

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/4

Bridget Galway

He Was A Blue Child-

too serious in the world-
tracing cracks on the ceiling.

He was small to stand the base of steel towers-
to feel their lean and fall.

Then home watching the sun's light-
traced through shadows shape-
from window to bookcase-
on floors to cornered doorways.

Disappearing out-
he firescape sat-
dreamed into other's windows-
through amber lit settings.

Then drawn curtains pulled him back-
to memorials set in his heart-
like inscribed poems-
unfinished each to the other-
held in quiet witness.

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Pamet

Here with bittersweet marsh grass
I am banked
under blue sky looming clouds-
reflected in winding water ways-
valued by bayberry, beach rose,
scrub pines climb.

Crowned under trees-
arched with the breath of leaf movement-
sometimes rows,
sometimes locust grove cluster
gray blue rough-
between shape and tinges-
quiet and bird song.

In the distant Sea chorus
swoosh and seagulls cry-
where light and color play
through ripples and wave.
Then flickering through branches,
brush, to earth.

I am here-
as time was-
is still in remembering-
still as a pond-
quiet
before the fly or skipping stone.