

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

Aristotle Sinclair

Inquiry of the Fading Voice

The beach's sand was simulated paths
for stimulatory motives.
Blanched Birchwood buried neck
deep, whispered unheard amid the water's
theoretic malice, leaving.
Ocean's constant parting
never comprehends tangled tongues of
singular devotion, stable in their foreign
nature, requesting unrealistic return of impossible,
duplicated curls.

Of the Unmatching, Dissimilar

My words clothe our conversation.
Your tongue, naked, brilliant, bones of
ash, simplicity.
Your hands speak a gravity of sound,
resting on the table of my personalized thoughts.
Here, you sit, speculate of the frayed clothing
my words represent.
Here, I speak fathoms and of delirium, of
mirage's absent water, your missing body.
Together, I outweigh you, overcome your
succumbing conflagration.
As the heat of your ashen bones, the embers
rise into the twirling smoke of symbolized
request, your words leap unclothed from
the tongue I follow into night's involuntary
screams.