

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/2

Jessica Dutschmann

What I saw when reality left me to my own devices.

The yard filled with frogs.

Thanksgiving—

Dad fell through the stairs.

Crows dive bomb hawks.

In the bakery,
Marguerite poured bleach
on the ants that came
out of the cabinet. I wonder
if their carapaces turned white.

I'm no ant.

Maybe the crow, though,

antagonizing the hawks,

a blue jay playing
with dead mice.