

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

*Michael Jerry Tupa*  
**Second Wind**

I see a boy walk a dirt path,  
I watch his feet raise dust,  
I now time is short and I must  
go on to keep some appointment.

But, I don't want to leave now,  
not just yet; something stirs  
inside me, while a bird whirs  
past my eyes and I hear the wind.

Funny, I haven't stopped to listen  
for years to the lyrical song  
of a carefree breeze; perhaps I belong  
here, at this moment; I take a breath.

The lad doesn't see me; I wonder  
what wordless dreams fill his heart,  
I suddenly wish I could play his part,  
Instead of regret, I am grateful.

I was once that boy, on days like this,  
I once thrilled at nature's warm embrace,  
without deadlines or worries to face.  
Those days ended, but today I returned --  
thank you, my unknown, young friend.

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

### Standing in Motion

Time passes  
like a flapping bird's wings,  
with a whooshing, breathless  
sound,  
quiet in its majesty  
real in the brush of friction's  
momentum.

But, yet, in some ways,  
time appears to be frozen --  
whirring activity, fiery eyes,  
continuous flapping motion,  
but progress halted,  
marking time.

So it seems --  
until time finally  
shrieks a startled cry  
and swoops down,  
in feathered serenity  
to stir my emotions,  
in the wind of its passing  
and open my eyes  
to a new horizon.

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

### Some Treasure Can Not Be Mined

I look up.  
see starlight  
at midnight  
showering  
the air with  
feathery sparks.

I look down  
at a puddle  
and see the moon,  
completely whole,  
bursting bright  
like a silver apple.

I reach down  
inside the water  
to try to grab  
the glowing orb,  
but, it slips  
through my fingers,  
in a watery haze,  
drips like sparks  
fall from my hand.

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I watch his feet raise dust,  
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go on to keep some appointment.

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