

## Wilderness House Literary Review 12/3

*Cleo Griffith*

### **Boxcar Art Show**

I like the leisurely pace --  
a sauntering, swaying wall of art.  
fanciful colors, figures, script—  
slow muted rumble-bumps  
huge wheels rotating on firm rods,  
  
silent artists of the night, do your  
Picasso hearts beat with satisfaction  
as you lie in your daylight beds,  
remembering your petitions for posterity  
boxcar by spray-painted boxcar?

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### **Kennels of Dreams**

Queer the beasts of night that come all doggy  
to the garish kennels of dreams,  
frameworks laid by the long-ago architect  
of my heartbeat.

Nothing from these clumsy denizens of night  
permits questions, their encroachment  
just the interpretation  
of the junk and karma of my ordinary days.

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### Sea-Fold Land

Dear friend who lives in that sea-fold land  
with the shells and cliffs which storms diminish,  
what is the emotion of a sea trail washed out,  
the effect of the stones rolled and sorted  
by waves that know only weight, not beauty--  
light dust at the top etching of the strongest wave,  
heavy stones at the sand closest to the sea,  
available to being snatched away again by some  
thoughtless whirl of nature which spares nothing  
cares for nothing, is only a force...  
how do you account for your prolonged  
safety on the edge?