

Wilderness House Literary Review 15/2

Daniel Edward Moore

Lot's Wife

Every night the world ends once
 in the pine knotted rooms of evening,
as breath rises off the last word said
 and lips close as morning returns
to sew up the hole with discontent,
 golden rays whose coastal light
once warmed the body's shore.

 When the fin's slick gray curse
cuts the blue with its serrated smile,
 consider the cost of looking back.
A pillar of salt wearing your name
 will make the world more tender.

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Dear Neo-Pastoral Me

Is that beauty,
your inner pageant queen,
walking the runway of infected veins
with an ancient book on her head,
sad for how knowledge,
a distraction accessory,
makes nothing balanced or better?

Honestly, worshipping
flowers is hard,
finding comfort in colors
with paper thin lives
shredded by the
wind's cold hands.

It's not the first time
a woman's glory
could not save a man.

There's a homicidal hornet
coming for you,
but first it will
sting something pretty.

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Countless and Concerned

Like a clock that has no sound
in the softest hour given us,

beautifully blind the stranger's
eyes become a midnight sky.

This is why night decides
to turn the other cheek

why morning rushes in to pull
nails from unsaved wood.

Like a clock that has no face
fingers became tongues

to howl alone from the hands of years
countless and concerned.