

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2

William G. Davies Jr.
Hershey Gardens

Evening is formal,
the setting sun
a tangerine light
through shadows
in dark tuxedos,
her green musicality.
They primp and fawn
hand in hand for pictures
as he gently hoops a ring from Saturn,
the rosy one,
over her moonlet wrist.

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2

Friday

Two women laughing in the sun,
one, bent over;
a sundial or birdbath.
Yes. A pool of joy.

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2

Marriage Preparation Class

We were talking
about the world;
trouble and prayer.
Unfortunately, she said,
it doesn't work
that way, prayer.
Yes. It does, I chided,
not our time but His.
She submersed herself
into that sea of skepticism
though she were a submarine
and wasn't comfortable
with what's been reported
on her sonar.
All I could do was watch
as the last ripple
of her soul disappeared
beneath the surface.