

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

Wynn Everett
Cartacay

for that year it was right,
mirrored river beside,
she told me of 1969.

only for one year,
attachment in place,
elements aligned,
double-tight teeth.
before slider became worn,
upward tug too late.

he, no longer bent,
detached left, other shore.
she, yearning up one side,
eager to unite.

tab now caught,
southbound relief,
spine separates,
evolution of two.

zipper now broken,
for thirty some years,
and the older Cartacay,
pulls,
fastening like new.

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Answer Me

in this way
knob rotating right
door wasting narrow but spread
a heaven to hell nod.
For my swearing
paddling this circle plea
pour an answer I can wildly drink.

Not the tap tap sun upon my shoulder
or the kiss of his mouth in greeting
nor the fact that I woke up.

Alive,
yes, yes,

but I want this yes.
Not reminders of you answering
the daily overture
of my greedy adult appetite.