

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

Keith Fuchs

Charing Cross

You and I, death and birth
One-hundred thirty years apart
Linger, a connection, pungent with tart-
For this transcends the margin and-
The sentence's indented start.

Succumbed to typhus at age 38,
I ruminate, how your beloved wept,
When he learned of your fate.
How he found courage and slept.
To bear a child, born still -
Whose spirit forced to yield,
To the tragic illness wield -

A brilliant clover with a clever quill-
A gladiolus petal
With a crocus scent and plum's elegance.
Prose as firm as metal
Evident in English eyes
With a majestic depth
An element of surprise
As vast as sunrise over the countryside.
With long maple braids, spilling upon the page.

It's a pity we never met-
Somewhere in the middle
Enough lag to idle and piddle.
To circumvent, consent
Reminiscent of a heaven-sent
London butterfly
Who flew free across the sea,
Forever away from me.
For all the majesty of this queen
Cannot be fathomed nor seen.

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The Eighth Poem

You and I travel upon different sides of road,
Same direction, yet opposing means and modes
Thus no parallel exists, I crumble and implode.
Life's the crisp arrow, perpendicular to love's blossoming rose.
Shaves the pistils and plucks the stems from its fragile post.
All that's left is disintegrated, entangled soul that broke.
On some distant freeway between Hull and Stoke,
Due south a bit, the nest which refines my heart's hope.
A home in some dismal flat, beyond distance gaps
In a borough or district
Love revisits gentle arms and lap.

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A Robin's Song

If I'm free to be whatever I'd like to be
Then why can't you be with me?
If I'm free to be wherever I'd like to be
Then why can't you be here sitting next to me?
If I'm free to go as I please
Then why don't I grab the next jet and set across the sea?
To see your face, smiling back at me
Well there is no other place I'd rather be.