

Adrian

Adrian galloped up the hill
in the moonlight with his
heart pounding and breathing
hard and the moon in his eyes.

He stopped at the top,
tilted a little flask quickly,
and continued loping down the
hill toward the village,
sleeping in the moonlight.

Adrian loved to jog under the
full moon and have a swig
every time he stopped to rest.

He used to pretend he was a horse,
and snort and whinny,
after the flask was empty.

Just Waiting

They wait in their
high-ceilinged house
among familiar fields,
and a clock ticks monotonously
behind a dusty sunbeam,
as the blue-veined back of
a gnarled hand wipes
coffee-drops from a yellow-
stained moustache.

Windows offer vistas of
small fields cleared in
strong-backed days when
chickens cackled on the
doorstep and the silence
when sons and daughters left
is still all around the place,
like upstairs in rooms where
child feet thumped
so many years ago.

And now two gray heads
stare out of kitchen windows,
while elbows rest on a checkered
tablecloth as the clock ticks
relentlessly
behind a dusty sunbeam.

-- William R. Lamppa

New Brighton, Minnesota