

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

James G. Piatt
Someone

Someone...should tell

The starfish to shine more brightly, the
Sluggish sea snail to crawl faster, the
Urchins to come closer to shore...

The tide to enter the shore with less
Force, so we can find our footprints
In the warm sand...

The earth to slow down so we
Can unearth our true selves in the
Slowness of the shadow's limited time...

The stars to sparkle more dazzlingly, the
Moon to reflect a lover's gaze more
Intently so passions can expand...

The dusty paths to lead to more
Happiness, colors to reveal more
Truth and stark honesty...

The birds to sing more beautifully, the
Frogs to croak in a more basso voice, so
We can peel away the crimson dust...

And...someone...should tell

The world to cover our soldier's white bones
With pearls, and mark their graves with
Golden headstones...

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

Nighttime

Winter arrives, the glow in the land is dead, night arrives, and the garden's ornate colors are shed.

When the flute goes silent, its sweet voice sings not, Darkness arrives, and bird's songs are fraught.

When colors and songs leave with the empty sun,
Sleeplessness arrives and the hard task does come:
When heaven is mute in the vast starless night,
When sounds ebb and there is only darkness in sight,
No ornate colors, no sounds, no bright moon;
The poet pines for bright colors, the flutes sweet tune.

The lonely poet hidden from color and light
Writes lyrics deep into the darkness of night:
Scribbling on linen, his pen moves into wee hours
Scatters soft words of lyrical scent-laden bowers:
When the golden orb finally arrives from the east,
His hungry heart gladdens free of the Beast:
No longer tied to the darkness in his heart,
His singing pen chants like a melodious lark.
What dark objects were discarded in vain,
What images did he write without strain?
He carefully looked before... then after,
Then his poet's mind found new laughter,
For his poem was full of mirth not mundane,
The flute played a melody: the dark night did wane.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

The Stranger

He is the stranger walking down
Muddy winter roads of small towns –
The cold winds blow in his face, the rain
Dampens his ragged clothes - He
Watches endless railroad tracks traveling
Into the sinking horizon – miles and
Miles of memories trying to crawl into
His aging mind: Moonbeams reflect
Off the iron tracks, like waves
Rippling in the currents of his life:
Hard earth is his bed at night,
Pile of weeds his pillow. He
Watches telephone poles moving
Up and down the hills, diminishing
Into the distance, like his dreams,
The sun sinks silently into the horizon:
The morning crisp as newly ironed Linen
Meets his eyes as he rises from the damp
Soil in the morning to meet another
Day. Long shadows from the winter
Sun coming over the hill, follow him
As he continually searches for the
Secret place hiding his lost memories.