

**Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3**

*Rex Sexton*

**WHITE CITY**

Cradles and caskets,  
birth and death, toys  
in the attic buried in  
chests, bright stars and  
graveyards, cafes and bars,  
snowflakes and earthquakes,  
lovers and wars ... below  
the white city, behind the  
locked door, midnight  
and magic, moonlight  
and mirrors ...



**BEACHES**

Like scrolls unrolled,  
the waves unfold across  
the sand and curl up again,  
telling their wordless chants,  
over and over, about being  
and nothingness, dreaming  
and forgetfulness, and the  
ebb and flow of the mind  
and soul.

The sea is colored by the  
heavens.

The sea is a silent sermon.

The clouds are a choir.

The surf is a prayer.

The beach is a shrine to  
the Divine, each comber,  
like me, a worshiper.



TOUCHING NIGHT

Full moon, no dreams, people missing,  
people searching, when I try to get up  
a voice tells me I'm dead so I stay in bed.  
I make a mental picture instead.  
This place I'm in, which seems to be a  
playground, has walls all around.  
They contain everything lost and everything  
found. Someone is hiding in a corner.  
God maybe. Someday I'll look closer.  
The see-saw goes up and down. The  
whirl-a-twirl goes round and round.  
The swings sway. The slide lets you glide  
merrily down the slope on your backside.  
While the monkey bars are lit by stars,  
and the future is kept in Mason jars.