

## Wilderness House Literary Review 9/3

*Edny Modestin*

### **Utterance of Desire**

I wish I could turn back the clock  
To live again what once was enjoyable.  
I wish we could go to our special place with no lock  
To let us in like the sparrows in the steeple.

I wish I could see you once again  
To kiss your toe  
And have a shower together, Dance and live free forever.

I wish we could find again our enchanted world, Our special bonds one  
cannot understand,  
That secures us in its shelter  
And holds us freely with tenderness.

I wish I could look through your eyes again  
To see the moon, the stars  
That twinkle and sparkle in the sky  
Like Fourth of July fireworks.

I wish I could listen to your moan again  
And savor every stroke that strikes the silent night Like sounds of clock in  
the castle of the Wizard of Oz In which the souvenir trails within time.

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### The Kindergarteners

Anytime you drive by that huge yellow box,  
When you miss a date, an appointment or rendezvous,  
And roughly wrestle with the clock on your way to work, There it stands  
with its reds flashing,  
Fully loaded of precious, priceless cargo.

You pass them with your mighty wheels, Like the knights fully armed  
forth to battle,  
And never wonder, "who are the ones in that box"? Nor to stop a second  
or two for their priorities.

They stiffly sit, on these uncomfortable seats,  
For themselves, with their heads barely showing,  
Meet once and tag- along for the year, With drowsy voices, and shy as they  
are;

You, indeed, will notice the purity of their spirits, With unclear sentences  
glow incoherence Reminisce about their play-days left at home. Desper-  
ately sleepy, tired of the enormous roar  
Of the straining engine hauling them thru October fog;

Shout, laugh all along with gentle faces,  
Healthy, like the flowers bloom in a morn spring,  
With no want, no wait no hate and no haste  
Nor have a wonder of the insanity outdoor.

They meekly ride as usual day-by-day through,  
Slippery mud, snow, ice and frozen rain upon those cliffs  
To learn and seek for humility of mankind  
And tomorrow, some live for the next human's war  
And tomorrow, some stay in the shadow of themselves.

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### A Friend's Birthday

Before we pass mildly away, on earth  
Let us toast and glow in health  
And embrace a noble moment: to please,  
To drink, and rejoice in utter bliss;

Scarcity, dreary, driven the rough year  
Scary roads and vision so unclear;  
And tomorrow-play unfair comes away, With a wilderness silent dooms-  
day

Now at sight, drop the anchor below And smile upon your gladdened face  
To guzzle whisky and grace  
The unpaid bill withered the spirit low.

With a blooming mind delight the feast But, yet, I could not be there to  
mend Nor have a piece of cake at end  
And enjoy a solely raft of air.

Years passed by, but, still a State away,  
To, again smoke cigarettes, sip wine with no fear  
To share and celebrate your birthday  
That only comes once every year.

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