

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

d. n. simmers

Sad and Bleeding

"My sad heart still bleeding"

Tran. William Reeves & Kuno Meyer - Columcille

It is night on the platform of dreams.
Where all possibilities are tested.
And re-runs of old events are snapped apart.
Re-assembled with vapour and old
laughter.

Right at the beginning when the stage is set up
the dark one comes by to see if there is to be
a hanging and waits for the loop to be tied up.
Waits for the floor to be dropped.

Disappointed again. He leaves with his black
dogs that howl in their displeasure.

While the blue moon flares and the
rockets from distant lands come
over to give a hand.

Keep the ideas in a brown bag at the door
Where the bottle use to sit.
Dried up vapours. Gone.

Tomorrow we will try, again. The dances of snakes.
Spiders will spin wheels that rock.
With the time serpents flicking their
tails into space.

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Beautiful Sufferings

*" Such blissful sufferings they give
and the beautiful fruits of loneliness."*

-M-Yevtushenko

On a claim before I retired. There was a man who had a son. His son had a car and the car had an accident and the boy went in intensive care. I looked at the address on Fourth Avenue. A place and someone I knew. He was older now. He had had black hair, and was the owner of a store. I had bought things from him, years before. When I had lived around the corner. He seemed to recognize me. His pain, in his eyes and his face, softened. I greeted him with his name and told him I had lived around the corner. I told him of the broken window and the glass I had bought. Then putting it in the first new piece had broken. He had given me a deal on the second one. So when I asked about his son the pain came back. " He was in an accident. Had a sports car and it flipped. His brain was turned around so the left lobe was where the right should be and there is bleeding. " I thought his son would die. The father had some hope that only a father has. He was told about how the policy worked and what it would pay for. I kept in touch. He would tell me how the son was doing, then one day he phoned me. " He is out of intensive care and the bleeding has ceased. The swelling has gone down." He went on to say the doctors could not believe it. " It is a miracle". The father never had to use the life insurance policy for his son's a few months later went back to school. Finished his year. Believe what you want of these true events. Was it a miracle? Somehow this son got to live. The son was there and his family had a full life to give to his father all those years.