

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

Diane Webster
LEAK REVIVES

Rain so hard
it seeps inside
ceiling plaster
so white paint
bubbles, browns
like a toad reviving
from drought
to drip, drip, drip
into the bucket
torturously loud
until water rises
drop by drop,
water on water
even after rain
stops outside.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

MOMENT OF AWE

The crowd of cranes
segregate themselves
in a cow-less pasture
sprouting grass
barely green
while early white butterflies
struggle erratic flight
around a parade of people
awaiting liftoff weighted
with binoculars, telescopes,
cameras and long lenses
until word trills through
the sudden restless cranes,
and ascension spirals higher
like confetti in reverse,
and people hesitate to leave
in the silent moment of awe.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

DISTANCE DESCENDS

In the distance
like a mosquito
the buzzing closes
just before sleep
descends.

The flight-for-life
helicopter sounds
closer...closer
as we place each
family member...we hope,
we pray for the unknown
person needing care,
and swat away fears
the telephone might ring.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

SANTA PROCLAIMED

As if the big red suit,
black boots and white beard
didn't identify him
as he strolled down
mall corridors;
as he waved and knelt
to talk to kids torn
between dashing forward
or sprinting away
from this character
revered for his magical powers
of who's naughty or nice;
as if I needed ID,
his thick black belt buckled together
with flashing brass the size
of a shoe box proclaimed,
"SANTA" etched across his jolly belly.

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CAT JOKE

Scratching at the back door
so I open it as my cat taught
except the neighbor cat
darts in instead
to check out toys,
snatch a few morsels
of forbidden food
before herded out
to discuss the next strategy
at the cat conclave
snickering outside.