

Wilderness House Literary Review 17/3

Adam Day
Body Knows

Sparrowish death – dust
and wire

and empty air; claws
and calls and eyes

buried in a box of sky.

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Mind Space

Window pond, foot
bridge. Condensing

spoonbill eyes dawn
creeping across

a mildewed mattress.

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Object Landscape

The wind does not
talk among the stones

or precinct shells, rocks
rolled in the mouth, world

as will. There's nothing
hiding in the branches.

Cherry blossoms are here
and gone.

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Hypervisible

Present atrocity
latent within

earlier event,
setting the stage

for its unfolding
in later years. Clouds

make the house
seem so much further

in the distance
where man

hides himself
in his own figure.

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Anonymous Breath

Nurse of mists
finding her place

down the block,
windows watching

beanbag rounds
and iPhone glow.

Sky's dipper
hangs low.