

Thomas Zvi Wilson

Distinguished Kansas Poet



Thomas Zvi Wilson has co-authored a book of poetry—*The Door into the Dream* with his wife, Jeanie Wilson. *The Door into the Dream* was listed in the KC Star's 2006: The Year's 100 Noteworthy Books.

Thomas' book of poetry, *Deliberate and Accidental Acts*, was published in 1997 by BkMk Press, and he was a finalist for the Thorpe Menn Award.

Mr. Wilson formerly served as treasurer on The Writers Place board of directors. He is a visual artist and poet, who has enjoyed mentoring other poets. Thomas and Jeanie Wilson host The Writers Place Poetry Reading Series held monthly at the Johnson County Central Resource Library.

Rabbit Fox Owl Crow

In a burst of need,
rabbit scent hurls fox
into a trap of triggered teeth.

Fox sacrifices self for self,
chews through leg,
licks blood,
dances away a three-legged jig
till owl shows fox how to fly.

Bullet breaks owl's grip,
plunges fox like stone
into bed of leaves

where, twisting into himself,
he stains the snow
that saves fox for crow.

Originally Published in: *Deliberate and Accidental Acts*
Poems by Thomas Zvi Wilson, 1997

The Winter Dream

is what we must imagine:
Whoever you are, night at last
drops you in its pocket.

In that dark vastness,
every electric bulb that's glimpsed
through a farmhouse window
is a likely star soon to burn out.

From there the roads go
nowhere, or slam into a wall
that refuses what we must imagine:
only seamless night.

Originally Published in: *The Door into the Dream*,
co-authored by Jeanie & Thomas Zvi Wilson, 2006

Ahnaloowah's Offering

She carries a bowl of clay
she kneaded, molded into a jaguar,
incised with serpent and diamond shapes,
then fired for seven days, seven nights.

Into it she pours trickles from a spring,
sprinkles blood,
spoons menstrual clots,
floats three leaves
from the crawa bush-
stirs the sacred drink *called* chimooah
by the women of her people.

She brings the jaguar bowl
to the granite cliff,
nests it in tangled roots
at the foot of the wabooah tree.

The condor will lift it,
raise it the the god who has
so many names he as none,
the god of darkness.
From his bowels
the sun will drop.

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