

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

Tom Miller

A QUESTION

I am safe here.

In my sanctuary.

The room is dark.

Warm.

Quiet and still.

The only light comes from

the glow of the orange threads

in the dying embers in the fireplace,

and from the grayness of the Winter night sky

that hovers outside the windows.

All else is but shades of black.

The leather arm chair.

The lamp and table.

The sofa.

The desk and chair.

Even the picture frames

Display only scenes in black.

I am comfortable here.

I look out the window

to the Winter scene below.

Snow is falling heavily,

steadily, softly.

All is hazy and muted in the

white drifting from the sky.

The shop across the way.

The sidewalks, the street.

The fir trees next door.

All cloaked in pristine white.

The fence, the hedge.

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The single street lamp
forms a cone of light
in the falling snow.

You appear there.
You pull your long dark coat about you tightly.
You raise your face and gaze into my eyes.
And then you are gone.

Were you really there?
...once a part of my life?

...ever?

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GATHERING OF POETS

You can not know it
If you have not been there
And heard the voices
Paint pictures with their words.

You can not feel it
If you have not been there
And tasted the pain or pathos
Love or joy of what they say.

You can not touch it
If you have not been there
And felt the passion
Of the expression of their minds.

You can not know the bond
If you have not been there
Of craftsmen who work with words
And are driven to be heard.

Poems, stories, songs.
One and the same.
Portraits, landscapes,
Melodies on the wind.

Brotherhood,
Sisterhood,
Community.
The power of voices.

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THE WOLF

From inside the dark
I look out the cabin window.
I see the wolf sitting there nearby.
Just sitting. Patiently. Calmly.

He sits not far from the porch
Resting back on his haunches.
Beyond, the sunlight filters through trees and brush
And the day seems pleasant and bright.

His fur is thick and full.
Shades of gray and white and black.
His eyes are yellow and bright.
They look at nothing and everything.

He is strong. Confident. Quiet.
He is waiting for me.
I can feel it.
I know it.

He waits.

I awaken from my slumber.
I rise from the couch
Shielding my eyes from the glare
Pouring in the window.

The room is cold from the early morning air.
I shut the window.
The last of the light frost is melting off the grass below.
There is no cabin. There are no woods.

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There is no wolf.

But I feel his presence.

He still waits for me.

Patiently.