

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/3

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Bee Sting

Lawn chairs ache and bow,
soaked from the hose

unfurled and spinning
like a propeller, as my father

flails through the grass. He
heaves his breath like rocks

into an empty building,
tugs at his belt, his zipper,

teeth gritted into fabric.
The invader aims

for every crease
and fold, places

where the light
refuses to go, until finally,

mercifully, my father
flops down. Jeans take flight,

ankles cut the air,
legs stretch like silos

into the husk of a Midwestern
twilight, and I watch, a smirk

through the pane glass,
knowing the welts I wear

are not nearly as forgiving.

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On Skateboarding at 33

Muscles throb and tear to remember
that familiar feeling, those youthful

meanderings across a sculpted landscape,
and the grip of polyurethane

against pavement. Forty extra pounds
interferes with trajectory, changes velocity,

as wheels carve unsteady across concrete,
until I find the right amount of pressure

to stay upright and rolling.