

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

Lisa D. Kaufman
The Strangers

Musty basement, playroom
chilled epoxy floor
toys vaulted in marble cabinets
dusty corner webs
roller skates dispatched to
Good Will bag, left marks
swirly scratches.
I watch Disney
father flips it.

Mother embellishes my bedroom
picks color pink
lace, flowers crawl
on walls, window shades
polka dots dominate;
I can't hang posters,
shut my door.

Father drives us to hardware store,
brother taunts, tousles my hair;
I step on father's seat belt,
sharp twist from steering wheel
finger pointing like a loaded pistol,
gags our laughter.

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My backyard
tire swing collects rain water, bugs
spin
I climb oozing pine
sappy fingers poke
at cobalt candy clouds;
dandelions sniff my hair,
sprawl on tickling grass

wait for aliens
to drop down a ladder.

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Night Life

A car shadow shifts
across wall paper flowers. I doze
in my bed, sheets caught up
by the wind. I sail through the air.
Breezes rustle, yawn.
Window curtains quiver.

A street lamp lights a teenager
smoking, bell bottoms rocking
drifting on diamonds
through prussian blue.

Raggedy Ann sits slumped,
her button eyes reflect smoke
entrails at the moon's edge.
I trace a twining vine
on my wall.

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Visit

I ring, bell advertises.
I wait, shift to
my left foot,
a pall of mist,
black crows quiet,
speeding train swells
my remaining cat
belly bloated, lesions
mushroom.

Summer holidays spent solitary
communing with
my computer, chocolate.
Neighbors with children
talk camp; couples in
folding chairs, fruity drinks,
whirligig oscillates, hisses.
Ticking clock stuck at 11:05.

Echoes faint
through walls
halls above
the porch. My dog
paces, whines
on her leash.

No one comes
to the door.

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The Trouble With Confetti

The polished crimson stars
stick, spill
out of the birthday card
a medley at his feet,
I surprise my son.

The fading jingle
of an ice cream truck.
He says not to send
any confetti.
His mom
has to clean it up.