

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

Dan Jacoby
moonlit chase

a time was that men
would sit around a fire
shouldering up to cottonwoods
listening to fox hounds
chasing a crimson dart
out in Shiloh bottoms
or up on an ancient ball diamond
now covered in corn-
each hound's peculiar bay
allowed a codger's pride
pointing his dog in the lead
Bugle Ann was a runner
pure, straight, barrel-chested, relentless
almost never fooled unless
that dodger doubled back jumping the creek
we sat mothballed quilt wrapped
listening to old ones singing
stories of magic nights long ago
heroic characters so real
we saw them in our dreams
hot dogs and marshmallows
never tasted so good as
our eyes full of drifting grey wood smoke
listening to Ann
calling us off
like a faerie stolen child

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Spiders

Mad spiders spinning sails
web upon web of gossamer
carried on a warm November breeze
shining silver warmed in bright sun

Off they zoom zipping
like air racing hipsters
doing, dancing that last number
before the big frost freeze

Clamping cold stifles strongest
when fall finally succumbs to
winter's wrapped vise grip
spinning an icy irreverent web
on cardboard gravestones

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Hey

You have it in your hands
but you can't stop what's coming,
it's vanity to think you can.

I ran into my father in a dream
he was about forty
twenty-six
years younger than me

a strange dream
he gave advice
but I forgot what it was
so I went back

He was driving away in my pick up
but I ran into him
in another dream when I was a child
and so was he

I didn't recognize him
until he introduced himself
this time we played catch
he taught me the curve

We played strike out
got in a fight over
balls and strikes

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he
beat
my
ass!

You have it in your hands
but you can't stop what's coming
it's vanity to think you can
even being abandoned