

Wilderness House Literary Review 16/2

Molly Zhu
Snooze Cycle

Would you like to be two souls
Floating in a pocket of time?

I love to love how the world adores you,
But sometimes I love to love you
In this most isolating way:

When the air feels velvet,
And our tangled limbs become
The arthritic roots of age-old oak.

And beginnings loom as imminent as the closing chapter,

Every breath a dying
Tick,
Tick,
Tick,
Towards the end.

Or possibly, another start.

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Diner Smitten

To love a diner is to crave
dingy carpeting and sunny waitresses, the perfume of
coffee and butter tucked away, emanating from the kitchen.
I remember devouring French toast and
marmalade, sipping orange juice speckled with its own flesh.
We'd made a habit of sneaking out, in those days...
I'd hop into your car –
always, on an unsuspecting Tuesday or Thursday afternoon –
lunch was a luxury we could barely afford,
of course I knew you were smitten with me, then.
It was as obvious as the way honeyed syrup
stuck to everything in that little café: the sides of the vinyl booths,
the translucent menus reading like encyclopedias,
trapping our fingers, our elbows
to the tacky table. I recall we sat there a little too long,
the reminder of my skin pulling away from fossilized amber
stuck tenderly in my palms.