

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/4

Duane Anderson
The Next Fallen Oak

As I stand
tall

near a fallen
oak

looking at its
life,

I wonder what
may

be next for
me,

another giant, gone
forever.

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Secret Languages

She asked me to write all my questions
down on a piece of paper and then
type them up, following up by stating

my handwriting was so bad
that even I couldn't read what I wrote,
but why write anything down if that was the case

and required the help of a transcriber
to decode my secret encrypted handwriting,
one of my own creations, a combination of

Morse code, Sanskrit, Ancient Greek,
and other extinct languages.

Why write anything down if it was predetermined

that even I could not read what I wrote
as expressed by the expert,
one who was no calligrapher herself.

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Premium Squirrel Food

As promised, I purchased some food for the squirrel,
and not just any food, but premium squirrel food,
complete with corn, sunflower seeds,
along with a few peanuts still in their shells.

The peanuts, like eating from a box
of Cracker Jacks wondering with anticipation
what treasure would be found in each shell.

The statement on the package said

other animals would be attracted,
chipmunks, raccoons, ducks, geese,
and other outdoor pets, though I only had one
intention, that of helping out the squirrels,

not that the others weren't welcomed to join in.

There was a small hint someone was helping themselves,
for the peanuts were the first to go, and trust me,
it wasn't me that made them disappear.