



painting by Digby Beaumont, acrylic

Susan Isla Tepper
Tripping

through high grass
untended
you don't know
I'm out here—
Snug in the little house
built all by yourself
boards, hammer, nails;
the sawing that year
whined in my brain long after—
Now it's night bugs whine
swarming and circling
a flaxen sky
darkening by degrees.
If only I could sit quietly
in the main room

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you once named the parlor
— from your outdated ways.
This time I would behave.
A whisky balanced on
your one knee, stroking my neck
with your freedom hand.