

**Wilderness House Literary Review 6/3**

*Jessie Carty*

**Zombie Girl's Lament**

Everyone whispers the word when I walk away –  
braaaaaains -- a long drawn out syllable

But – for me -- it isn't about brains  
What I hear - like a round inside my skull

is -- wet want -- and a need for something  
smooth – silky

I understand vampires and their need  
for the tang of metal in blood

and maybe I would want brains  
if I lived in a world without

ice cream -- yogurt -- or microwaved  
Twinkies melting into mush

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### Learning to Count

Digits scare me. The way  
they crease and crack. Their

squarish yet curved shapes  
that defy category. They are

your first attempt at counting  
as well as your first declaration

of - I - as you point back  
to yourself. I want. I stomp. I

fear. But, we quickly move from  
1 to the full 10 count of desires

or terrors so that we have to  
create numbers beyond what

we can see or grasp. For fingers  
can be cupped, can hold

all the unseen bits that fill  
in what we call empty space.

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### The Girl

The Girl with the curly blonde hair had been to Africa. *With my mom though*, she said. Her mother, an award winning high school history teacher, had won the trip. I'd had her mom, the teacher, for two classes. I understood The Girl. *I think being choked by a beautiful man would be a nice way to go*, she said. The Girl had not mentioned sex but it was implied like John Donne's little deaths. "Oh! the places" The Girl was willing to go: to dying her hair an obvious red, to learning to drive a stick so she could have an open door jeep at 16, to a college as far away in the state as was geographically possible. The Girl said, *with the right person it doesn't even hurt*, in answer to a question I never heard.

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### **I want to be a boy**

If I was a boy  
I'd fall for you

and your southern  
lisp your

stereotypical limp  
wristed yet toned

arms And Oh  
heavens those

green eyes like  
ripe avocado

your pink palms  
of bitten

strawberry  
could be

on my hip If  
I was a boy I'd

be yang for your  
yang because

opposites  
don't always

attract Sometimes  
like calls to like

and they  
recognize

the shape the  
smell the

feel of  
perfect

apples all  
from the same tree.

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