

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

*James G. Piatt*  
**I Keep Walking**

Dead trees  
On the edge  
Of a crystal brook,  
Bend to the breeze  
Like a restless crowd  
Awaiting the subway:

I watch in silence  
Feeling an uneasy  
Disturbance.  
I stand erect,  
Straighten my shoulders, and  
Fearfully, hum a song  
Of the past:

I turn and quickly  
Walk away,  
Having  
No place important to go,  
Having  
Nothing important  
To accomplish  
I frown, and keep walking.

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### Contrast

Burnt earth, hard as cement,  
Tiny children, no shoes,  
Brown tired eyes,  
Listless men, wandering,  
Dreaming without hope,  
Women, eyes filled  
With tears, gathering twigs  
For a fire to cook  
Dried lizards:

Corpulent rich men, with  
Fat lips, smiling,  
Women with Dior wraps,  
Strutting among the  
Vagaries of wealth,  
Dreaming of golden  
Manolo Blahnic pumps  
To add to shelves of the  
Other eighty pairs of shoes:

Young girls in private  
Schools, young girls  
In burned out buildings,  
Young boys playing  
Cricket in verdant fields,  
Young boys with  
Rifles and eyes of ash,  
Many no longer alive,  
All going separate ways:

A world upside down, and  
Inside out,  
Starvation, plenty, hopelessness,

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Obsessive opulence,  
The division of our times,  
The separation of mankind,  
The world of the 7th century  
Versus the world of the  
21st century.

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### Another Day

The morning crisp  
As newly ironed linen  
Meets me in the warmth  
Of an orange summer morn,  
Long shadows cast from  
The wakening sun follow  
Me as I amble in the path  
Of my wandering memories:  
Visions of cheerful yesterdays  
Arise wrapped in tenderness:  
In the sun-drenched glow,  
Of this summer morn, I  
Rejoice at the fortune for  
Another opportunity to  
Experience one more day  
In God's paradise!

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### Hovel of Sand

Soldiers crawling in bloody sand,  
Scarlet carpeting under their knees,  
A shattered land, of dead coral lined seas  
With waves of crimson splintered glass  
Gleaming like sharp gaudy stones  
Folded inside velvet sheaths of death:  
A painted facade of dull adobe bricks, come  
Into their view, an enemy with a voice  
Like the devil's hoary breath  
Beacons them with laughter,  
They run into the hovel of sand,  
Bullets swirl like garish fiery gems, bringing  
With them, the acrid aroma of death!

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### The Ring Tailed Dove

A ring a tailed dove  
Perched on a limb of a  
Sycamore tree coos  
Its mating call:  
Like a  
Child I allow its  
Sonorous song  
Of love to  
Aimlessly  
Crawl into my soul:  
While my mind listens,  
I realize  
The simplicity of its voice  
Contains answers, without  
Man's complicity.