

## Wilderness House Literary Review 6/1

*Christopher Barnes*

### **Losing Game**

Flame-shot by entanglement

Or a side-glance

You chasm flaws –

Riven to size a disheartening self.

I huckster the alley.

You grasp what moulds a bulging purse

Boxed in by a hosanna of tills.

Cold comforted. Labouring the shit drift,

Backhoe is what you do.

Pitiful goings-on.

We back scratch the trick of deference,

Listlessly docile to “where it’s at”.

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### Letting Go

Dawn's look had dissolving views,  
Disownment of an evasive trace.  
Oxytocin\* unpinked her arm  
- the foetus should expect a pyre.

She deflates the doorbell  
Emboxed by the transom,  
Soft-nothinged as breath catches fill themselves.

In balled-up hand writing, "Dear Sam,"  
Shoved kerbward  
Rolls to a girlish-days doll...

\*drug that induces an abortion

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### Moon Lore

Bounce-black hair on his impassible face.

Footboard screams.

Swing-arm lamp exalts, dwindles,  
wriggling along the wall,  
a dismal backdrop  
for unsolved liars.

Bounce-black hair on his impassible face.

A cistern's splashed at arms length,  
swarms, drowsiness  
baiting me - disappearing  
on its inevitable swash.

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### Milksop

Cushioner of the fagged out brow,  
puffer for the depthless ego,  
I'm the tow-for-a-cent esteemer,  
the queen who melts on you.

You spoil to expire on teats  
but I shake semen,  
bent to be  
the slackwitted errand boy  
of backup needs.  
(Spitting distance from a kiss,  
you implicate nervy intentions.)

Violate my integrity:  
looker, liar, designer, little boy.

The battle-axe in me cold-creeps,  
stuffs you with sulks.