nightmares decay,  
The mountains no longer white with winter's chill:  
The warm breathe of summer does easily flow.

Unfriendly spring winds, no longer cold, or gray,  
Blurring the warm sun to the iceman's will:  
Visions of warm days have come to stay.

Friendly breezes of summer are due again today,  
Blowing warm thoughts into our pleasant hill:  
The warm breathe of summer does easily flow.

In months ahead, warm winds will remain so gay  
For visions of warm days have come to stay, and  
Countless sunny rays will reflect upon the rill: While  
The warm breathe of summer does easily flow.