

Wilderness House Literary Review 15/4

Dennis Daly
Appearances

A sovereign must die standing,
It will not do to have him loll.
Roosevelt (for sure) and De Gaulle
Reveled in upright commanding.

Caesar fell while reprimanding
Brutus. "Et tu..." and then the brawl.
A sovereign must die standing.

Alexander, comprehending
Torpor's threat, held a copper ball
Above a basin, so its fall
Could disturb sleep's countermanding.
A sovereign must die standing.

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Status Quo

Beyond this door you cannot go,
Cannot rely on sage or djinn;
Adults strongly chide their children,
Beware the pain of tomorrow.

Nothing to plan, one can't foreknow,
The present deters a question.
Beyond this door you cannot go.

It's odd to trust the status quo,
Show certainty where there is none.
Man's narrative has just begun,
You've seen it on the video.
Beyond this door you cannot go.

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Webs

Lost Centuries well up with words,
Spit out life's inchoate meaning,
A spider web of inner string,
A numinous maze of placards.

Here on earth among the wizards,
Who travel without belonging,
Lost centuries well up with words.

What compass points us homewards
To the years of sheepskin being
And newfound friends well worth adding?
Final bells and whistling goatherds,
Lost centuries well up with words.

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Poem with a Line from Terence

My mind leaks out. I'm full of cracks.
I yield up what I dearly need.
Almost grasped one. Another treed.
I clutch my dated almanacs.

Overloaded, I'm stuffed with facts,
A miscellany I misread.
My mind leaks out. I'm full of cracks.

Here comes a government surtax
On verbose glut. I pick up speed
And proper words appear, indeed.
Sage doctors come, they're often quacks.
My mind leaks out. I'm full of cracks.