

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

A.J. Huffman

Purple Rain

after *Purple Rain*, artist Osnat Tzadok

The sky erupts in free-fall, drops
of lavender and orchid running in non-streaking
sheets of spring rain. The white buds
of the Pin Cherry open their mouths
to drink. They begin to glow, rejuvenated,
display full welcome to winged wildlife
gathering about the blooms.

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Ravens at the Racetrack

Ebony avians perch, precariously on table's canopy, waiting to pounce on stray popcorn or onioned bun bits. They have conditioned themselves to no longer fear the human hands that toss these edible salvations. Sometimes survival demands adaptation.

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My Mind is a Butterfly

traveling through corrugated alleyways of color.
It flutters, dips itself into the energizing power
of red, the rejuvenating spring of green. Flying
in rainbow rows of fantasy, it becomes light,
rises through cloud-covered eyes, sparkles
as it dances, nightly, among sibling stars.