

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/2

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AFTER THIS LAST MAROON OR PURPLE NOTEBOOK

I'll leave you alone which
is what you said you wanted,
want on your grave. But I
don't think that's true. Why,
after quitting several times
would you want to go back
on radio the last years you
were sick, the fast way to
touch so many, touched
them to then have them
die to touch you, be in
touch. For you, still, it was
that scoring, those touch
downs and you always had
the touch. What you wanted
was to be wanted, and you
watched from the side lines
like an angel, or devil, aloof,
above, knowing with one
touch you could have
whoever was at your feet
as if worshipping or praying,
taking your time with no
special time now you
have all the time,
only time

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WHEN I HEARD HE LEFT RADIO

to work as a counselor
for troubled kids, I knew it
couldn't last long, being
a troubled kid himself and
with worse things coming
it wouldn't be enough to
get him through. "I don't
know what I'm going to do
when I grow up," he'd
grin toward midnight.
Women of all ages wanted
to try to help him, hold him,
behold him emerging
between their legs or from
a table spread just for
him. With one hundred
stitches and my face egg
plant purple, I who never
cook, made a chicken sandwich
he celebrated on the air.
What he did best was on air,
made of air. What turned
stillness into some
thing I wanted to hold,
of course, being
air, couldn't

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TODAY A CAR BURST INTO FLAME IN THE STREET

wild tongues, a blur
of everything else
out there: that was
the news of your
death. Paint in my
blood bubbled,
pale roses went crisp
as if a magnifying
glass sucked the
sun down thru it