

Wilderness House Literary Review 13/2

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Storm Watch

The wind keeps us vigilant, but a blizzard
beguiles, then buries us.

The house leans into it, like a woman
who should know better, giving in
to disastrous love.

Once, we thrived on turbulence,
loved nothing more than a storm—
the little death wish of mutual consent.

Now, we scramble to batten and barricade,
navigate by lantern and shadow, hold on
to one another—

the air crackling with static, the taste
of mineral on the tongue.

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Paraphernalia

I miss the head shops—

the tie-dyed sheets, Indian
bedspreads, beaded curtains
swaying in the perfumed breeze—

jasmine, patchouli, rain forest

the pipes, screens, bong
roach clips, rolling papers,
Jimi and Janis and Pink Floyd

under the black lights

and those sweet, skinny boys
with their ponytails and bandanas,
who really believed the war

was somewhere else

who'd pull you close, tell you
everything's cool, baby,
relax, baby, everything's

gonna be all right.

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Social Study

Where have you been hiding
all these years? Have you gotten
married? Rich? Arrested?
Do you like cats?

What is your age in light years?
Your weight in gold?
Which do you prefer: lemons
or limes? What's your sign
of the times? Your supernatural IQ?
Which do you prefer: the red,
red rose or the ocean blue?

What's your hippie name?
What's your hillbilly name?
Your Disney Princess name?

Which Simpsons character are you?
What Mahabharata character are you?
What Mad Men? X-Men?
Ballpoint or fountain pen?
Ladyfinger or madeleine?

What's your idea of the living end?
How much can you afford to spend?

Do you take your martini wet or dry?
Have you thought to stop and wonder why?

Click for the way the wind blows.
Check no for absentee.
Share if you still give a shit.
We think cheese is a good thing.
Like if you agree.