

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/1

Richard Schnap
ADDICT

She learned to prepare
Corpses for burial
In her father's funeral home

To fashion them till
They appeared asleep
In their beds of snow white silk

But she took it to heart
By embalming herself
With dime bags of powdered death

As if her desire
Was to find out what lay
In the land of rumored dreams

PLAYING THE FIELD

She entered her profile
In the matchmaking website
That described her benefits
And left out her flaws

Then waited for weeks
For someone to respond
That didn't just see her
As a bed for a night

And when a man answered
That seemed honest and true
She made plans to meet him
For dinner and a film

But the very next day
She logged on to find
He'd vanished completely
Like a ghost in the wind

QUEST FOR GLORY

He once had a dream
To become a star
Instead of a slave
Earning minimum wage

So he bought a seat
To the city of gold
Carrying beside him
His thrift store guitar

But when he arrived
He found it was filled
With a hundred thousand
Versions of himself

So he returned home
And now works odd jobs
Watching those younger
Make the same mistake