

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/1

Constance Stadler

Bleak House

This antiquated manor
Makes grand road way vista
But here in its bowels
Wounds beat
as they blight.

Wintry gusts
Slashes panes
Of original fragility
Gash-incisored masonry
Exposes skeletal decay.

Crevasses welcome
Anthropoid and serpent
Mocking infestations
Of "human" habitation.

Crumbling mortar
Fosters morbid musing:

How many died?
In this house?
In this bed?

As in lost child miasma
Belongings" evaporate
treat them as offerings
To appease the low moans.

From heater to heater
I make tepid journeys
Through dust-encrusted
Aloneness

Enfolding
My own.

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slight of Hand

Nimbus chariot
You roll by so casually
Immune to the
sound of frenzy pummeled glass
Chambre of Horror
and the open mouthed emptiness
of the drowning scream.

The void closes
Each day in deviative
velvet folds:

Cinching plans
Cloaking hope
Smothering...

Brutal mortality betrays me daily
And the Cacklings never cease
Though I stuff my ears with
Streams of
colored
cloths
It is simply a matter of time.
Unless, of course, my obsessive
Premonitions consume grey matter
Faster...

Than

Of the Mightiest Mallusionist.

I shouldn't mind this, for then
I would drool lushly. Sweetly
benumbed, so
simpleton free.

Blithe cloud, there is no haven

Here.

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No possibility of saving grace
No redemption, no tomorrows
No thaumaturgic cheat.

But like this hellish cavern, I
See that you care nothing.
And the ubiquitous bathos
Of my cleaving howls
Is mere accompaniment
To
Swoop of silk
Clamorous roar

Convulsive Miracle d'Jour:

Motile corpse.

breathing