

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/4

Joseph Farley
moss and brick

clear water sparkles white
gurgling over green black rocks
slippery as wet moss
a small fish swims
in cold pool
while on the bank
feet sink in mud
wishing all could submerge
and become one with this
portrait of life
and not the other existing
just beyond trees
stands of cloned houses
red brick dung hills
for beetles and other insects
to fight over or feed upon

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dancing for rain

after the drought
I seek rain
to make this desert
a flood plain
dig arroyos
with my smile
make sun baked clay
bloom green

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looking out, no. 2

outside this cave covered with glass
green vines cling and climb brick walls
finding their way to sun and freedom
while inside eyes can only watch
the world evolving on city streets
and wonder if the beholder sees
beauty or only loneliness
for eyes do not tell all they hold
some visions may or must remain always
private resurrected only when needed
to mark the present with such ghosts
as we would long to be haunted by.

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The vending machine of existence

You put your dollar in
or some other hand unseen
does it for you.

Maybe buttons are pressed
or levers are pulled.

Maybe it all happens
automatically

as if by chance

that mixing and selecting
of just what you are.

Out comes the candy,
more junk food

for the pitiless world
to devour.