

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2

Michael Jerry Tupa
Drips Like Gold

I watch falling leaves spin; no sound they make.
drips of golden silence form a spreading lake;
a rising tide gathering round the trees,
yellow and brown waves twisted by the breeze,

I need to go, but I linger a while
the bright sun winks, blesses me with its smile,
I hate to turn my back and walk away,
but duty calls; only the birds can stay.

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Serene Harvest

Tomorrow's sunrise may bring
a heaping slice of spring;
rain clouds may sob without pause,
no morning lacks all flaws.

The clock turns without feeling,
spins through pain or healing,
hours count the same, good or bad,
time knows both sad and glad.

Fame is but an empty cloak
evaporating smoke,
its fickle fruit is ashes,
from yesterday's flashes.

Perhaps, love and sacrifice
trump the roll of fate's dice
Perhaps, the better way
is planting peace each day.

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Gravity Wins At Last

Butterfly flirts with gravity,
pulling its strings
with capricious flair,
bouncing off the grasping fingers
of earth's greedy pull,
Technicolor soul
set free --
saddling the wind
and riding it --
gliding on its drafts,
dips and loops.

Butterfly then
abandons the breeze,
and weaves through the trees,
finally stopping
to rest on a bush --

gravity wins at last.