

## Wilderness House Literary Review 14/2

*Psycho Kanev*  
**At This Time**

What is the rain but a melancholy memory of your memories  
of you.

What do you do after a night of molly?

The river flows backwards to your veins, without encountering  
any barriers.

You stand in the air and your feet do not touch the water.

On the table there's a vase with yellow irises illuminating the room  
in red.

## Wilderness House Literary Review 14/2

### Dark Within

The sun explodes in the morning and the hope is gone.

The limestone cracks and spreads some fossil memories.

We always go back to the place where we swore that we'll  
not go from there, and we start exactly from there.

Eager to touch we sink even deeper in our shattered shell.

And who knows what happened to God,  
unknown voice asks?

## Wilderness House Literary Review 14/2

### **The Morning**

Behind the screen a woman slowly removes the shadows from herself.  
The book of our lives is writing itself from the end to the beginning.  
The hand that rocks the rocks is mine and it's not mine.  
Brown trees gathering closer around the house, whispering something  
to each other.  
I light a cigarette and the sky lights this world on fire.