

**Wilderness House Literary Review 20/1**

*Andrew Weatherly*  
**Jewels of Satiation**

Red Dorito bag

Road killed

Flattened to dust

Eviscera spilling in powdered crumbs

Crows so joyous

At the discovery of these topaz gems

Two flew off at my passing

One drunkenly stood guard cawing me down

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### Listening

Staring into the photo from across the world  
my son's grinning visage leering through the nose glass  
of the lost P-2 maritime patrol plane stashed at a  
forgotten French NATO base  
where he and friend had infiltrated  
in their urban exploration in a forest.

I was sitting street level of the GW hospital café  
looking through black iron slats at the stories  
walking by  
father six floors up full of tubes watching walls  
fold and recombine commenting on the  
down throat photography session  
as "good performance art".

Picking at a salad searching wilted  
spinach leaves and carrots still undead  
surrendering to outsourced chocolate torte  
wondering the difference between  
dad's delusions and my own out of body journeys  
where mountains showed me purple dimensions  
  
and explained bird calls' capacity to transit across

Doctors' stories struggling to compile  
data, claim explanation that totals why  
He isn't coming home and why he is  
visionary instead of healing

Sisters and step-mom struggling  
to parse doctors' stories, fears and where dad  
has gone and who came back

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### Made in the Image of Pâte

What does it tell us about the gods  
that they chained Prometheus  
to a mountain to have his liver devoured  
everyday by an eagle?  
That the Titans had livers?  
That Greek storytellers craved livers  
that it foretold the reverse  
of *pâte foie gras*, though, his liver  
hadn't time to fatten up after  
growing back from the day before.  
Being created in the gods' images  
why are we not flames nor bulls  
rivers nor storms, but clay and dust.  
Would we rather be *pâte*  
sacrificed for the gods' supper plates  
Is that why we dream punishments  
like forever rolling a rock uphill  
only to have it roll back  
always bending to drink of receding  
water and reaching for plums that shy away  
from the grasp  
Is that why farming a stony land  
between wine dark sea and cerulean  
sky with chalk white stone to write history  
on walls of story  
results in reflections  
of art of gods of *pâte*