

## Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2

*Bob Brill*

### **Come On, Sadie**

Let's dance on the rooftops,  
the taxis, the steamboats,  
the galloping choo choo trains,  
up and down the stairways to paradise.  
Let's hop along the stepping stones  
across the Milky Way.

Knock the pennies from my eyes.  
Take my hand and lift me  
high above polluted streets  
to a trampoline cloudtop  
where the air is fresh  
and we bounce from cloud to cloud.

Let's rinse our brains,  
wring them out  
and hang them up to dry,  
then drift downriver in our little boat  
till we get swallowed by the stars  
and that big round enchanted butterscotch candy moon.

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### Happening Now

Great ocean waves bigger than houses,  
ships' flags flap slapping so hard  
they tear themselves to shreds

while a woman in Duluth  
thinks of her grandmother  
as she plants petunias in a windowbox

and a mailman  
walking on a street in Cincinnati  
thinks of the wife he left in the warm bed.

Tracking a long fly ball heading for his mitt  
a center fielder sees a gibbous moon  
high in the daylit sky ignoring him.

Clouds shape-shifting as they fly the sky  
like giant feathers, like mountains,  
like sky-wide shark migrations racing

till the plummeting sun paints them  
scarlet orange magenta and a jetliner  
draws two pink lines across the sunset

while flight attendants  
push their cart along the aisle  
offering beverages.

At the bottom of forty thousand feet of darkness  
a light winks on in an isolated house  
where a man opens a can of tunafish for his supper

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and pours himself a beer  
as geese pass honking overhead and  
distant stars peep through clouds.

Rolling tumbleweeds sweep the desert floor  
and the moon scatters its light on the wild ocean chop.  
A lone fishing boat rocks on the waves.

All the doings of this moment  
like taffy stretching and folding,  
peppered with murders and orgasms.

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### Out of Body Experience

As if already remembering  
I drift out of my body,  
away from the woman in my arms  
to tell some imaginary listener  
how it was in the abandoned now.

How remote she lies behind her shuttered lids,  
cool hands that scarcely touch my skin.  
Her unbound tresses like a tranquilized Medusa lie  
frozen across the pillow,  
a river basin from 30000 feet.

Can she too be on a similar excursion?  
A momentary respite from a too demanding here and now?  
Our bodies are in motion, but who is here  
to hold our place in time?  
Where is she? Who is she?  
This still-life of a lover,  
woman with an almost smile.