

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2

JD DeHart

Thus Endeth

They told me how he packed his office boxes
diligently folding together hardback theology
just making it to his car before collapsing.
The light will always stream through the window
in the upstairs classroom somewhere in my mind
he will always be there, writing on the board,
Εκκλησια, then turning to continue his lecture.
The light will always stream through the window
while the leaf blowers celebrate outside, while
an inchoate thinker challenges this two-doctorate
intellectual figure, with the only response a reasoned,
I simply do not argue; please study the issue further.
One time saying to me, *you are so methodic*.
If the class listened closely, they could hear one door
closing and another door swinging open in the talk,
an expert transition between topics, "Thus endeth."

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Emerald Monarch

There may be a place for imagination
among these shops, the practice of rudeness,
and the fast-moving consumers, maybe tucked
in the corner of a wine bar/bookstore.

There was a place among the possum nests,
the abandoned houses, and the broad pastures
of my youth, walking with my father each day.
What else could there be but imagination in such
a place, the twitter of unseen insects, the secrets
held inside a world of fallen trees and thorns.
How I would imagine that there was community
hanging above us in the trees, wisps clinging
to branches just outside our view, and a turn
might bring into full view, a throne, an orb
the image of a benevolent forest monarch,
bidding small birds and eager rabbits to and fro.

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The Cog

Some say we are expendable, and like to use the word
like a swift blade, shaping pride and energy into submission
Some say there will always be someone in line behind
ready to take the next place in the pool, ready to swim
As if we are cogs in the contraption, simply playing our part
to make the vehicle putter forward into the next decade
A man crawls beneath a train, inspects wheels and axles
A woman waits in the heat for her son at the bus stop
Another woman waits, holding a white rose for her husband
who, to her, is not a device, not perfunctory or metallic
but a living, stretching, yawning, imperfect organism
existing among the pumping, oil-seeking gears of life.