

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/4

Stephanie Contino

The Morning After

Was it a dream, then,
when you kissed me by the lake?
My body says it
has been waiting a decade
of daydreams for you.
But in the spaces between
memories turn bitter
like
lemon peel sliced too close to the pith.

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/4

Nightlight

Shine little light shine,
Cast your rays upon
every shaking heart,
come into me, sink
your lantern in me
and I'll radiate your
beacon forth. I'll keep
the tired pilgrims
from crashing on the rocks—
I'll bring them home at last.

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/4

The Pantry

Life dovetailed with shame:
Seeps into the skin like varnish on wood
Keeps the cupboards full
Keeps the hinges jammed
Keeps the doors shut tight.