

Wilderness House Literary Review 21/2

Peter Lesses

The Grindstone after Robert Frost

Spin, whirl, spin.

Rattle, creak, rattle.

Watch the sparks fly

as the cutler presses the blade onto the stone.

Hone the blade sharp

the knife will see another day.

Work the treadle,

oil the stone,

whet the edge till perspiration falls,

gaze at the red, rough, hands.

The rusty iron pedals turn,

the grindstone grates

amid the silence of the room.

Standing steadfast in this remote cabin

as witness to a ritual with sacred rite,

give me the right to sense and breathe

then to speak transfixed in thought?

Away there from smoke and Vulcan industries,

forget the moment.

The clock has stopped,

all sounds whisper.

Inside these dry, warped wooden walls

pour beams of sunlight

passing through open knot holes ancient.

May I think,

say a word,

or begone?

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Epitaph

And now comes the time to write these lines closing,
weren't a few written before my life began?

This is a clear relation,
but simply said, just look back from wherever you came,
and that should do.

An Obit informs birth, and a Shower celebrates death.

Internment for birth,
and birth for internment.

Dead ante living,
and living post death,
so these words do games play on me
then it must be so.

Where we start is the end,
and the end justifies the beginning,
so as Vishnu I live again.