

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

Laudizen King
Indigo Fruit

She stands
after the shower
naked
at the basin, slowly
wrapping her long
wet
hair in a towel
that she curls and
folds
into the blue turban that
grows like a
seashell above her.

I drink in the
view
of her from
behind,
lost in the play of
shadow on her
back, the soft
swell
of hips, tapering legs
below, rivulets of
water moving downward on the
skin.

Standing nude, a pastel
Carmen Miranda, her
hands adjust the
indigo fruit
coiled in the
dark blue towel
atop her head,
breasts
stand reflected in the mirror,
rolling with the
movement of her arms
as she winds the towel,
skin
pale and marble-like
in the soft light
of the vanity.

She dons a
robe and
with the light now
dimmed, sits near me
on our bed, where I slide the
robe off the shoulders and

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

down her back. For
a brief moment,
stillness reigns, then
indigo fruit
cascades over a
marble still life and
slowly she
descends to me,
wet
hair and skin
against my face, the soft
scent
of ripeness in the air,
and we both come
undone.

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

God

The last time I did
acid
I saw
god
said the
woman in the
first act
while a tumbler
rolled offstage into
shadow and the lights
dimmed
as a bright spot
descended on a disfigured
man
standing alone at
center
stage who told us all that
god does not
exist
in a tab of acid but
is found
deep
in the hole where the
World Trade Center once
stood, and
close to the explosive
device placed on the roadside in
Kirkuk,
in the centrifuges of Iran's
nuclear
laboratories, and in the
madrassas
of Pakistan where
he
feeds on the
blood of girls
going to school and
other not so
innocents, and alongside the
bomb-laden vegetable
cart where he silently
waits
for evening prayers to

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

end
and for crowds of shoppers and the
crush of families to
appear
in the market
square where he will
reveal
himself anew and so make
martyrs
of us
all.

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

Portal

Sometimes the boundaries
of personal space
meet in the bathroom of
our small apartment
in Los Angeles
when my wife uses
the toilet
as I shower in the morning.

She slides her panties
down her legs
and sits on the throne when
the boundaries shift and a
portal to the past
opens for a brief moment to
reveal the face of a
pensive young girl
gazing up at me
from years long gone.

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

Color

Space is not
empty but folded
back upon itself,
barren distance is
hued and dyed, and
in the desert,
all things coalesce.
Charles Manson found his
true color there,
hiding in the
palette of long
shadows
late one afternoon in
Death Valley,
while Jim Morrison
lost his balance seeking a
new path in the savage brightness
of the desert,
as the shaman's haunting vision
eluded him and
drifted away with the
winds like secret
mantras spun from a
Tibetan prayer wheel
until the lost
Om Mani Padme Hum
revealed itself
anew, and the
color
of compassion made the desert
whole
once again, and so was
I.