

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/3

Glen Armstrong
A Little Hatred

They say I need to travel.
Nothing gets reduced.

Not even the cold or getting old
or the emptying

of Auréliane's purse.

They say that a "pox"
is a "curse" when wished
upon one's house,

a lashing-out,
a little hatred
in the afternoon.

And I imagine hatred walking
with a cane,

raising heavy eyelids
over thick lenses

to identify
a threat, an approach.
A box of soap,

a box of matches.