

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/3

Martin Willitts Jr,
The Invisible Measure Us

In this circling darkness,
the *invisible*
is our ancestor's names
galloping on sheets of rice paper, suffering.
We cannot hear them slipping in
and out of trees.

We have clouded our eyes.
Our lack of memory is a sharp carving knife.
Their names are no longer sharp carving knife.
cannot hear them slipping in and out of trees.
in the soundtrack of discussions.

The ancestor's stare at us harshly,
waiting for us to squirm.
So intone their names
until the road smells of burnt rubber.

Unseen hands reach out, spill out,
twisting from smoke,
asking, *what took you so long?*

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**This Is What Happens When Your Name Is Called
and You Missed Your Turn**

God was thumbing through
the ledger of names
accidently touched mine

a sea came
into my second floor room
luminous and melting the walls

there was a canoe of thorns
no paddles
but a written invitation

I never suspected this would happen
but in a world full of momentary seconds
I floated past the moon

I forgot to write down all I saw
it was like midday
when no one knows when it is here

the next I knew
I had circled back to my body
covered with spiraling universes

this all happened the same day
God created the idea of God
and someone else took the idea away.