

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/2

T.F. Jennings
Hangdog Moon

in a starless vault
atop its throneless
midnight velvet cushion.
Concealed in the gray sagging robe
of its own shadow. Coercing
the tide to dance
a persistent
and primitive waltz. Claiming
the crown of the sun
in spilt milk reflections.

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The Muse, The Butcher

I gather my ideas
and place them
tenderly at her feet
like a fresh kill.
Ink and bone.
Future and flesh.
She tears at the skin
hollowing the bones;
a wild butcher
cutting away the meat.
She works against the grain,
shortening the muscle fibers.
Slicing thinly and methodically
while the juices ooze
into a syrupy puddle.
Then sliding across
the makeshift slaughterhouse,
she hands me a small slab
and absconds with the ravaged remains.
I clutch the viscid gift
like a wounded hatchling
and begin stitching
it into song.

Junk Art

a technicolor junkyard
scattered by blades
of pink burning sky.

A blue light cache
of memories
entwined in a thrum
of wires. October breath

suspended on virgin wings of youth.
Brown paper bag of firsts.
Flashlight moon.
Pumpkin embers.

Slow burning
cigarette butt constellations
jerry-rigged on cereal boxes —
patterns older than time.

Razor words congregate
on crests of
tin can mountains.
There is a marionettist

in the firmament
gathering the pieces
and cultivating scraps.
There must be something

beautiful not yet realized —
glinting on the surface
or buried deep below.
A reservoir of discarded memories

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pulled apart to be made whole.

Waiting to be mined,

sculpted,

and christened as art.