

**Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2**

*Clinton Van Inman*

**WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?**

Did you when you were California Dreaming  
When the answer was a Blowing in the wind  
When times were a changing before  
The dust in the wind  
Had covered your peace signs  
When all the leaves were brown  
And the sky was grey  
Along the watchtowers where  
You found yourself quite alone  
And now that all the flowers have gone  
Did you really give peace a chance?

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### PLATO'S CAVE

Of course the rooms are still filled with shadows  
While laser lights and computer programs prove  
More cost effective than fire yet the cardboard  
Cut-outs and the curtains have remained the same  
As well as those old lies that trees are real,  
That the way out really goes somewhere,  
That Math leads more than circles  
And that the Wizard himself is behind the curtains  
All of which keeps their domino world from collapsing.  
Only a few banned poets or other down and outers  
With only a pocketful of Zen dare climb  
The arduous way out as most prefer  
To sit and argue about living conditions  
Relationships and other mumbo-jumbo,  
And mostly about the quality of food  
As all having learned to love the rope  
while accepting some back door reality.

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### JUST A MOON

Now quite predictable in your  
Glasshouse gravity that  
Once would send even  
Merlin to a trance with  
Marks and measures  
With rings of moonlight madness.  
But now no more mysterious  
Than a bride in July  
Your borrowed brilliance  
Exposes you and your  
Darker side cannot hide  
You as they have shaken  
The last gumball from your head  
And all you have to show  
For it are flags and footprints  
Under your bed.

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### FRONT PAGE GIRL

Just a bag of clues is all,  
A few broken bits of bone,  
And a few cuts of cloth,  
(Wild dogs took all the rest)  
Like some grisly jigsaw  
They piece you together  
And now call you Jane.

But I knew it was you  
Before sketch artist captured well  
That girlish grin I thought  
I'd never see again until your  
Composite un-identified you:  
Front page girl,  
Eighteen to twenty-one.

We searched for you  
Night and day but gave up  
I said that you had run away  
But knew it took more  
Than snow to cover you  
That last day not even  
Your horoscopes could predict.

But from the trail of footprints  
To the fibers left upon the front seat  
From the only sweater you had owned,  
Though badly burned could not hide,  
Proved more than enough to show--  
As your forensic fingers now point  
To the one who had really lied.

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### STOCK MARKET AFFAIR

Merging mutual funds

The index of future options

Exchanging ticker tape

Promises from future lists

In copper, oranges, and coffee,

Your bullish moves among the

Six-tenths remain unmoved

To her fixed values.

Yet pushing capital gains

Your moves of maximum

Exposure have left you

Bankrupt.