

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/4

Ana Prundaru

Cloud Fishing Safety Pins

We teetered along the narrow bridge like ropewalkers
to observe dew drops,
drinking in tight-faced beauties of breakdown,
submerged in a neon-white Japanese garden.
It wasn't long before knots in the clouds
unveiled a single glimpse of the originals.

Lured by the scent of salty-raw flesh, hungry dogs
dangled frames of vacant minds,
near the foot of the darkly mountain,
till their billowed tummies
laid perched on asphalt dreams,
adorned with corals and water lilies.

Beneath cypress trees, windswept balalaikas
toasted to the cadence of raw jazz and
caroused the thickening redbuds
that bloomed to death.
Their lungs became rusty-golden beehives,
their veins were swirled leaves.

As the morning gurgle started,
they promised to save us a seat in the back
of the ivy sanctuary,
in exchange of our chromosomes. We would
swap lemon bracelets overnight and
fool the space of fear; the acrylic star.

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/4

Hyperbole of humankind awoke then
and its grey words soared from the matt sea:
Remember, when music was art? And art
was planetary invocation?
Relieved of the thin cigarette smoke separating us,
we replied that even airplanes were tawny stardust.

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/4

Heroes and Hunters

Guided by a snug breeze,
the panting feline galloped across the field,
halting where deep longitudinal marks
were carved into a rubber tree.
Wreathed in morning mist, the hunter's trophy
found comfort, as he brushed
his inky golden vest
against her claw marks.
Inhaling her scent,
the tiger howled madrigals
and sealed memories
behind shimmering eyes.

Yet Another Day

Morning smell of sun
I paint islands and songbirds
from my hospice bed;

Flickering through murky air,
sticky remnants of yesterday
captured between silky threads.

A poetry book
on my pillow, by its side:
our divorce papers.

*

Strolling through the streets,
I hear shoes clicking alone.
Children dig holes in the park and
a little girl on her Daddy's arm
waves good-bye
to the pruned chestnut.
School kids spoon soup to their mouths,
dirty cups calling.

*

As the butterflies crumble,
he sews filaments to life -
a tireless soul inside pearl-lit coats.
Silencing my mind
a barn owl chants away his
remaining heartbeats.
Cracks in the soil, raindrops drum
over his lace home, streaming beauty
onto winter's ash-grey night, as
sour breath leaves my mouth.