

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/3

g emil reutter
Last Ride

We cut across patio as escape from
a prison, along walkway on side of
house to wide driveway, front walk down
to sidewalk around the corner.

Tempted by the car.... pondering in
unison how to get you in. As we do
a sound of squawking, guttural sound
of the fearsome twosome. You, they
said were in danger. Mouths yammering
we saw them through the window.

Hopes dashed we wheeled around to the
patio...sat for a bit until acceptance of
defeat. We popped a wheely over the
threshold into the house. You stood as I
helped you into bed.... Your last ride round
the house. As the noise subsided, we looked
at each other in silence, thoughts the same
we should have taken off in the car.

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Silence of Birds

The creek is but a dribble
temperature continues to rise
rainfall is a distant memory
creek pools in some spots
colored blue and white of
the low riding ceiling above
webbed with tree top reflections
a scattering of sun burnt leaves
along the banks

Up the ridge on the
other side of tree
line, a grassy knoll
at twilight, deer and
whistle pits graze
just yards from melting
surface of avenue

There are no birds to be
seen.

no hoping robins
no songs from
cardinals, cat birds
no chirping of
sparrows or guttural
song of starlings nor
caws from crows or
e-chups from falcon

Quiet

On the Other Side of Goodbye

A confused rush of forces
of what is and what isn't
of importance, of social
norms, of reality and of
fantasy. The little things
that are little things as in
this short time we make
the little things huge, divert
attention from what is into
drama of nothingness.

Life grinds us down bit
by bit remnants left on
stone wheel, of worries
of money, of love, of
children, of status, of
success, of failure, each
grinding and grinding until
what is left?

All that of which we
believed was important
of ground shaking
change, of status quo
of euphoria, of broken
hearts, of family quarrels
of doing everything and
doing nothing. Everything
fades in time, as time takes
all and we become a distant
memory, or myth and there
is nothing we can do.

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Fading, fading, we can
reach out, but it is too
late to fix anything when
we reach that point, on
the other side of goodbye.