

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

Bridget Galway
Point of View

Beauty advises me
to change my point of View-
from sad memories
murky haze.

Put on that cotton dress
and flowered scarf-
as a leaf frames a rose
after thorns.

Follow the trees
as they compose
in syncopated rows-
where light filters through
dancing on my skin.

Walk slowly to the shore line
at sunset-
to the violet amber kiss
before the cerulean sky-
that lulls me into night.
To a dream.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

What Life You Left

Seven thousand six hundred days from we

I no longer
tether in the light
of each door you left ajar-
from retreats
to
a parchment surface.

Where you frayed words
more delicate-
to- map moments
as a creature of inlets
for everything real-
in sense of space,
the breath we shared,
the silence between.

I was yours-
perfectly imperfect.
In our ebb and flow
we timed love
for a new life.

And,
before your death
You willed me wishes
in a half written opus
for me to complete.
Knowing in our son's days
I would fulfill
and heal.
Grief bittersweet.