

# Dirt on the Fun House Mirror

by Walter Lane

I find I can't be brilliant  
every day, not even once a week;  
seldom in my mind's eye.

I was lying in silence on my bed  
listening to the sounds of my thoughts,  
Realizing my co-workers are my judges—  
yet, they were never trained in law  
of man nor nature. Urbane, they pronounce:  
Beware of the bear on my front porch.  
Why worry? I don't annoy visitors.

Don't startle the herd of deer in my yard—  
why are they reduced to trash pickers?  
The explosions shake my house—the  
foundation is crumbling. No terrorists  
in my neighborhood  
just "natural resource extraction"  
according to the State permit.

My thoughts are just silent echoes  
reflecting the shattering noises  
of everyday wisdom moving App. mtns.