

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/3

Paul Ilichko

Way of Stones

The road was scattered
with fragments of rock

my hair turned gray
refilling my bottle

with river water
I wore shoes my cousin had given me

bulky but comfortable
two folding chairs were brought

for sitting peacefully
with fellow travelers

a battery-powered transistor radio
for soundtrack

I punched the clock at dusk
drank a dark beer from my cache

my knife always close to hand
evening shadows leaked in

as a series of rippling damson waves
and I slept on the tamarind earth.

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Painter

A painter hides intricacy in the depths
of shadow subtle gradients are there
to be seen by those who look the delicate
interplay of brush and knife mistakes can be
hidden but so can wonder perhaps this
is as good as it gets there's nothing there
other than that which is on the surface
but the implications are endless stay there
for more than just that initial minute look
more closely than you ever looked before
and you will see far more than you expected
everything flooded with a burning light but
what you call rapture what you call heaven
is just the architecture of form and space.