

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

Deborah Guzzi
Highbred Reality

Soul progress

back field in motion the guff

Chose, chose, live grow leave! GO!

Leapt from heaven's hold

Jump-started into a human mold

White clapboard poverty with tiger lily blooms,
blueberry rake hunger on a woolen loom.

Riffs of Emerson, Whitman, Longfellow dawns,
mothers' hazel eyes, father Davidesque form,
chosen to drive twixt a Jew and a screw.

Magnet of lunacy

tumbled like an agate into the stream of life

part of the dream lesson scream - lesson

Abuser of power, one who had once roared,

Eve shaped now, weak and mewling

between the weeds of woe.

Care taken by lovers torn.

Watched over by pedophile uncles.

Befriended by lewd Father of sons.

Adult child, searching amongst the Word

for the Word is God and "GOD" There are so many words.

Root ripped scenes from beauty to horror

Shiksa taunts seep in with the smell of borsch.

A pumpkinseed amongst the pricks of Brooklyn

A wild rose planted in the asphalt soil

Doo-wop ditty

Jew's bop to a Dago harmony,

bagels, bialys and the French twisted strands

of great grandma's hair.

Clipped, stripped of family shoved whole
into yet another new mold.

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True believers, ah yes, fanatics all.
The struggle to survive whole healthy
dipped in, dripped in, a bath of acid and Thorazine.
Polish priests pedal platitudes to the sisters of St. Joseph
behind the gilded glory of the Church.

Raped by trust and betrayed by lovers,
a rose married to a prickles thorn,
so empathy is gained, and a healer born.

Metal must be formed in a crucible of fire
A healer cannot be born without tasting the pyre.

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The Wayward Child

Ah, memory is a fickle lover succumbing to the tide
grasping for the grains of sentiment sometimes left.
In cold or torrid waves, spent passions now abide
for you have left me, long ago, I'm now, alone bereft.

Grasping for the grains of sentiment sometimes left:
beside a roaring bonfire, where sparks on night winds glide;
for you have left me, long ago, I'm now alone, bereft.
I huddle in a dune's dark shade with nothing left inside.

Beside a roaring bonfire, where sparks on night winds glide,
we conceive a wayward child, a changeling child, a thief.
I huddle in a dune's dark shade with nothing left inside,
as the waves of age and ages, return only grief.

We conceive a wayward child, a changeling child, a thief.
In cold or torrid waves, spent passion now abides,
as the waves of age and ages, return only grief,
ah, memory is a fickle lover succumbing to the tide.

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Missing Mother

Bits of me are missing mother,
the bits of me which you placed.
Bits of me are missing Mother, "Ah,"
I see you in my face.
Trying to remember Mother's days
of wine and roses, Sinatra songs and beaches,
pipe curls and crinolines, days so far gone, so long ago,
replaced by bitter brew, by tears, by fears,
by little pills, I remember you.

I see you in my face, Mother.
Years gone by and still I try,
no easy thing to do, try to remember,
just a few... memories of happy days with you?

Was it when I learned to read, when you baked your pies?
Ah, Mother, mother memories ... only come in sighs.

Still, in all, it's very true,
I spend each day missing,
missing all of you.