

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/2

Dennis Herrell

One Last Ballyhoo

One more heartbeat
can't be more than the
disappearance of fireflies.
The click in the lock of a lover's heart
when the brain stops sending
memories to the penis
shouldn't be the period at the end of sentence.

And if the last wicked ice cream dream
with Lolita topping can bring Ionic order
to one misshapen organ,
so be it. If one extra heartbeat more forsaken
than clouded moon
can personate the butterfly and sting
of Muhammad Ali,

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Man Against Bed

After watching a spider spin its web
to catch and carefully wrap her dead,
I took a try at making my bed:
wrinkle wrinkle spread spread,
each sheet and even each thread,
would rise stretch then ebb,
till I was what I did most dread -
I became victim to my own bed.

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Mother...a tribute

M

Stands for manipulation. Enough said.

O

Oedipus Rex
was very complex
on the subject of sex.

T

The timeless test
of thine self
against maternal tyrant.

H

You got to hurt
before you heal.

E

She's the reason you exist.
Said with a sigh.

R

You should be remorseful
for the life you led,
and always regret
everything you said.

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Riding Metro

My sixteen years was worldly enough
(I thought)
to disembark a bus where I wanted.
But seductive visions of sugar plums,
along with the bus's erotic sway and swing,
plus 125 pounds of hormones
jammed inside a young male,
all conspired to evoke a sudden uprising
unsuitable for walking down an aisle,
(I thought)
which resulted in my going ten
long, contemplative
stops past my block,
until I had a handle on self-control.