

g emil reutter

Patch Work Quilt

Pieces of our lives scattered as wind
swept leaves of orange, yellow, brown
in long ago storms woven together in
a patch work quilt of those who chose
to stay behind or long ago departed.

Under full moon, stars of dark sky until
break of dawn, of sun streams, blue of
sky, we rest under trees canopy in quiet
of Sunday morning.

And we share our joys
And we share our loss
And we share our stories
And we share our thoughts

Within this Sunday morning we sing our
poems of longing, we sing our poems of
past, we sing our poems of love, and as
sun reaches its summit in the sky a chorus
of songbirds sing with us.

Memories are just memories and dreams
can sometimes be real. We search for
rainbows in overcast sky, we find the last
yellow rose before the frost, we watch bud
of conehead as it opens, we see geraniums
final burst of color, we breathe in fragrance
of mums.

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Withered leaves fall as rain upon us as crisp
air forecasts early season flurries. With each
exhale we see our breath, with each glance
we see change as reflected in our lives lived
from black and white to Kodachrome to
panorama and we know there are no retakes
in life.

And we share our joys
And we share our loss
And we share our stories
And we share our thoughts

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Flannel, Jeans and Timberlands

Silver crown clipped atop your head, dressed in flannel and jeans timberlands on your feet. On this late Saturday afternoon you simply say, take me to the river!

We ride the flat land and rises of Rhawn pass by homes of brick and stone, through business districts cross six lanes of boulevard, pass by Little City, travel through village of Homlesburg.

Just off State Road we turn left onto a small driveway bordered by wall of stone where once saw mills and steel mills dominated the view, now a lot of cars for auction.

We arrive to expansive green of athletic fields to our left and the glinting waters of the Delaware to our right. We walk the peninsula where a large gazebo sits take in the smell of the river, observe a plump of geese meddling with a raft of wood ducks.

Gulls are busy hunting as we walk the trail along the river pass by fishermen on the banks, pass by couples on benches note the cat birds and sparrows darting about. We inhale and exhale the open space, freedom by the river.

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We arrive at the northern meadow, a sanctuary of wildlife and quiet. We pass the frog pond as butterflies dart about songbirds sing in wild waist high grass. As we reach the Pennypack where it drops into the Delaware, eagles come into view, roosting in a distant tree.

It is here we take a break, sit by the creek in this solitude of quiet and nature. Yet it is interrupted from time to time by whoosh of trains passing to the west and the pop, pop of the range to the north. A reminder of the city we live in.

As we walk through the meadow back into the park there in the western horizon the colors of sunset in sky cause us to pause look upon its beauty, painted by a master above this park in a city along the Delaware.

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I Got Me a Woman

I got me a woman
who writes her poetry
in the morning light
and in darkness of night.

I got me a woman
who talks to the trees
prays for the flowers
sings with the birds.

I got me a woman
who works hard
who loves large
who is spiritual
who is kind.

I got me a woman
who dances with nature
who hikes hills and valleys
who loves life

I got me a woman
who loves me

I got me a woman
who I love