

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

William G. Davies Jr.
Veterans Day Parade

Children sit on the curb
with chocolate mustaches
waving their flags
under streams of golden leaves
As cars with fins
Carry shrunken men
in woolen garments,
some with pinned-up sleeves
others, the leg.
They hurl
small pieces of candy,
those that can,
with awkward flicks
of their wrists.
The others smile stiffly,
the sensation of Cosmoline
still under their fingernails.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

First Frost

What if they
Were souls
Falling from
The tree
Instead of leaves?
And what if
The tree was
Actually the
Body of Christ,
Would we make
Some vain attempt
To reattach them?
Or simply watch
Those whom
We love
Fall away
As surely, we too
Will fall away.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

Abandon

After the first frost,
Leaves take such
Divergent paths
To the ground,
Like tiny lifeboats
Fleeing their ships
For the silvery unknown.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

Rage

We claim for ourselves
a national conscience,
we extend amnesty in wars
observe Geneva Conventions.
We honor our seniors,
many of us, the Creator.
We point to the 2nd Amendment
as our defining grace,
only the innocent
scream witness otherwise.
And until they walk
among the living again,
they're story is
told in perversion.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

E.R.

The day opens
like a wound,
the bandages
still bloody.
Even the healing
becomes politicized,
the cold tools
of grief and discourse
are mismatched
in the hands
of the physician.

Rage and E.R. evolved out of The Sandy Hook
Elementary School tragedy.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

The Jordan

The stones, polished
to shiny pear skins
the way
a thousand years
of water moves
in a day,
as eloquent
were the Gospels
in reflection.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

January Thaw

A squirrel
runs in the sun
over soft grass,
his shadow
plucky and tight
as this winter
continues to provide
limitless meat cakes.