

## Wilderness House Literary Review 20/3

*Saru Potturi*  
**San Diego**

I slid through the crack in your door today. Felt the wood grain  
Under my fingertips and wondered at the faded luster and thought

About calling up the repairman to ask for a lamination service  
But not on Tuesday. I'm busy Tuesdays. I trawled through your

Living room that was converted into a bedroom for lack of space  
Looking for the cold steak on the electric stove. Found cigarette

Debris proudly displayed by windows through which the sunlight  
Enters best. I felt myself slipping away. Back to that red-and-gray

Lung-crushing something who front-stepped then backtracked then  
Took everything back and tried to start over, from the beginning.

The door began to chip under my hand, fingerprint indentations  
Nails sinking in, wood splintering like a field of flowers bursting

Into bloom, and I slid through the crack in your door, and beady  
Eyes belonging to novelty clocks followed me all the way home.

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### Family Resemblance

A ghost stands in front of me.  
People flit by  
Coming and going as the public park yawns  
And stretches, a vast expanse  
Filled to the brim with conversation  
About tea parties and horticulture  
And the preservation of artifacts or ideals  
About grocery store deals, and here  
In front of me stands a ghost as I try  
To remember how to feel.

A name slips from my lips.  
A name that hasn't been said  
Since clothes were folded and boxes packed  
And belongings sent back as I tried to act  
Like none of it had happened.  
Like there was nothing I lacked.  
I covered up my mirrors and let stacks of mail  
Grow in height until they towered over me  
High as the sun in a summer sky and I  
Know I should've given them over to the fire  
But my poker face failed me.

It always does.  
Now, as I stand rooted in place  
Offered a hand as I try not to shake  
As words and cars whiz by at breakneck pace  
I wonder if I'll ever  
Stop looking for your face.

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### Ariadne and the Minotaur

I want to be understood, even just a little bit.  
After the earthshaking event, I drag myself

Through the debris with no scars to speak  
And mouth screwed shut for fear that it'll all

Come tumbling down. All the master's tools  
Buried somewhere underneath the rubble.

There's no need for them. Everything's been  
Pried open. Pandora shuts the box and sits

Upon it, as though it would make a difference.  
You've been on my mind, just like before.

The thought of you undulates inside like  
A river that can't find its delta, and goes

Running on and on, ad infinitum. I'm always  
Running from something or the other, and

You're always calling me out on it, like a dog  
With a bone to pick, and the records of our

Conversations must still exist somewhere  
Beneath the ground, but now it's me trying

To pick out your fingerprints. And follow  
Your footsteps down to the coast, since

Such a thing must exist, somewhere down  
The line. Like the hero's ship, I've been

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Remade. A monster with no bed. Are you now  
On some island, waiting for me to change?