

## Serena Wilcox – Two Poems

### *Mort*

I looked out of the window and saw shades of black morph into colors of grief;  
puddles collecting silver beams of falling flies,  
dying as they danced around light.

### **South**

We grew up in front of a stove  
Sleeping under the sound of fire  
Devouring small pieces of trees  
Shadows moved about the wall  
Like men on a battlefield,  
Souls huddling on a hilltop,  
Setting the sky ablaze  
By morning, a mist arose from the land,  
We opened our mouths like baby birds,  
Swallowing beams of sun for breakfast

**Serena Wilcox** is the author of *Sacred Parodies* (Ziggurat Books International). She is poetry editor for *Leaf Garden Press*. She has literary work published in *Ann Arbor Review*, *BlazeVox*, *Word Riot*, and many other publications. She was recently nominated for Dancz Best of the Web 2011.