

**Wilderness House Literary Review 16/3**

*Anneysa Gaille*  
**The Last Man**

A voice from many  
Graves whispers looks

Toward  
Finishing

Tide's patchwork  
Explaining how

He who helps  
Himself to your

Bad dreams  
Already shaped

What there you  
Might see

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**Blue Bayou Child**

without fail  
barefootedly perch

upon this storm gutter's lip  
just beyond its throat

serving as slide  
scarred by your vine

slaying machete besotted  
with almost silted sand time

to toss stones too  
dense for skipping

beyond what could be  
squashed skeeters seeping down

lubricated eyebrows  
un-plucked yet

not quite matted  
thanks to this newest fissure

half hidden behind bangs  
Mama told you never to cut

by your  
lonesome

it's excessive really  
if you think about how

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quick the journey  
down went

gotta get comfortable  
with refracted sun

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**Doubled Time**

some say  
a beast is best trained

by turning it

toward the sun  
where one can feed

on what has already been

moonraked  
from a hollowed will

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### Ask Yourself

If wind can blow in two  
Directions at once

Then you might  
Understand

Why it is that  
You're told to never

Let loose a  
Wish