

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/4

Kayla Wolfe
Mountain

She was a hill, a mountain, he wanted so desperately to climb.
The heels of his boots dug into her exterior and suddenly pebbles fell from
her cheeks,
and the dust gathered at her feet and she wanted to bend down and grasp
the dust
and throw it into his eyes.

But instead, she let him climb.
Until her grass hurt and until the rocks on her chest began to tumble.
Those, too, fell to her feet and she had to stop herself from bending down
and grabbing the rocks and
throwing them at his face.

Still, she let him climb.
He had almost reached her peak when he winds made a gust into his
mouth
and she heard him gag and it was then when he finally slipped on her
curves, her ridges,
and he toppled to the ground and she didn't have to throw anything at
him anymore.

Eventually, her grass grew again and wildflowers grew from her arms.
Her land was untouched and the birds made nests on her peaks,
and her smile was formed by the faded trails that no foot had treaded on
for months,
and she loved the way the mountain air moved through her rocks.

Boulders and gravel made their home in her skin,
but she didn't seem to mind because she knew when the time came to pro-
tect herself again, her exterior would be too thick, too rough, too ready,
for any man to want to climb, to reach, to conquer.

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Wilted

Her vines were twists in the jungle.
Emotions twisted and tangled, knotted misery.
She attempts to soak up all her happiness from her water-wrought roots.
The birds sang outside her head
but her heart was full of flies.
If anyone could calm her temptress tears, it was the clouds above her
body,
for the skies were much too pregnant with sadness to let the clouds dry.

She was the petals fallen from the windblown blossoms.
Covered by bugs and crawling with decay,
she was beautiful but dying and her edges were turning brown.
Somehow the grass around her felt more reassuring than his love
and all she felt like doing with dissolving into the soil where she would
finally have a purpose.
Her bones were fairy dust and her hair was twigs and dirt.
She wanted the worms to burrow into her soul and make their living in
her ribs.

Her eyes were the puddles left from Mother Nature's tears.
She had skin as soft as feathers,
but she was an ant, strong enough to carry her sadness everywhere she
went.
She was the dew in the crisp mornings and the frosts that came overnight.
Her sorrow sprouted from the mushrooms that covered her and made her
feel whole.
Flowers wilted and roots rotting, her happiness was washed away,
by the watercolor bruises he left on her fruit and the grass he ripped from
her heart.

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Euphoric Sadness

Her branches, cold and limp, hang and yellow,
Gnarls and knots of twisted confusion
Fall upon the breast of a sad fellow
who can't help but wonder, what is human?

Petals grow dull, leaves alimp and stems lifeless,
Streams flow languid, run dry of melody,
He pulls at the grass, mindless of violence
Disconnected from the earth, breathlessly.

She sighs with distress, tortured yet again,
By his oblivious act of cruelty
Unrelentlessly, she free her disdain
Upon him with teeming, fruitful beauty.

At once her limbs grew replenished with bliss
As upon his cold body lands her kiss.