

## Wilderness House Literary Review 18/3

Mark Henderson

**Kyle Reese**

*"I came across time for you, Sarah. I love you. I always have."  
—The Terminator (1984)*

A shock: you go naked  
for this birth back in time  
to ensure the future;

lightning in the city  
amidst the bums, punks, and  
blue-collar stiffs. You clothe

yourself from the waist down  
and run through the pain to  
find her. Save her. Love her.

What was it you'd said you  
hadn't known at the time—  
why John had given you

the old photograph? Did  
he know that his friend, his  
comrade, close to his own

age, was his very own  
father—new inventions  
upsetting the old rules

of chronology? That  
love's new rules were against  
the machines, their fleshy

disguises? You'd seen and  
been told by man after  
man how, for love of *her*,

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one simply *goes*—to serve,  
to die, to come what may;  
against stupid pride and  
the cold mechanics of  
a long, lonely life. You  
knew there was no going  
back when you'd stripped to be  
burned, thrown, and suffer like  
the killing machine that  
went before you never  
could (to its loss, its lack  
of testimony)—to  
disappear from your son's  
future side, there and not  
there; and haunt the looping  
static of time's staggered  
leaps: his mother's sad face  
and pregnant recordings.

**Three Resignations**

*The Follower*

I'm doing things not  
knowing why on the other  
side of this new womb.

*In Between*

the hope and consummation  
nests a bird of no flight

who knows everywhere's the same  
no matter where you land,

neither seizing the day nor  
biding its time, knowing

all comes to naught and even  
the sun will one day die.

*To Daydream at Night*

Be happy with *might* and *could-have-been*  
and don't ruin what you have—

this wish, this fancy living perfect  
in your brain; transfigured in

splendid possibility between  
sleep and hallucination.

Why wait 'til we die to constellate  
space when the dead light of stars

is enough for dancing in the sky?