

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/4

James G. Piatt
Christmas Past

Tiny broken pieces
Of ornaments,
Once colorful and
Gleaming,
Now only bits of
Shattered glass
Strewn carelessly
Among broken pieces
Of our yesterdays
Bring memories of a
More peaceful and
Happy time to
Earth-weary thoughts.

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A Wintry Rill

A wintry stream surges through leas and strands,
Like some mysterious thought knitting a forlorn dream,
In its wake, I see visions of a mysterious scheme,
Pushing deeply into white and frozen lands, where
Sycamore trees are barren by winter's icy hands,
Flowers along side a slowly flowing stream, where
Downed trunks and boulders with varied seams,
Form fresh walkways, for cold wintry plans.
My wandering mind dares not to complain
For winter's white images, one should not forsake,
For a silent peacefulness doth royally reign, and
In the midst of this towering dreamlike state,
Tall gray clouds above release a gentle rain, then
As I tread a snowy path, a wintry stillness I do partake.

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In A Foreign Nation's Meadow

In a foreign nation's meadow

Few flowers grow on the
Barren sandy beach,
Like dark voices straining
Vainly to reach,
The darkening gloom,
Black Birds caw stridently
At the incoming doom, and
Scarce is heard murmuring from
A dead soldier's sandy tomb,

Icy scarlet streams of war
Meandered high and low
As the seasons went from
Sunny gold to winter glow, and
Soldier's, in these bloody times
Will surely meander and die
In a foreign nation's meadow, and
Few will even question why,

In youth they capered to and fro,
With tender hearts and voices low,
In youth, they captured a lustful rhyme
Unaware they will eventually die in time,
In some dark and sandy place,
In a foreign nation's meadow,
Before, they can run life's race.

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City Dreams

Near the street where I dream,
Moreover, watch youth flit and fly
Under a silent evening sky;
Feelings from the neon lights do teem
Into my anxious, mind so unforeseen,
And into the pavement so hard and dry;
Dark clouds scud by with a single sigh, and
People move by swiftly as if in a dream,
My thoughts continue to wander
To and fro, from thought to thought,
Arriving upon the city street's, ugly lore:
My saddening mind has but to ponder,
The happy feelings that once were brought,
By those peaceful images of warm, seashore!

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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.

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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.