

## Wilderness House Literary Review 10/3

*Dana Curtis*

### **Icehouse**

I switch off the light, I  
open a window drawn on  
the wall – it was a road  
I invented with aluminum  
foil and needles – I wonder  
if my failure to understand  
forgiveness speaks of onyx  
gravestones in a garden where only  
purple flowers are allowed – there's just so  
much talk about the rules and  
the burning ballroom where  
I met someone I'm not sure  
is human – the fire might be  
natural in this context. I will never be  
a ballerina flinging sparks  
from ruffles where I might be  
walled like some criminal  
sentenced to live burial by  
an empty eyed court. I always  
feel better in the dark, ate more  
in a condemned kitchen –  
the sun is signaling me  
with its endless sense of smell.

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### Quantum Entanglement

A line of origami flowers burning,  
a fountain turns black in the sun,  
the fish swim through glass,  
a wildfire creates its own weather:  
tornadoes and delicate  
flakes of embers,  
spinning tops like the last destruction –  
glass beach reflecting  
the sky of so many  
new colors that I watch  
the world devoured by spectrum  
and lost by everything  
winding around the wind  
helix – I beg anyone to look  
at me in this maelstrom  
of superposition.

**Another Love Letter**

I want to listen to you one last time, I want  
to stand in a field of lilies with my eyes  
closed, I want to watch my own  
breath transformed into white rocks and  
black sand, I want to visit the racetrack  
and empty out my mouth at the trough.  
I want dinner. I want to sit down  
in this velvet seat and wish myself  
drunk again in a wine colored dress:  
intoxication of stars, irradiation  
of the film score. I forget to close  
the bookstore by the river, I forget  
to drop to all fours while  
the wind farm becomes lost  
in your highway through the desert,  
the mountains, the ocean, this balance  
of moonscape. I forgot to watch  
you by the window, you lighting  
matches at the last station.