

Phillip Henry Christopher

Wolf

Wolf howls
alone
in the wild
back country
fur bristled
against the cold
pursuing wind
dead winter
hungry for meat
teeth shining
light reflected
by the moon
still and silent
frozen sky
December

Wolf prowls
inch by inch
deep forests
dead brown wood
ears pricked listens
dry branch cracks
miles away
across hollow
snow bound tundra
echo through
burnt pine

Wolf howls
alone
in the wild
void between
starvation
and spring
clear crisp
piercing howl
savage
profane
alone
bold
defiant

Wolf prowls
inch by inch
quick strident
breath vapors
crystal air
sharp pants
nostrils flare
draw cold into
hot chest
heart pounding
powerful
hollow
snow bound
tundra

Wolf howls
alone
in the wild
hot red eyes
flaming ravenous
back country
steam rising
hot tongue
behind sound
lone wail
wilderness night
cold echo
icy wasteland
moonlight
still and silent
frozen sky
December

Reflections on A Volkswagen Ad/What the Thunder Said

Who wants to be
a VW cruisin¹
to the ³da da da² song,
as if the total
lack of a life
gives space
to be?

Great Forest Upanisad &
the thunder said
³Da is damyata;
be self-controlled!
Da is patta;
give!
Da is dayadhram;
be compassionate!²
and the thunder
repeats,
³Da - Da - Da!²

In quiet total
lack of a life
teachings.

a busy insect

a busy insect
flitting about the surface
of a sunlit pond,
unaware of the sun
but warmed by its rays,
full of lesser bugs.

a single thought...

a single thought
hurled at the sky
shatters into
a dozen fragments
refracting a single
thought

Diamond Dust*

I want to see diamond dust,
to walk through crystalline fog
and feel the floating freeze
on my smiling face,
to look back at the
body print tunnel
suspended in time
and witness the near past
as an echo in arctic cold.

*Fog in the Antarctic is so cold that it freezes in the air. The movement of a person walking through the crystalline fog leaves a visible tunnel in the outline of the body behind.

Following The Impulse is Serious Business

following the impulse
is serious business

following the impulse
is serious

the impulse
is serious

the impulse
is

the impulse

impulse

In My Shorts

In my shorts,
purple ale,
raspberries
tv down low,
white sock feet up
coffee table,
soft light, telly glow
green red like
factory town sky,
crimson stain
pine tree snow.

Thick Air

West of Chicago on Manheim
a jetliner sits suspended,
hovering in thick rippling 99 degree air
above O'Hare

Miles of Highway

Miles of highway
a million miles of highway
along the riverside
a long rolling riverside
green and yellow
red leaf woods
blue upstate sky
steel bridges
steel bridges
and railroad cars
a clickety-clack
clickety-clack
all night long
all night long
all the long night long...

October Dawn

Pale mist apparation
over titanium frost
polite midwest farms
manicured fields and
postage stamp woods
Eastward I-70
October dawn...

On Market Street

On market
street

ground beef must
compete

with better
meat

choice prime to
pig's feet

She said...

She said,
I like my meat
lean and rare,
juicy and no fat.
I like my men
thin and raw,
hard and no flab.²

I said,
I'm a vegetarian.²

Silence (Bodega Bay)

Mist settles slowly predawn thoughts,
slumbering while darkness holds.
Fog rolls across unlit horizons,
shimmering with distant moon glow
like streams of starlight brilliance
on a rippled tide,
deep as an ocean night.
Silence, only silence...

Phillip Henry Christopher

Phillip Henry Christopher spent his childhood in Paris, France, Biloxi, Mississippi and Swanton, Vermont, before landing in the steel mill town of Coatesville, Pennsylvania, where he grew up in the smokestack shadows of blue collar America.

Christopher has previously published in *New York Quarterly*, *The Caribbean Writer*, *Gargoyle*, *The Haight Ashbury Literary Review*, *Blue Collar Journal*, *Stepping Stones Magazine*, *The Argotist Online* and *Cokefish*. He is a regular contributor to *Ya'Sou! Online*. Within the coming year new work will be featured in *Lullwater Review*, *Blue Beat Jacket*, *Indented Pillow*, *Hazmat Review* and *Cokefish*.

Currently living in Indianapolis, Christopher is a solo acoustic guitarist and songwriter. As Philadelphia Phil² he performs original blues songs and poems wherever and whenever he can. Between gigs, he is attempting to publish a host of poems and short stories, and a novel completed early in 2005.

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