

## Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

*Christopher T. Keaveney*

### THE FINAL STAGE OF INCOGNITO

I draw the line  
at the vulnerability  
of orchids,  
the reticence of indigo  
broadcast through a scrum  
of light, aloofness  
trained to our expectations.  
One could nearly taste  
the elaboration of salt water taffy  
on the boardwalk  
toward dusk  
caught in summer's first real soaker.

In the thick of it  
adolescence didn't look the part,  
the pithy black and white of film noir  
at the Rialto,  
debonair in name only,  
a fuzziness we could just make  
out as longing.

Exasperation was merely the tip,  
the desperate lunge  
of late summer writ large,  
chrome and pitch and cocoa butter collaborated  
In the parking lot  
beyond the dune grass.  
In the commotion,  
I conveniently forgot  
to acknowledge  
The patented move.

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**THE FARMER'S OTHER DAUGHTER**

The motion of the cupped hands,  
not obscene  
but refulgent.  
The second child's kiss  
out beyond the carport  
where moss becomes memory.

July 3,  
A hand breaking  
through the surface of a pond  
has to mean something,  
but this is not music.  
The murmur  
nearly magical.

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**HAI KARATE**

And then the boy remembered  
what his voice had sounded like  
in a cave  
after a soft rain.