

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

Llyn Clague
Daffodility

Early spring morning – oh it's inebriating
In its lush, gorgeous ubiquity!
I slip inside each blade, bud, sprig.

I am that daffodil,
Essence of yellow and green – so pure in its quiddity!
Oh, I exult in daffodility.

I am this pear petal,
A blossom, oh, of such whiteness, such delicacy!
I exult in pearodicity.

I am a budding leaf on a maple twig
high up against a sky so deep, so wide!
I exult in mapletide.

Beside, near, there, far, everywhere
New life exuberates to be!
Giddily, I exult in lifefulness.

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Those Eyes

Those eyes! Up from the raspberry bowl,
gleaming straight and blue into mine –
good god, I was falling into a soul
like a stone dropped in the shaft of a mine.

I fell past all those outside curves,
breast and hip, cheek and lip,
luxurious, alluring, sweet on my nerves
but sweeping up, fading blips.

Plummeting, accelerating, gasping for air,
my love song low at high noon,
I flashed by her mouth, raspberry fair,
her crescent breast, a waxing moon.

In free fall, flying, past her thighs
I tumbled. Toward terror, deep in those eyes.

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Without a Helmet

Wind in my hair
wind in my hair

astride my Harley
riding a horse

between my thighs
rumble and roar

pistons or hooves
wind in my hair

infinity sky
I am free, free, free

wind in my hair
wind in my hair

course there's a risk
if I slide-skid and crash

without a helmet
wind in my hair

this day is mine
rumble and roar

pistons or hooves
escaping the blues

wind in my hair
I am free, free, free