

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

Timothy Gibbs

Combustible despite everything

Too much wine
And smut
And television
Think me into a corner
Where I'll sit and think
About calling you on the telephone
Which I will not do
And sinking
down
Might feel even more
Like streaming, burning wildly,
Like a black powder rocket
To the very top
Of the empty sky.

I like pretending

I like it when you smoke cigarettes
And I like it when you pretend at being something
That you become
Through your pretending.
And I pretend that we are in love.