

**Wilderness House Literary Review 12/2**

*Don Mager*

**January Journal: Friday, January 25, 2013**

Dawn fog spreads a death pall over the  
intestacies between streetlight pools  
and blank shadows. Beneath the shroud, the  
dying Possum lies. Where the car tire  
hit and knocked it from the street, it dragged  
into leaf-rot. Its teeth-spiky snout  
pulses shut and open. Each pulse faintly  
squawks. The tail's leathery pink stretches  
out in murky light. The puddle of  
brackish blood swells. Its place in the dawn's  
slow now recedes into weaker and  
weaker chirps until the serrations  
of its teeth gape in a pulseless snout—  
awakened into frozen silence.

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### May Journal: Monday, May 13, 2013

As morning's high tide rises, shadows  
slink beneath full-coiffed trees. Resonant  
arpeggios lift and fall across  
the neighborhood in busy geese flights.  
Their discontent cracks and barks across  
high stratus wisps and blue, forth and back,  
from pond to pond. The street end trucks are  
suited up and call their geese echoes  
at the gate to release them from the  
depot yard for a day's good workout.  
Sun's wake-up call stuns the branch-pile and  
lifts its privy gate. Glad to oblige,  
the Kingsnake's onyx and brass gleam slips  
out to shop the frog holes for its lunch.

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**October Journal: Monday, October 7, 2013**

Because the bully wind believes it is  
a fist, its boorishness does not  
grasp that it's the distant tentacle  
of the far off ocean hurricane.  
Cowardly it waits till after dark  
falls hard. Its open palm slaps car windows.  
It strives to slug out eyes, to crash in  
doors. When power wavers and clocks shut off,  
darkness cowers. The wind's without a  
plan to drive its bluster. Its haste fails  
to whip up rampaging walls of rain.  
Its hoarse dry wail brags. Its laughter howls.  
A tree splits crashing through flocks of leaves.  
Dark despair clings to the lurching light.

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**November Journal: Wednesday, November 20, 2013**

Between sparseness of leaves, afternoon's  
trees, satiny with slow drizzle, nap  
in rust-bronze gowns. They draw window's gaze  
far into the freshness that now is  
their new distance. In the hush that falls  
after frantic crow caws cease, they dream  
of black trunks parading in legions  
out into extravagant sunsets.

They dream of barren branch tops crowned with  
lime green bonnets of bright Mistletoe.

They dream of standing guard in the light  
of a full and icy moon. They dream  
of days whose great events are snugness  
in hibernation and deep warm roots.

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**December Journal: Thursday, December 12, 2013**

The wind rolls in on shrieking rails and  
sweeps late morning's low dank clouds ahead.  
Chill climbs down into the silent air  
that follows now and welcomes growling  
school buses that stop to flag down cars  
searching out their driveways to creep home.  
Step into this evening air—this now.  
Taste inexplicable dawn cries of  
back yard Vietnamese Roosters from  
around the corner. Falsetto bites  
the warm tongue. The palette is tickled  
as the chilled cork is popped and the air's  
bouquet of feather-fine bristles stings  
up into the face's cavities.