

Wilderness House Literary Review 16/2

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There are particular evils that remind me of
myself. Is this unethical or is it human fallibility?
beyond the flesh
beyond the bone
beyond the trembling hands

There are excuses that we cling to.

In our individual spins of self victimization,
we delude ourselves. All is good or all is utterly horrendous.
you cannot physically be something wonderful without failing to be something else,
I tell myself.
Is this even true?

my eyes darting up and down my arms —
my arms that dress me
arms that hold on too tight
arms that shut the door & close the blinds
those arms that let you go ...

who am I to judge them?

you pulled away so hard that it strained my
muscles;
i let go under demand of a reflex arc.

purity blinds us
deceives us
leaves an expectation of unattainable perfection.
if wrong to love you, i do it so beautifully.

where is the wrong in that?
perspectives of error

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i am exposed;
my fragile frame is propped up like a puppet in an old wooden chair.
i see you.
 you're dancing.
 your body is twirling.
 it's flailing like a thready flag in the midst of a hurricane. you're
warm. I can tell.
 cheeks flushed with alcohol
 heart racing
 vision blurry
Love has become a thing that I loosely describe.
Hate has become similar in definition.

 i can feel my bones breaking at the thought.

my flesh has disintegrated into puddles around my shoes.

i am now the skeleton at the feast.
and you're the feast

you were dripping face onto the blankets -
 identity. selfhood. peculiarities.
much like wax, you dribbled. you melted.
i awoke in horror, and i asked what you needed.
you told me to stop my incessant burning.
i'm at fault