

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/4

Paul Frain

Squash Summer

Our crookneck squash
grew long and defiant
despite a vexing
five weeks of rain

beneath her yellow beach hat
when the sun did thus linger
my wife carelessly plucked
choking weeds

We will not utilize
her tin watering can.
How do things grow
without diligence?

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/4

Choking

I choke
at your duck walk,
and the gospel
of your eyes

My girl-
in tropical color
the world-
gray.

Blight promise

She handed me
a tomato
upon which
a mottle
of mold
had developed.

"It was the ph
of the soil,"
she speculated.

"It was the dearth
of rain,"
I offered.

Once brilliant
radiating
orange to red,
in my hand
just a memory
of potential.

"I grew these tomatoes
and they've perished"
she told me.

"The both of us
grew them,"
I replied.

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/4

Almost, We

I told her we'd make it.
Now here's that ocean before us,
whispering toward us.

I ache for all the times
I should have wept
but didn't.

That thing about us,
piled up now-
spent out now,
like drops in a can.

We,
I fill the spaces.

Listening to the leaves,
wave like broken hands.

The discussion on autumnal lack,
a welcomed distraction.

I dwell on
funeral bells;
stone church songs;
gospels;
like you and I,
barely recognized.

There were times that were
carnival, when we played in
the rain.

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/4

We did that once
or twice.

Didn't we?

didn't we?

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/4

Stars

She retires
to bed
early tonight,

and as for me?
I just
let her
go.

The stars were
clear
as ice
up there

and we were assured
a shooting
one.

She'd
have said
"it's too
late, much
too late,
my love."
she'd have
shrugged
me off
without
considering-

that in deference
to her.

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/4

I seldom gaze
at night sky.