

## Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

*Jason Dean Arnold*  
**Elegy**

This poem is dreaming you,  
images & sounds half-recalled, driving home.

The blue sky blushes orange  
beyond the tree line, everything creamsicle memory.

Sunlight melts around your fingers  
as southern soil & military formation.

Out of Spanish moss, vibrates  
a small, white cross the size of a child's open palm.

Above traffic, it dances  
a ghost in plain sight.

Along this asphalt scar, our dead recite stories  
of stolen light refracted in red wine  
that will travel as ruby earrings, hidden.

You meant to tell me what will be carried back  
to the sky, untranslated.

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### Sleepwalking

Abstracted in the shadows of our home,  
glaciers wait for me.

The icemaker convulses in the dark  
as images evaporate & I rise,  
thirsty & full of sea smoke.

A coming electrical short circuit is the echo  
of my nervous system.

Rain breaks your bedroom voice  
into Morse code.

I remember nothing, &  
my hands fail  
to hold all of this water.