

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/2

Carolyn D. Elias
A Furious Dusk

A furious dusk
hounded us across prairie
We were looking
for a clarion of brass
waxing against a burning sky.
The rose petals had started
to turn black and furl
when shroud of night came
in swirling snow and fear
you vanished between gravestones.
The hunt had started
and I sank into wet snowdrifts
wondering how I became
so heavy and my shaking
whispers and screams
fed the famished
mouths of disremembered bodies.
We proffered our sacrifice too
late and then a hand
pulled at my dress and carried
me to a granite wreathed in holly.
Dimly I wondered: who
remembers the heat of your figure
as fiercely as I do?
I flung the roses to the howling
souls knowing these would be yours.

Just As You Were Meant To Be

As cherry blossoms bloomed
over Chesapeake bay
I watched you
watching a sailboat glide
out of the marina toward
destination unknown.
You looked good.
A bright pink cardigan
slung carelessly
around your shoulders,
blonde hair dancing
so I could see brown roots..
I had caught you
unguarded just for a moment.
Not thinking
about all the things you had
left undone.
I was reminded of a moment
When I was a small girl
and I spied
you doing a crossword
with tousled hair
and glasses slung low
on the bridge of your nose.
You were illuminated
like an angel
by the rays of summer sun
streaming in through the kitchen
window against your white robe.

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/2

As you idly scratched
a suntanned calf
tucked under your chin
I smiled.
I had seen you
just as you were meant to be.

For Sandra Schill. April 13th, 2015.

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/2

When We Ended I Didn't

When we ended I didn't.
My body continued
washing dirty socks and
making spaghetti bolognese.
At night I missed resting
my head in your hollows.
I imagined breeze
as the way you laughed at seagulls
but eventually I forgot--
until only fragments:
gray cabinets, virgin sheets,
a smell of evergreen remained.