

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/4

Diane Webster
Puppy Snow

Like Dalmatian spots
ground melted
through snow
running rivulets downhill
in chasing-rabbit speed
until they burrow
into thawing beaver pond
sprouting fang icicles snapping
for freedom to splash
in tail-chasing glee
over rocks, fallen timber,
and holes filled with scent.

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/4

Lost Glove

On top of the newspaper stand
a bright pink knit glove
sparkles with frost
as an early morning right hand
skinned itself
to reach inside a warm pocket
for quarters nestled in lint
to slide through coin slot
eager to release the day's news
to the one-gloved woman
who swears at her loss
tonight when fingers
scrabble through
unoccupied pocket
now occupied by a bare hand
fisted against the cold
unlike the glove accepting
overnight snowfall.

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/4

Hand-In-Hand Decision

Hand in hand two friends
sprint across the street
between the crosswalk lines,
but once on the opposite curb
one turns left, one turns right
to enter a gate.

One stops, stares at the back
of her friend walking away,
hesitates, steps toward her, steps back,
then runs to the gate
she choose and catches up
with her friend just opening
the gate she knew she'd enter.

Together they stroll along
their path, perhaps until
the next two-gate decision.