

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

*Sandra Rokoff-Lizut*  
**Initiation Dream**

She wades thigh-high  
in tide pools through  
stones, shells, simple  
sea creatures. Below

a flat-headed fox-like  
creature wraps round  
a rock beneath the  
water; land animal  
living submerged.

She makes eye contact  
knowing she's doing  
a forbidden thing.  
The beast springs up  
her back, clawing  
gnawing at her hair.

As she struggles  
to break free  
people circle  
guarded, hesitant  
reluctant to help.

Then, a stranger calmly  
disentangles the beast,  
carefully wraps it in soft  
fabric and returns it,  
like treasure, its place  
by the rock below.

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She stands dumbfounded  
shaken yet not destroyed.  
Abandoning the beach  
she wanders under moss-laden  
trees where, unbeknownst,  
countless kits of the strange  
creature lark about in the branches.

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### Deliver Us From Evil

*May 21, 2011 - Christian doomsday prophet Harold Camping had predicted the world would end at 6pm on Saturday. On that day, a raptor flew over my deck with this poem.*

He whirls her away from girlhood  
and kin. Coiled tightly round his body  
like the snake inked on his arm, she blooms  
for a moment.

Thick haze grows around her, almost protects  
from his crazy, from his mean. But  
when he's out, her world inside the dirty  
cracked windows, shrinks. And now the infant,  
with little sour milk smells, downy crown,  
mewling.

*Summer of Salvation* He repents,  
sways and prays in giant tents and  
rants about *The Rapture*.

*Summer of Perdition* She pretends.  
Cowed and confused, in sweaty dreams  
she fights attacking raptors.

He drives her toward *Deliverance*  
in a borrowed car, speeding across  
desert highways with a thirst greater  
than the one he has for water. She  
withers beside him.

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At a rest stop in Oregon  
he smokes and drinks free coffee.  
She props the child against a stone  
on soft piney needles, inhales smells  
of sunlight and decay.

Talons extend  
massive wings beat, block sun.  
Tiny arms reach toward heaven.

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### Murmuration

Twilight---  
a giant wave of  
starlings swoop  
in unison  
*murrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr*

pattern unlocks  
separates, unites  
undulates in  
opposite directions  
*murrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr*

flocks meet again  
pattern twists  
turns  
winds together  
faultlessly  
seamlessly  
*murrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr*

dusky sky  
vibrates  
swells  
with swarm intelligence  
*murrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.*

Oh, would it be so for our world.