

Wilderness House Literary Review 16/4

John Maurer

Outstanding/In the Rain

I'm the type to type on the alphanumerics
Like I'm a pianist eons beyond carpal tunnel in my wrists
Laying witness to myself
I've lived in more notebooks than I have houses

I've given up so many times that I never will again
I live for the mix, the blend, for today friends
But I leave tomorrows enemies right where they are
I will leave my scars out in the open

To fester, to gesture to the healers
That I'm not traveling in that direction
Perhaps this graphite is finite and I don't need a resurrection
Keep the acceptances, I prefer the rejection