

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

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Credal

My cat slays religion in the backyard,
Stalking chipmunks in vestal robes
Among tiger lilies and ornamental grass.

She give up the Holy Ghost
In sleek fur vomited,
The tiniest gnashed bones
In which God dwells.

And I bear witness to
Systems of faith destroyed.

I forsake the village hound barking
At the moon that shines on churchyard graves,
Or chimes ringing in an empty church
Among shadows cast by saints
Painted onto dusty windowpanes.

For my cat is a spirit
Slaying rodent theocracies
Among the ornamental grass!

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Old Dogs

A wind in an overcoat
Blows damp leaves
Blows the earth
Blows the river's trousers on the line of shore's oily sheen

And you, whom I loved, but hate?
Your eyes
Yes, your blue eyes, which
Were never kind
Are icy castles
Now
Cold, and chaste.

Cold? Yes, the cold aches
And trees are barren except for a few leaves
That linger, land-locked syllables
Of half-forgotten lies, and old dogs growl at ghosts who ceased to care

But care. But cease to
See whether the lies they had lived
Live still. They live.