

Wilderness House Literary Review 14/2

Christopher Stolle
Spatial Journey

our love
cannot
orbit
this
singular
heart

cannot
reflect
light
behind
eclipses

cannot
swallow
black
holes
trying
to pull us
into
polar
opposites

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Cosmic Attraction

Darkness strains to howl

The moon still a whisper

The sun refuses to reply

Stars bang their fists

Against the door of night

To keep dawn from entering

Clouds begin to shift

To uncover light

And refract dark

Back into shadows

Night keeps resisting

Heads westward

To another time zone

And another showdown

With revolutions

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Redacted Syzygy

Moonlight hymn cradles a myth.
Golden sylphs stand supple and lithe.

Rhythm voices lose their sync.
Pygmy gypsy dances in a sink.

Paces marked by ancient glyphs.
Nymphs wink slyly with their quiffs.

Timid lynx watches like a spy.
Fierce sphynx begins to cry.

Love becomes a cyst on your heart.
Crypts contain what no sky can pull apart.