

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/2

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ALONE WITH NATURE

Clouds wander in the sky
like lost orphans,
searching for their home.
If they cry, it goes unheard.
Reality kills our dreams.
Things are what they seem.
Beneath the surface
lies something more dangerous,
like the mud at the bottom
of a murky pond. Yes,
we're unhappy with the world
of our invention.
Eternity will exceed
our most hopeful intentions,
but the sky is a mirror.
and what it reflects,
as we look,
is nakedly clear.

WHERE LIES POETRY?

I try to make myself understood,
but no words seem right.
When I look in a mirror,
and peer into my mind,
I find a place full of syllables
but empty of words,
like the carcass of a dead bird.
The music of the spheres
is cacophony to me.
My thoughts are desultory.
I stare at the dregs
of my empty cup of tea.
In the night I hear
dogs barking into thin air,
and crows flying off unseen,
over someone's grave.
Ah poetry! Of what
fragile stuff you're made.

I TRY TO IMAGINE ETERNITY

The shadow of an oak tree
flows down the street,
like water down a hill
as if it had a will.
But that's only in my mind.
A shadow does things,
but not intelligently.
I gaze at the stars.
I gaze at the moon.
I think of the lost centuries
of the human race,
and I ask from where
comes eternal grace?
Is it from our minds,
or from some other place?
Is it only an illusion,
which appears,
like a shadow on the moon,
and then vanishes,
without a trace,
leaving an empty, sterile place.