

## Wilderness House Literary Review 9/4

*William G. Davies Jr.*

### **Appointment**

The condensation on  
the plastic milk container  
glistens doggedly  
though she'd been  
in her doctor's office  
for two hours plus.  
Ferrules, she mused,  
the kind that beseech  
anonymity, until now.  
The steering wheel  
curvy as her body.  
Everything nuanced,  
the celery poking  
out of the bag; leafy  
as Paul McCartney's hair,  
her eyes filling with tears  
in the rear-view mirror;  
the Nina, the Pinta  
and before there was oncology,  
the Santa Maria.

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### September Manifest

They separate  
from their moorings  
one by one,  
drifting away  
from bony stevedores  
past empty berths,  
their red and golden fantails  
wreck over shoals  
that only yesterday  
a deep, green sea.

### From The Duncannon Train Trestle

A cloud has landed belly-up  
on the Susquehanna river  
like Sully Sullenberger  
touching down on the Hudson.  
But this flight is pilotless,  
there aren't any passengers  
to stand on the wings.  
Just a nimbus  
strayed from the pod  
enveloping a fisherman  
casting a line  
into its empty fuselage.