

Wilderness House Literary Review 20/4

George Freek

SNOW FALLING IN A CEMETERY

This is where the dead lie,
looking toward the sky,
but without eyes,
as snowflakes softly fall
through leafless trees,
moved by any breeze,
until they lie on the ground.
When I was young,
each snowflake was a mystery,
but I won't think of my youth.
It means nothing now to me.
It's fallen away behind me,
like so much discarded debris.
I walk home on a familiar path,
passing the familiar cemetery,
where my ancestors lie,
some peacefully,
some lie in grief.
One day I'll be with them,
but my simple wish
will be merely to sleep.

THE STARS NEAR THE ROCK RIVER

The light from above is dim.

The stars are spread
like pebbles on a beach.

The razor sharp moon hangs
from some invisible tree.

A squirrel flits from branch to branch,
like a dervish in a trance;
then a hawk swoops down,
and returns to his nest
with food for his young.

In this land of merry peacocks,
a squirrels life is shed.

It's nature's way,
as the river continues flowing
to some placid distant sea,
with no concern
for that squirrel, or for me.

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AFTER AN EVENING AT THE CAFE

A fog clouds my eyes,
as I fall into the grass,
like a lump of lead.
My life has come to this.
The stars seem to gaze at me
with disgust. I can't care,
they're probably already dead.
The moon sits in the sky,
hanging by some invisible thread,
like a question mark.
I ask myself when will I die,
and where will I lie?
I pick myself off the ground.
My pants are grass stained.
My behavior is crass,
But it's best to forget it.
it's only my life,
and it will soon pass.