

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/4

Patricia Bruce
HOMECOMINGS

Barren and cold, sorrow languidly
unleashes in castaway horizons;
silence screams her salacious
jingle across the blacktop

On this night
a young runaway collapses in the
hunkered-down universe,
he turns over, just once

Perhaps he's asleep, lulled by
howling winds, trammeling
past quaking, lamented woods.
But his body sputters...

Maybe he's an outcast, that's
what it seems – emerging stars honor
his solitary gaze,
moonlight fondles her shimmering haze

Consoled by nighttime's dewy crown,
majestic, regal, sinewy fingers
tickle reflections from home --
familiar faces and exalted places

"What has happened to me?"
his essence quells in a rush of
scattered mayhem; for a moment
allied moonbeams revive the jewels

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upon his head. In his song of
delirium, a man appears in the distance.

His Father, perhaps...

if so, ancestry will carry on

But loneliness renounces all parental claim
as benevolent daytime nudges fear astray.

Triumphant, his eager, naive soul succumbs
where resplendent homecomings lie

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FLICKERS

Young lovers peer into
sharpshooters' cold, indigenous eyes,
disengaged,
their love games cease
while caught in the cross hairs,
transfixed

Young fathers document the
harrowed hallways of
future generations,
to theorize life's whereabouts,
unintended by no one

Young preachers settle into
pious frocks and
recant past transgressions
to pray to the Savior,
unconditionally

Young teachers standing on the
precipice of knowledge
devour righteous teachings and
become students themselves,
purposefully

Young visionaries eclipse
flickers of equality,
spewing servitude into freedom
and manifest aspirations of tomorrow
into existence,
bravely