

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/1

George Wallace

SOMETHING TERRIBLE LIKE LOVE

he was in love with her so he
put his head in her lap like a
guilty man puts his head into
a friendly guillotine. she was in
love with him so she held his face
in her hands like it was a big stupid
pile of dirty laundry that refuses to
come clean. her fingers tasted
like raw asparagus, he did not
want to put them in his mouth
but if she asked him, he would
do it because he was obliged to.
his eyes looked like black olives
to her and she was tired of them,
they reminded her that something
hard like an olive pit was inside him,
however she had no choice but to
stare and stare – like a witness at
the scene of a traffic accident.
outside snow was falling, unlike
inside where of course it was not
snowing, but it was cold and it was
quiet, and something terrible like
snow was falling -- something that
silences everything it touches.