

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

B.L. Shappell

A New Year in Red Square

The heavy hands pointing
from the clock tower could no longer lead us, for together

we raised our voices,
pulling the new hour in ourselves. And with our heads lifted,

we took aim at the force of stars, shooting fireworks
through the cold armor of darkness.

Then as each bell toll then pounded through the night,
we barely felt it; the impact

spread between us, softened by each other's bodies.
And in sight of the decorated front

of banks and law offices beginning to look down on us,
we broke from the stone square

and spread out into the alleys. Then into hidden taverns
we drank until our thoughts revolved

into realms of possibility, and with every chance
stamped the ground with our feet.