

## Wilderness House Literary Review 15/2

*Sarah Platenius*

### **Rattle of Uncertainty**

A shotgun won't fix this  
thing. Still hunted, hiding in  
the bush.

Rattlesnake racing sky summit, run rabbit run.

Blanket of stars soft to my  
cheek. An heirloom necklace  
of earth caresses my  
collarbone.

Uncertainty churns the  
gut of the land, crosses state  
lines, furrows our brows, and  
drives grooves of separation.

I, too, have useless, habitual  
thoughts. Scabs and scars hum like  
cicadas,  
encase my skin when it's time to shed, light.

We prod rattlers on as we do each  
other. Elbow to elbow, waving rags  
and riches.  
In rough leather boots, we kick dust, off to a picnic.

As if this fork in the road might lead us to  
agree. Circle earth in the sand, above, below,  
within-- Wet finger to gust, heed drumfire  
and flare,  
our grief, an urgent blaze.

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### A Promise

Morning light  
gains strength  
leaps sycamores cottonwoods  
ruptures sandbanks  
and floods the sky like a church choir.  
I glance upward. The symphony so  
elegant stain glass glimmers  
the figurines on bended  
knees wear gowns, halos of  
gold  
the song vulnerable,  
palpable to my burning  
ears.

Like a sweet companion, the wee  
hour brushes hair from my face  
draws circles round my lips  
tosses head back laughing  
and dashes off with a  
promise.

Like when a baby's head  
crowns and a mother pushes,  
and  
a midwife catches  
a holy horizon born.