

Wilderness House Literary Review 14/4

Max Heinegg
Wind-Water

No one will ever be settled here. She shows me
the map where a road counts as a river,
where the cliff the monsters dug stands
as a mountain might—its back of stone
thought metal, so the energy denied exodus
still orbits the root, & the street branches
feeby into cul de sacs, flowers at a gas station.

The Bagua isn't ours, but its orientation is
familiar as filial piety, a level to set the frame
true. Those two houses became the hill
for 100 years, before they blasted the foundation
of an age down to a caldera. The contractor ran
out of cash, left a fence for us to drive by.
No oaks mean no perches. Fall's hollow without.