

**Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1**

*Joseph Farley*  
**Out of View**

I lived in the small world  
Of my father's eyes.  
When he died I had to roam  
Searching for a place  
Where I could be,  
Still wanting his lost gaze,  
And yet be free.

I have faltered.  
I have stumbled,  
But I shall search  
And hope to find  
That patch of nowhere  
That bears my name.

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### Funny

I am that funny old man  
who used to be  
a funny young man,

not just funny  
in the sense of humor,  
but funny in the sense  
of different,  
out of place,

one of these things  
is not like the others.  
one of these things  
just does not belong.

I was always funny,  
even as a toddler,  
a budding Uncle Fester  
in search of a light bulb.

I found a pen instead.  
as you can tell,  
it has all been  
fun and games  
ever since.

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### **embrace the imaginary**

we all need something to love  
even if it is an illusion,

you chase that balloon,  
follow the lights on the wall,

hold what you can, if you can.

so what if that which you truly want  
escapes,

that flesh and blood thing  
that is somehow so much more?

savor always  
the fantasy you still hold

until something more real or surreal  
comes along.