

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/3

Anne Drury
SPITE

Twice recently, in dreams,
you blamed me
for ruining your yellow dress.

That dress- it was the
perfect shade of yellow,
somewhere between sunflower and lemon.

We called it buttercup-
when you were five and I was seven.

I didn't hurt your yellow dress.
I was there, maybe-
I dropped it on the ground

near that puddle,
so what? The dress was fine.
You still wore it.

Perhaps you're really mad
about something else?

That I'm older? Smarter?
But you're prettier,
everyone always said so, even mom.

You always looked so bright and shiny
in the yellow dress, a veritable
sweet summer flower.

That was years ago.
Now you look small.

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Like the gulls look small
out in the harbor
where the ice meets the open water

or like the Mayflower looks small
bobbing at the edge of the huge Atlantic.
So, sister dear-

Stay away from my dreams. The river's fast flowing;
and you live downstream.

CALVING

At last grass appears. Here
the snow banks are retreating just
like the glaciers in Greenland.

In the barn the swollen heifer
pushes out her newborn
in this, the calving season.

In Greenland the climbing sun
reveals a new blue wall of ice.
Its beauty belies its treachery.

Because we are a planet
collapsing under the weight
of our own stupidity.

In the barn the calf nuzzles in
the warm blood of afterbirth while
in the North glaciers calve icebergs

and no one hears when danger booms.

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GOING ROGUE

Today I choose to color outside of the lines.

Today I go rogue.

Today I will draw the sun as a square, not a circle.

I will color the sky yellow and the sun blue.

Today I may not go to work at all, but if I do,

I will do a mediocre job, at best.

I will not dye my hair. I will not shower.

I will wander way off of the trail.

I will throw tonight's dinner of salmon and water-sautéed broccoli into the trash

and enjoy a large bottle of wine with a large bag of chips while watching reality TV.

I will drive to the ocean and just watch.

I swear I just heard a tree fall in the forest even though I'm not there.

Now he's staggering out of the woods, roots dangling, trailing crumbs of soil.

He sits down beside me at ocean's edge and just watches.

What's a tree doing there you ask? I guess, like me, he's going rogue.