

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/3

Hila Karmi

Pity Love.

I never meant to make fun of your hair.

It matches so well the rest of you.

I never meant to get so quiet, and leave my space so uninhabited. I came a little late.

Nobody told Me where I was supposed to be, you see.

I never meant to take the slap you administered affectionately, so hard; I was walking straight for along while when you pushed me off that path,

I'd been swindled, sworn-in, swallowed up and beaten back by the twists of time.

I didn't mean to offend you with my eagerness to run to and against your eyes like a pendulum

I just didn't see that mine were closed... How could I? And more importantly, how could you have known?

I didn't mean to ask that question.

What I mean is not to disappear,

sometimes it's more than just the right answer, that we people I are looking to hear.

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Firefly

i came upon you on the first of May
you were lying there with your back bare
and your fingers knotted together
like a celtic dream catcher
there were beads of sweat on your pores
when i asked you simple questions
and i expected nothing less than “never more”
from beneath your raven coloured hair
but you said something that i can’t forget
that falls upon my thoughts like a kite
when the wind isn’t strong enough, leaving some small boy dismayed.
the grass was springgreen beneath your belly
and you laughed like such a child
like the world had let you go and it was finally time for you to float into
oblivion
but instead you chose to scrunch your nose
and close your eyes and smile, sweetsunshine
there was nothing remotely beautiful about you
except for the sky and the trees and the vague surroundings
that minimized themselves the minute you came into view
my eyes turned everything upside down the way they usually do
but you came in sideways and vivid like an open bottle of Merlot
spreading thin liquid upon a tabletop, wasting colourful contents
and all i wanted was to drink what you’ve poured

Your getaway vehicle

around that time
I was listening to the counting crows
and songs that I heard but never knew
where they came from or could remember their names
I would memorize a line and take it home
search it on google
put it on a playlist.
I was always listening to
oh
when you weren't around.
I can't say why. It always worked out that way,
that by the time you showed up the room got quieter.
I was done with things like a quick shower
getting dressed and putting on deodorant
work and play.
always ready, looking in the long mirror and trying to
stare cool. (I got it right a few times, just so you know)
the door downstairs was already unlocked
and it was always when you walked in the room that my eyes got heavy
the me of the day was finished with doing what it does,
the cool stare was impossible to imitate and the deodorant
slowly melted away with the liquid eyeliner and
the music slowly disappeared as the volume got so low
in the lounge in my head.
because all of the things i was trying to be
were there in the room with me
as your evening greetings and unnoticed excuses.