

Wilderness House Literary Review 21/3

Jacques Fleury

Meadows and Shadows

Ode to Friedrich Schiller and Weimar Classicism

Morning dew, birthed at dawn, clings to the meadow's petals
Wildflowers spread arms wide open to embrace the hovering sun
Wind whispering waves across renegade grass fields
While autumn blossoms bloom a golden brown
I wandered in from midtown
tumbled onto this meadow, fleeing my weighty thoughts
City life was bringing me down
I always extract something from nature
that I can never get from a bustling town
Symphony of buzzing bees chirping crickets rustling leaves
An amalgamation of sweet clover cleverly blended with earthy soil,
Where malleable moss contends with jagged stone.
Through fractured earth and ancient, shifting strata,
I test my soul against the wilderness.
Can I survive within this untamed forest,
Where wildlife reigns, indifferent to my grief?
As butterflies dance and startled deer pause in the brush,
Old childhood sorrows mount within my brain—
Yet the wide meadow yields a path to freedom from such disdain...
As daylight shadows the night in the meadows
 the moon has fallen upon the earth's silver breasts
In nature's adopting arms I find solitude and rest
I yearn to steep myself in its darkest deep
its untamed beauty eases me into worry free sleep

The Giant in the Forest

In search of a *searing something*...

like a midi d'amour in some sylvan setting

otherwise known as "a nooner"

in the flowery glade abutting the budding groves of the green wood
bower

and visions of elevations in the smoky Mountains of Lake Ju-
naluska,

I stumble onto a sight to be seen to be believed,

a GIANT lanky forest creature standing there staring at me,

I wished I would say "pardon me, but are you here to eat me?!"

but my fear bit my tongue and I just stood there while it stooped down
to kiss me...

how lovely, I thought, I no longer have to worry, because it vowed
to protect me

to the ends of eternity...

and truth be told mind you for i am never one to tell lies

and sooner became later

and we were married by the forest fireflies

then lived happily ever after...

Picnic by Moonlight and Mangoes

[Excerpt from Fleury's Boston Globe featured poetry book Sparks in the Dark: A Lighter Shade of Blue, A Poetic Memoir archived permanently at the University of Massachusetts's Healy Research Library]

The night is like a whimper whistling
sweet sounds of the Caribbean dawning
tense taunted memories supple coconut leaves
longing rustling uneasily singing their hissing history
The moon smiling a single icy eye under warm Caribbean skies watch-
ing dancing fireflies
Against the starry sky staring soundly shining as if
waiting for a shindig for brave night birds to fly sound is silenced noise
needs defiance
fall leaves layer upon layer interwoven to make a motley leafy magenta
blanket above
the dirt you walk in like a frumpy flirt picnic basket brimming in big
Haitian hands
singing a tune like you in a calypso band
bruised burnished back against the moon I emerge like a boasting
butterfly from the
cocoon to see your gesture jesting me than you kneel dumb down by me
leaning closer learning me you placed your lips perched planting a putrid
punch-drunk kiss upon me
I could smell your taste like garnished waste tepid against my lucid
lanky cheeks
Cheeks as daunting and dazzling as the moon itself than I bury my
bumbling quivering hands
Into your buxom basket winced and wrench out a near perfect pound of
reddish round mango treat
“go ahead, bite me!”
I hear it sing your beat jesting me testing me vesting me
I look up as if to say to see your burning eyes beaming looking back
at me like the moon mauled against
the aching sky you see still staring back at me as if crouching to flee I tilt
my head
hanging to the right then I tilt my head hanging to the left
watching your blood bleeding red swollen mango beauty erected!
basking in your basket black memory detected than most carefully
I slant tauntingly toward this your gallant gaudy fruit

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rowdy rueful having lost its roots perch and peck

my lips than sank my bucking beak beneath the stuffy skin your juicy
fruit dangling drooling

down my chin than I lay my back buried down wincing waiting qui-
etly to hear your

queer croaking rooster sound staring happily into the glare of sensual
satisfiable

Caribbean skies while watching fireflies stock full of colonial flare flying
hovering

tired hanging onto the tarry air autumn stifled squirming to breath be-
neath heavy hung Haitian thighs

You could almost hear its sweaty seethe that I should sing release all
Haitian flies!

Oppression deflates exhausted satisfaction sighs...finally anxious desire
daring to escape

You'll find it squandered and spent along the cape then laying back
secretly satiated under this tree your ruby red

mangoes falling like loads of glory! raining down on me like a fetish
fantasy

And for a second forgetting my wanton woe laying low under your
shadow's fro

Ooooh yes you please me like a pro! i say islander scavenger

feed me your juicy mango flow

As I lay back to bask while your

wise fluid moon glow sow...