

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

Jeffrey Warzecha
Bra Floating In the Ocean

Maybe it was thrown off
by a lover in the throes of passion—

her Poseidon's arms
wrapped around her naked chest.

It could have been blown
from a suitcase strapped to the top

of a passing station wagon,
the buckles rattling in the wind.

Now, seaweed clings to its hooks,
snaps, tries to coil around it

as if accepting its breast pads,
cups and backstrap.

The saturated cotton, spandex and
polyester swell with each surge.

Its shoulder straps like oars
row it parallel to the beach,

its underwires shape to surfboards
and ride the waves.

The ocean becomes cleavage.

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Fit For a King

A vagabond has stretched out on
the park bench across the street,
and has carefully lined up eight bottles,
like a wall in front of him,
and cozied up on the acid-green metal slab
as if it were a plush bed with velvet sheets
and high oak posts inlaid with animal carvings.
As if it were fit for a king who could afford an actual wall
of jagged stone or crude brick plastered together,
that rises a hundred feet in the air,
and a moat before it that traps the marching armies,
blocks the angry bucks of horses
and empties the peasants' charges
into the stagnant, circular river,
or delays policemen coming to wake him
with a nightstick's tap on the shoulder,
and a get up, find somewhere else to sleep.

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She Dreams

When she lies down alone and wonders
if there's someone else who isn't so brash,
controlling, she remembers when they started,
how sweet her dreams were,
their unconscious tickling.
How their first date resonated
for months in her heart,
when they skated over the frozen pond
and clinked their own nicks into the ice,
and she felt like gripping that rare feeling
between her frigid fingers and soaring
away on its divergence like
a wrong note
past the jays and redpolls, loitering,
resolved for the winter,
up to the gods
for whom ancient tribes performed,
spinning about in bliss,
pinching herself again
to ensure it's not a dream.