

## Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

*Pam Rosenblatt*

### **A Focused Perspective: Identity**

What is it?

It's more than Home. It's more than Self.

It's more than Family. It's more than Friends.

It's more than Work. It's more than Play.

Identity is to save face when threatened.

Identity is to ignore nonsense when confronted.

Identity is to be yourself without hurting – especially yourself.

Identity to not give in when times are difficult.

It's to know where you came from, where you are headed.

It's to realize who you are, to accept from whom you evolved.

It's to understand why you are, why you are not.

It's to keep perspective on what you are, on what you were.

Identity is wonderful!

Identity should never be forced from you.

Identity is to keep your skin on.

Identity is to let go of those negatives who question it.

It's a strong word!

It can be used legally against those who threaten.

It's a powerful word, a loving word.

Identity! After all, we all need one.

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### The Deer Jazz

On one summer evening,  
On a patch of green field,  
Deer jazz near fireflies who fox-trot  
While bats waltz between them.

A passing car's headlights stun the deer.  
But the lightening bugs, the bats flutter  
Upward, toward the night's glitter.

Then firecrackers bing, bop, ping.  
The deer disperse. But the fireflies, the bats  
Only exchange dances: now the fireflies waltz;  
The bats fox-trot.

Who could have taught these deer jazz,  
These fireflies and bats fox-trot and waltz?

Why many people don't know even how to dance, at least  
Do the fox-trot and waltz. Yet these living gifts do!

It is certainly a sight to see such nature's creatures in action.  
And it's probably a rare sighting, too. Like a blue moon!

So if you ever find a patch of green field with deer that jazz  
Near fireflies and bats who fox-trot or waltz, please,  
Please don't make a sound, stand on firm ground, enjoy the show,  
And don't be surprised if they ask you to join in ...

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### Nocturnal

Who are they, these vivacious beings,  
Whom we see at or after nightfall?

The fisher cat who prowls,  
Plays in the backyard garden,  
Looks like a tiny bear cub ...

The coyote who runs,  
Gallops down the hill,  
Onto a side road ...

The raccoon who climbs up,  
Down a wooden trellis attached  
To the back of the house ...

The skunk who stands, raises  
Its bushy tail, in the driveway,  
Waits for the car to drive away ...

The owl who hoots like  
A turtle dove, sits in a nearby oak,  
Moves its head circularly ... -

But our hometown buddies  
Who stay calm when left alone,  
Put up a fight when confronted.

The woods, now diminished,  
Were once their home. Now they  
Hang around the 'burbs at night.

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Oh, what exciting things happen  
In the 'burbs these days –

Kind of like a biker in a race!