

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/1

Ursula Wyss
Crumbs

Putting down
the rules:

Just for fun
no strings attached,
you say.

Trapped,
caught in the headlights,
I nod.

I'll take
what I can get.

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Skadi's Hunt

Her skis whisper as they cut
the blanket of white snow,
silent winter watches coldly
as she swiftly moves along.

In her glove-clad hands she holds
a heavy bow with practiced ease.
and her eyes gleam at the sight
of inattentive prey nearby.

The wilderness around her
resounds with that in her blood
and the beasts know her well,
the greatest hunter of them all.

The moon glows in her skin,
snow glitters in her eyes,
the cold sleeps in her smile
and death lies in her hand.

Her arrow taps warmth
from a slow deer's flank.
Painfully, crimson drips
into merciless whiteness.

A scattered herd of deers
falls from view, quiet returns
but for the quick beating
of Skadi's hunter heart.

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Supernova

What was a sun is now
a white dwarf,
all that's left after the
supernova.

Emptiness surrounds the
dying star,
the vacuum of loneliness
unbreached.

A soul implodes slowly -
unattached
it falls away from the world,
into itself.