

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/3

William G. Davies Jr.

Carnival

A pattern is left on the ground
by a Ferris Wheel that danced
in place for a week, a surrogate
capable of birthing multiple wonders
with nothing more than Gondolas,
remnants of funnel cake
and constellations as glorious
as befits the Marysville skyline.

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Nuclei

The bicycles seem
magnetized to the
rear of the car,
the burrs and shavings
of a family on vacation.
As if in this world
of protons and neutrons
this family has stuck together
as they propel themselves
to the seashore
on the kinetic improbability
of bicycle tires spinning gently
in opposite directions.

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While I Was Away

You acquired more red dimples
and there are more of you.
The tendrils of the pumpkin
blindly embrace your shoots
wanting to walk across the same street,
wanting you to show how.

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Insidious

The rain drips
from the trees
like so many vile
little complaints;
office doggerel
spewed from lips,
scratched into restroom stalls
secretly, behind a flushing toilet.

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Break-Out

Moonlight slants
through the pines
like an escapee,
silver leggings
creped over limbs
one by one
to the ground.

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Peonies bow with such
heavy-handed regret.
First, they explode
like fireworks.
Then they sulk for
way too long
as the ohhh's and ahhh's
fade away.