

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

Tim Ryerson

Same Place, Different Local

I believe I am born again...
There is nothing extraordinary;
just an uncle's old ramshackle house
with the only difference being
it is on an island in the middle of a lake
where I camped and fished as a boy
It is a small lake, full of brim and bass
The island is very tiny...

A usual gathering of friends and family
Normal everyday conversation
A cousin get's up for a drink and a snack
(Yes, yes of course he does!)
People talking and joking in the kitchen
Not important the general subject
or even who they are...it does not apply
I am there strictly to listen and observe
with senses amplified ad-infinity...

Flash. I am outside
I notice colors, shapes and sounds
thousands of times more vivid and sharp
though numbers no longer exist because
there is nothing to count or measure;
no clocks ticking to keep time
because there is no time to keep
No future, no past, only the Now
Only the perfect and eternal Present...

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

Flash. I am on the opposite bank
Fish hover, dart and fly in crystal waters
yet it is not water and they are not fish
Birds that are not birds swim in rippled air
The earth I stand on is no longer earth
nor is anything or anyone else
because nothing has a name...

Flash. It seems
good and evil and all in between are no more
because there is no thought or opinion
Every action, movement, voice and word
makes pure and absolute sense
and my immortal mind simply sucks it all in
but is never filled...

Oh yes, I believe
I believe I am born again...

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

Wild Cherries

A giant snowball in springtime
From twenty yards out the sound and smell
Closer now; breathing her numbing scent
Listening to the drowsy hum
of greedy and jealous bees
forced to share her bounty
with Tiger and Zebra Swallowtails
School will be out soon...

Memorizing every branch within reach
Her limbs are just low enough
for a boy to scramble up quickly
fleeing imaginary monsters
still lurking and prowling below
Taking ignorant and blissful advantage
of this daughter of the wild; his protector
His big sister to run to...

Shiny and slippery black bark
that oozes burgundy sap
which dries in animal shapes
Summer twilight is coming
Bats twittering overhead
chasing nasty mosquitoes
A noise echoing from far off
A door slamming maybe...

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

Tucked safely away in his favorite pew
(Naughty boy, eating during church!)
sampling her forbidden fruit
sweet and sour...half is seed
Thieving Blue Jays get the most
Screaming and scolding arrogantly
yet flying away unpunished
Grannny will make jelly...

Oh everlasting Father, creator of all things
He knows that heaven is far beyond the grasp
of a feeble and fumbling mortal mind
But when You decide to send Your beloved Son
back to rule the earth for one thousand years
If he is judged worthy to be in that count
May one humble servant say if it's like this
that would be just fine...

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

The Last Time Is Forever

We exchanged evil words
Evil words over something long forgotten
Evil words over nothing, nothing at all
Evil words which are so critical
so critical now to recall and to relive
over and over again...

You were ready to drop the matter
You were ready to relent and apologize
I was not ready to drop the matter
I was not ready to relent and apologize

You were the adult, I was the child
I reversed the roles, you reversed them back
You offered your hand, I refused your hand
I refused and let you walk out that door

Yes, I let you walk out that door
That front door, that door to forever

the last time I talked to you
the last time I never said I love you
the last time I saw you
the last time I saw you alive...