

Wilderness House Literary Review 18/3

Kelley Jean White
Honey, I wish

I've been chewing chocolate cardboard.
They tell me it's a symptom of COVID,
this loss of taste, but really it happens
every time I eat. I taste that first bite,
and I can still taste it on my lips, lingering,
but when I cram my body with cookie
after cookie there is something else
going on. Honey you gotta dance those hips
outa your lips. I'm dancing. But it ain't
no shimmy you're gonna wanna watch.
No. Those lips made these hips, and I can
hardly walk my bones are aching so loud.

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I don't want Neal Cassady driving my bus.

Dean Moriarty neither.

You said: I was going to ask you
to kiss me all over my body

but then I got that email
about Ukraine. Now you want me
to drop everything and look at
mysterious sink holes in Siberia.

And I thought our biggest problem
with methane was bovine eructation.

And possibly you. If I didn't have you
I'd have to get a dog.

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I'm alienated by alliteration.

I'm literally illiterate when it comes to
illuminating my little life as if assuming
assonance and consonance constantly consulting
a thesaurus of the theory of language
while you reiterate that piece about
plosives. Tell. Tally. Pfenniig penny
F to P, P to B. What about Will to Bill?
Rob to Bob? Rick to Dick? And what manner
of man turns John to Jack? Oh honey
I'm harried. And if you tell me one more story
about teaching ESL I'm gonna stop you
bop you clock you on your belittling bitty lip.