

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

Deborah Guzzi

Autumn

Lemon Drop Licks

Suspended like a lemon drop

on the tongue of night

the moon melts

on the clarinets keys

Haze, ever present,

on this humid September eve,

blurs the edges of reality

calling forth images

of sweet beginning

the howls of wolf..

as the sax soars

and the warmth of blood.

A firecracker night

sparks

spinning in lamplight

basking in blue velvet

humming with the whir

of cicada's

with the brushes

on top hats.

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Thunder Rolls

Thunder rolls on the rails of morning
frightening the cat, curdling the cow's milk
sudden, sullen rip roaring.

Released from its governor, it rattles man,
shaking the frail panes of his existence.

Jagged skyward shards spark, as the storm
wheels over the harrowed rye field,
splitting the magnolia tree from crown to root.

Gutters flute, asphalt steams, and within
the tumult the lawn of morn is cleansed
to a silver sheen of green.

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Pickled Madness

Born a wee bit 'early' like a crocus
covered in the snow of March
and unwelcome stranger am I to a
clue less world, child of the Jew.

A wee bit early for proprieties sake
yet, Mother never admitted such
to her dying breath.

Bit 'early' the Mainiac's
would say "Ayah?"
like a daffodil in a soft, wet, ripe
spot of humus in the sun,
a bud of brightness, but out of place.
Crocus croaking beneath the weight
of prejudice, a hybrid combine
of drink and mind,
covered in the after birth of woman.

In the snow's furnace Mother was born also.
Child of German extract and Mayflower heir.
Of March mother new little, raised at the foot of Mt. Battie
and unwelcomed except by she was the
stranger.....

Am I not, the child of 'pickled madness', aye.
To a clue less world was I born.
Clue less as to the exotic mix
world child as are so many now
of the Jew.