

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/2

Joshua Hall

On Pretending to Be Asked for A(nother) Death Poem

Why?

It's only something
that happens for other people
to you.

The best parts
of the world fit underneath
an umbrella—

apple juice chilling
in March breeze, a lovely
girl beneath
brown hair, I ignore
her voice.

In Japan they grow
(sometimes)
a house beneath
its roof, in the shadows
pregnant emptiness
of light.

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Operation Hopeless

apparently to live
joshua's gotta kill

bits, surgically of course,
of Self till her

Other's gone too.
but she's the one

taught him to hold
a scalpel to begin with,

& he accidentally
offed that bit

first, along with
her (superior) laugh so

now to live's a straight-
faced, tongue-tip

pause

...

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Origins

the light cries
like an infant

after its source.
dendrites and quivering

huddle close
to the moment

where the world
breathed first

and canopies of trees
and stars arose.