

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

Dennis Daly
Amazing Grace

She arced into a woman
Before our grade-school eyes,
Our greenest fantasies
Freed from glib innocence.

Her grim school uniform
Retreated down her neckline.
Lost wretches, like us, leered
With mathematical

Interest, sought such sweet
Contact with blouse or skirt,
Blushed at her naked smile.
The steely nuns watched buds

Bust into flower bloom.
They knew, warily eyed
Each of us, breezed-in boys
Belting one another,

Nosing Grace's sweet soft self.
A spring's wild hunger rose
Like the warmth of religion
In old men, men we've now

Become, breath by enduring
Breath, blinded by eternal
Hope. We thirst, we lust, we fear
Until we finally see.

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Pointillism

They hide behind a column of color
Bright and raw, the letters scrambled, coded
And strung together under the crusted
Lip of those shortened strokes. A wet rumor

Of exotic memory has settled there.
Somewhere on the yellow coffee table
A pile of lost words rise like a Babel
Towering over blue rook and corsair

Miniature from the Barbary Coast
And a black enameled box edging almost
Over the medallion rug of bloody red.
I step back, watch that world expand instead.