

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/2

Richard Dinges, Jr.
On Cloudy Days

My shadow blends
with hillside grass
hidden behind
bushes and trees.
I look back, see
where I have passed,
a gentle decline.
Ahead lies a hard
walk uphill, a test
of will or boredom.
I wait for sun
to break through clouds,
reveal someone
to hear my steps
crackle through dry
brush, or for a shadow
that follows my walk,
attached to my soles.

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December

North wind sweeps chaff
across fields swathed
clear of life.

Sun rises above
bare tree branches,
a distant memory.

I walk these hills,
each day a new sky
that hides stars

I can only imagine.

At night I close my eyes,
gather dim flashes
of light, and search
for what my life
races toward.

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Mowing Hay

Side by side, plots
shorn to short brown
stalks by green fields
tangled in uncut
clover, alfalfa,
and brome grass,
wind mixes tones
tossed with purple
blossoms, a crowd
of untoned color
slopes gently up
toward the line
between earth and
sky, where a mower
erases colors along
a long thin horizon.