

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/1

Mathias Fuelling
Spirit Animal

Heavily crunching the snow
propelling my body along the
rim of a dry, ancient lake
I hear the song of the owls and am content

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Sage Advice

The day after my arrest, my father
said to me, nothing good happens after one am
But he was wrong you see
as it was after one that I met you

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Untitled

Asking Gandhi what his favorite
death metal band is
Is the same as asking
me who I am
It does not compute
Now please kindly fuck off
Philosophers always have the last laugh