

Wilderness House Literary Review 21/2

Mark LaMonda

Sixty-Year-Old Man Contemplates What He Wants to be When he Grows Up

Somewhere there is a man
that is seen so clearly that
they don't need to be forgiven.

If he listens hard enough
he can hear
other people praying.

When resting he can smell the divine.

When he closes his eyes

he smells a rose scented candle,
layer after layer of exhaustion,
the unbearable stench of righteousness.

And tomorrow... is it already over?

How about the day after that, or the next,
and the next after that one?

Surely there must be a day waiting for him to enter.

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Talking to Myself in the Morning

Listen.

I had a dream
where I signed all my paintings
in the middle of the canvas

and I couldn't bear to look at them.

I was ashamed that someone might see the paintings
and say my name out loud.

I whom you shunt away
because I make you weep.

I, the buried memory that you heap stone after stone upon.
I, your overwhelming grief.

But in my dream – look, look,
my name is forefront.

The paintings are vibrant.
My name is reaching out to me.

Listen. Look, look!

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Horse Night

Three women stand in the dark
Tree shadows swish upon their faces
Thirsty whispers gathering gossip
In an empty trough of night

Nothing clearly seen

Horse breath
The haze of a hot summer evening

Leaves whinny in the breeze
The jingle of carriages
And stomp of hooves

I sit and ponder the truth of all I've been told

Dust rises
And sticks to the drooling lips
Of what may or not be three women
accumulating stories in the night