

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

G. W, Mansfield

SITTING IN DRAFT FORM

It is more, I sit in draft,
And contemplate the rejected
Form (dismissal of form) that pats
My back and says, "Selected,
My taste may be; and rows the raft
Out to sea; still there is wanted,
A gift, to send to me,
An idea, in human prosperity."

I take, a long mornings breathe,
In the simple wisdom, of simple truth. . .

And, I sit. . .

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IN MY BOOK

In viewing,
There is a road,
A woman, in green,
Walking, a white dog, along,
(I think to think she is singing),
And I, in my book, foreseen,
Have done the same to her;
And with things being as they were,
I took to viewing, only words,
And the woman, and dog going, unheard.

WHEN - FIRST

When first;
Strong are these two
Words, together and separate;
Seen to start and end, as one;
A subject; a quiet happiness
In the realm of ultimate stillness,
Asking: How, indeed, does that count, as but, one?