

Wilderness House Literary Review 21/1

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A NOVEMBER CHILL

Above the treetops sparrows
are like mechanical toys,
whirling out of control,
then they form and reform
once more in their wild flight.
It's November, a time
when things die unexpectedly,
and life is always a fight.
All around, leaves fall
like floundering acrobats,
making no protest,
when they hit the ground.
The sparrows finally
huddle together
in a barren tree,
like destitute men finding
warmth in this unkind weather,
and for a time avoiding
their ultimate destiny.

A LOSS OF MEMORY

Between the sky and the elms
something is missing.
I don't know what it is,
but a change in the weather,
will never change my life.
Apples fall like stunned
tightrope walkers,
as a fierce wind howls.
One minute trips over the next,
as I stagger toward nothingness,
like a man in a dream:
a dream filled with common shadows
in a landscape of ordinary places,
and common stars with ordinary faces,
and blind men and blind women
dancing blindly,
but in extraordinary places.

NATURE ON A BITTER NIGHT

Everything freezes on this night.
The sky is a bottomless pit,
and the moon is a barren slit.
Life seems an impossibility.
In a leafless windblown tree,
the robin's nest is abandoned.
They've gone somewhere,
I don't know where.
Dead leaves fall like severed heads.
Snow and ice rule this world.
The wind rushes toward me,
nature in its frenzy.
The trees are like sentinels
guarding the entrance
to a dark, desolate cave.
If they could speak,
they would be saying,
Nature is a hard master,
and we are simply its slaves.