

*Wilderness House Literary Review 4/2*

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**Ode to the Post-it Note**

Victims of our own chaos,  
we deceive ourselves and others alike.  
Loyalty, sticky fate, fickle love,  
paralyze saint and artist alike.

Yet, with the help of Microspheric Polymer Cement  
a quick flick of a quadrant  
can stop time, document desire,  
make us the curator of our own random thoughts,  
create personal traffic lights  
that signal to the self and others.

In vain we try to master this one elusive trick:  
to adhere with passion, and then,  
when the time has come,  
to pull away intact,  
and drop anchor  
someplace else.

**The Women's Music Festival, 1989**

This poem is not about  
The Women's Music Festival  
held in Bloomington, Indiana  
in July of 1989.

It has nothing to do with the angry feminist folksongs,  
booths upon booths of Eastern literature, tourmaline crystals, clitoral  
jewelry  
and goddess sculptures we carefully negotiated  
like a fractal maze, thinking of men:  
the boyfriend in Greece, the husband now gone,  
the husband on the way, the man to be.  
It is not about the hirsute, tattooed woman  
who pinched and winked at me  
as she swaggered past.

More likely, what everything skirts around:  
a stop home after college, a lull between fits of insanity,  
freedom from the safe ones,  
the crazy ones, the imperative ones.  
A shared genetic meme.

We took our leave of this place, and of one another,  
as easily as a diner pushing a chair from a table.  
It was in the nineties all summer long.  
The rain fell steadily,  
turning to steam before it hit the ground.