

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

Robert K. Johnson
FLOW AND EBB

Cheeping pre-dawn air;
tiny dips of dirt
pooled with last night's rain;
a garden bustling with bees--

all
come from an abundance
offered free to me

until the day,
silently as an eyelid blinks,

life shuts me out.

SURPRISES

Because of all the june-moon
lyrics I've memorized,
when our first kisses lead

to the surprise of love--
 a rush of fluttering warmth--
I am not surprised.

But because no song ever told
of it, now--back outside
in the jangling blare of traffic--

 I am surprised
to find I'm still inside
love's quiet secret place.

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A STRANGE TALE

So many of the truths
that, when I was young,
docilely let me
 place them--
folder-labeled-- in long file drawers,

some later day
changed their minds,
turned into glints
of sunlight floating
through a silent forest
I roam in search of them.