

Wilderness House Literary Review 17/3

Diane Sahms-Guarnieri
My lover's blues

Sucked into vortex—
whirlpool of pull—
his multifaceted blue
topaz eyes brighter
than frost light glitter
of an Arctic tundra
melting me
into faraway summer's
bursts of wildflowers
dancing across vastness
of fields. Believable
as lilies & how they grow
never spinning, never toiling.
Not lilies really nor cornflowers
nor sapphires, rather each one
more the hue of blue star
sea holly to float me
forever flower. Maybe
more aquamarine quartz
to sink me as weighted gems
burrowing beneath each breast
to be treasured, hidden within
to believe as my inner child once did
the gold-lipped pages of our family
Bible. The way the essence
of a savior's eyes undercurrent
of warm reflective glow
can lovingly live within.
The way my lover's blues
can chisel & chip me
into specks of diamond dust,
slipping through an hourglass,
seize me completely.

The wall behind me breathing,

reminder of wind, the way it rolled
song along sloped cliffs,
among many languages of trees—
even fallen overturned ones,
whose roots' matrixes plucked
vibrations as their dead accents
fanned out fungus dialects.

Creek's veining chants.

Humped hills' camelback groans
surround the valley. Baritone
breeze & though it was late January
afternoon, almost dusk, notes
were dropping everywhere. Flow
of rapids tumbling over rocks—
white foaming tongues—broke
apart & were rumbling off
moon songs, as deer bowed
to lap up the sound.

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A hobo's wandering wind song

in waking then,
life is winter smoke escaping from a chimney.

perhaps, we are only instruments of sound
singing winter's frozen words & all the while

striving & churning down tracks when a whistle
calls us out of dreams, beautifully sings

disturbed as hope's vanishing point of perspective.
headlamp's warm halo glow. iron rails bitter cold

undertow of blues shrills us along.
maybe, every living creature its own gospel

of red lettered words, and then only hearsay
from those whom survive us, to carry on

torn songs pulled out of holey pockets as
a hobo's wandering wind song.

a small portion left behind, lonely as an empty hand.
maybe, every life an iridescent bubble

floats a lonesome light hum, before its quiet fade.
the wind, then, is sky's voice & tonight it whips around

the bottleneck of this house blowing hollowness. eerily
I know not what its sings about & then again, I do.