

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/3

A.D. Winans

The Last Supper

Dining at a Thai restaurant
Small talk becomes no talk
As you poke at your food
Half-flushed from
A Thai ice tea

I can't remember why
We came here
Or even who you are
As the waiter asks
If everything is alright
As if he knows something
I don't

The table linen is perfect
The light just right
So why is it that
I'm left feeling
Like a condemned man
Eating his last meal

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/3

Untitled

This empty room whispers dead secrets
Old ghosts appear disappear
And reappear to shake my hand

The cat stalks the porch
With ruby red eyes the
Dog bored with the whole show
In the corner on the mantle
A framed photo of my father
Staring down at me with accusing eyes

Death lurks everywhere
Licking every crevice of the room
She will find what she is looking for
My grandmother warned me of this

Death the noble savage
Death the avenging sadist
Leaving behind her scars
Playing out the game
To the bitter end
A giant among a sea of compact
Cars.