

## Wilderness House Literary Review 10/2

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### **Acclimated Functions**

The fusion of ambiguous thoughts and tainted words could not cease the flow of time from discarding a lasting memory—broken dolls on the floor, uncounted wood blocks, the touch of steel on my throat. I tried to function as I was created, a simpleton of individual expression, but the world does not change with the whims of my fleeting desires, leaving only the enigmatic untouched by mortal thoughts.

### **Sea of Dreams**

The last time I pissed in the river,  
I watched the yellow missionaries  
slip through collectible rocks  
to race against overworked trout  
in a place no less violent  
than fireworks shoved under the bed.  
Perhaps one day that bright stain  
will enter the blank ocean:  
how I wish for the moment  
when a part of me traveled the world.

### **Room**

We found ourselves fascinated  
by the turn of a rusty door,  
the echoing empty rooms,  
the dusty floor never scrubbed once.  
All it took was a fake suicide story  
and another roaming ghost  
and my friends would follow me  
to conquer our imaginations.