

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/2

Jessica Harman

The Emotions

Sometimes colors can be more
Than they are, as if red
Were really the ultimate blood.

And orange was those sweet evenings
we spent peeling the late night down to the taste
Of tangerines, and yellow was the light

Through the trees dancing on the walls
Of your kitchen in July, and blue
Was that color we all love because mystery

Glittering among the stars makes us feel
Protected from ourselves, somehow,
And lapis and ruby are the colors

Of the cross, but gold seeping
Through green is the color we got
when it was spring, and chaos

Was blossoming out of everything,
When we were looking
Forward to evenings full of dark green moonlight.

And white was the color of morning,
When the world hurt our eyes with its heavy
Sunlight pressing us from all directions,

And we felt like we were full of grace,
And that lavender scent of
Wildflowers mixing and dancing in the breeze,
And that zephyr carried that wildness towards us.

The Shapes Of Clouds

1.

Once, I was in an insane asylum,
and another patient told me that we are all falling

in love, all the time, with what we fear,
so that we won't have to fear it anymore—
so love and fear share one another, shaping

us—and poems people write about love
are shaped

by the rain, the way a fence is shaped
by the tears in its links, the way birds'
flight is shaped by ultraviolet, the bees'

dance through wildflowers,
shaped by infrared.

2.

Twice, I cut out the shapes from construction paper
during crafts hour—
and a string of hearts emerged and flew away.

I drew the sound
of the sun rising through clouds, shaping bright
yellow, the closest to gold

that Crayolas in naked-walled
crafts rooms get, on wards/

3.

My walking is shaped by the cracks
in the pavement, the leaks in my shoes—

the way someone is shaped by their name—

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4.

All the time,
you shape me, and vice
versa, the way the thought
of a blue wildflower shapes a vase—

And the song shapes the dance,
the dance shapes the rustle
of shadows and light falling—

And vertigo shapes the galaxy—

5.

I am digressing,
slowly. I am going into the shapes
of clouds, the center of dream,

the glow of powder-blue light
outside the slats of barred windows on locked floors—

Another patient coined it so nicely—
We are all beautiful

and ugly from the skin
right down to the bone.