

## Wilderness House Literary Review 9/3

*Dennis Daly*  
**Dangle**

Cowards all really. Perhaps too harsh  
A judgment summarily imposed  
On conned colleagues, posited, closed  
Off. Their pained dash, their double panache

Doused with sugar, with measured sweetening,  
The approved, reinforced additive.  
He offers the salt, the abrasive  
Misinformation, lies they're aching

For, balm for soul and imagined friends.  
They're pulled in like plagued Pollock, his boat  
Rank with them. Another line he wrote  
Falsely, over-simplified, his ends

Hidden, doctored up metrics,  
Undersea feet. His offering muse  
Sings her lyre songs, truth-soft she woos  
His love-caress, his buried relics.

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### Decoy

Curved, painted, and peevishly proper  
He paced on out into the great rush  
The reek rising from the sidewalk crush  
Of business folk and one eavesdropper

Who sidled up to him or was it  
The other. A nudge as clandestine  
As a Judas kiss stopped him, a sign  
Of peace and surety of target.

Then on he went down the zigzag street  
With a different face—no excuses  
Past the two and three family houses  
Connected, akin. His own heartbeat

Louder than all that pounding racket  
Of midday, misidentified him:  
The false one aping, the pseudonym-  
Carrying quarry, the damn poet.