

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/4

William G. Davies Jr.
Evolution

Wooly bear caterpillars
Flee across the road
Like the Israelites,
But instead of
Being chased by
The Egyptians,
They do so freely
Having learned
That it works.

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In The Morning

The frost reaches
Across the grass
Like a robber
Trying to muzzle
The screams
As the sun rises
Loosening its hold,
And the choking subsides
Until having regained
Some composure
It shivers green.

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Kittyhawk

A disheveled Monarch butterfly
Lay dead in the grass,
Its papery wings
Separated in flight
Like orange thrusters
Still glowing
After the crash.

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October

A leaf falls away
Like a pearl struck
From a string of pearls,
A woodsy bauble
Bored in a thousand years
Of light,
Its fatuous oxides
Plummeting through
The erosion of sight.