

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

Hiram Larew

Who Is

What I won't say is how
I will say genuine
I'll even whisper smoke
But I won't say you
And no hope all hope from hope
Pure hope -
Soon enough today will just be wet gravel
Until then I don't care who says what
Or how this even once is so beautifully uneven -
I will love only a small piece of the sky
One part of a lifted voice
One shy
And I will never pray for these things
Nor for a shoulder
Not even the chance of one
But I will say smoke
Just so I far and away believe it.

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Write Your Story

I always come back to fizz

Or statues that look down at me

And have shields

I think it's because of my raising

Or because of how certain people walk right by me

Chipper and swank

You know what I mean -

(If only I could be a cloud to me)

And if there's a word alike

It's pumpkins

Or a season it's late rain -

Yes behind the behinder -

You try to describe you to you and see what you do

I always come back to fizz

Or slow sugar.