

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

William G. Davies Jr.

Men

I saw a frail man
whimsy along in
the grocery store.
He was with, I assumed,
his daughter.
She was explaining
the subtleties of shopping.
He wore a WW11 Veteran hat,
a member of the
greatest generation.
They didn't shop,
in their world
that was a woman's job.
Their's was to erect steel girders
from Bethlehem, Pa.
Have hot motor oil spill
down their arms in language
only God could forgive.
Fight a world war
to victory.
Spit into the face of uncertainty.

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A Peccadillo

The leaves,
a hardscrabble
of acne across the yard
as if in pubescence
the naked trees
have found each other
for an autumnal tryst
of red behinds
and golden thrusts.

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Summer Stock

The curtains are no sooner
closed on summer
that October
with burnished lips
announces an encore
to the delight
of nearly naked trees
wracked by a jabberwocky
of tenants whose boring,
pecking and hibernating
are temporarily postponed.

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October

The woods fill up
with confetti,
the parade has passed.
Again, rivaling the pageantry
of the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade
but safe from
those corporate sponsors
who believe undressing a tree
couldn't make a dime.