

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

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Catalogue Of Days

Day 1

Every coffee a watchtower. Old or young. Quiet or sad. Quick or loud.
Telling things. Recording eyes.

Lovers with the one last kiss as they come out and touch each other
before going to
cars that are lined together.

Winter tracks in leaves. Ice and snow. Melting that comes from a frozen
fragment of local creeks and rivers. Cut up and brought in like catches
Of fish to shimmer on the floors.

They are fault lines of days.
Collected toast tossed away. Others sip.
Lips munching words.

Day 2

Sleeping children from other wars. Put on the table with tears.
Faces and memories.

Drift.
Where bombs laid them down, to a final sleep.

Children of sadness, shadowed sand. Side winder down flakes of
crystal skin. Into the wallet of the crying.

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Day 3

There are names for these times. Somewhere on a calendar.
Hope, a smudge, a red marker.
Dust left old dates at the door swept out tales with dogs
and cats. Pushed out there while night's
snows fall.

Horses smell oaks.
Hay and barley, still saddled
wander home.
Winds wail.

Banging bells of festivals. These times bring and take ash and trash of
other Places. Painting which are
passed on from the passing out
to the new eyes. To see.

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Day 4

While leaves still fall.

Bare branches are burned skin. Sticks in a forest of dancing. Forms.

There is a flutter of butterflies of snow.

Lances of silver and gold. The lights from the moon.

They pick at the darkness. Poke holes in the solid soot.

There where a hand use to sit

Where a cup and a chair

formed a unity. Of

a porch that was

once.

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Day 5

Last days have left a track in the
teachings of lips and the wandering of
blizzards and sand storms.
Each are a pitch battle wishes of
silence and of screams.

Now that milk
moonlight is erased
in bleakness.

Come back. See the sky which
has forms of giants and goddesses.
They are mincing with dragonflies
as thunder pops
and lightning flashes

Day 6

Exhaustion. Puffing and the caterpillars are rushing in
to fill in for warriors. Laid out letters to
be counted and put in a scrabble.
They make up the final
score to be counted by the lips of the players.

Day 7

Love and this day are stitched
Together. First light and
rock bands of hope.