

Wilderness House Literary Review 14/2

Andrew Dooley

so i'm sleeping with you in a tundra and escaping you through a volcano

i need sleep like i need a list of your favorite sweaters,
like i probably should need it, like why would i need
anything else right now?

threading and roots and gravity and love. strapped and trapped and all
that.

taking a nap, falling in sleep with the scruff. you're curled up and i'm on
my back looking at your back and my arms are behind my head and i
need it like i need the thought of me killing myself again.

so i told him, hey,

call me for once!!

my mom's teaching me to crochet. my knuckles are tired
but my head will be warm,
my neck will be warm, my hands will be warm.

identity

i have to start from right in here,
i keep looking too much, like there's a bush in my front yard
i haven't even planted, hoping it'll bubble up from the dirt,
i'm hoping
i can start from right in here, deep
in this disgusting hollow
i've dug in my chest, putting the shovel
in someone else's hands, it's your fault
i'm here.

i have dreams of planting a bush
in this hollow, bushes filled with
ivy, common hibiscus, magnolia, there's something

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intimate about letting bog bilberry roll off my tongue,
i feel it lollop off the roof of my mouth, off the tip of my tongue,
into craters looking to be useful.

i don't have a word for it other than useful, will
it grow like a shrub? my hollow is filled with evil
intent.

it's ill-advised to use a scoop,
ill-advised to use your bare hands, suggested you use the shovel
in your hands, your bare hands, your fingers tingle with
impish delight, you're a monster
in a bush, a lurker,
i'm trying to refer to me as me and
it's not really working.