

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

Sheldon Lee Compton

Four Micros in Second-Person

One-Note Concert

You are the one-note concert for a paying audience. You are informed and still at rest, worrying while action grins and rips away. You are cupid, string-tight and dangerous. Rain. A chill. The half-empty scaring the half-full in a room no bigger than a washtub.

Inwardly

Inwardly all seems well. A stalactite hangs, dripping its name. This is no cave, no abandoned street. This is inward. Here you make hands into anvils and arms boneless so they are muscled-strong as dock rope, swing away, break apart generations of collected whispers.

Prize Fight

Little water, they call it. It has properties and kick, remains in the head and soul upwards of two days. You have fought it and lost, won, came to a draw. Often and hard, you have judged the fight and thrown the punches, rang the bell and swept the trash when the world was empty. Silent as snow. Little water is clear and clear is the music and love lets go its suffering and you fight, ego strong.

Amputated for the Obit

They said it was congestive heart failure. *Don't whine.* They said pneumonia was a contributing factor. Fluid. Actually they didn't say anything. You found out in the papers. His face, serious, the edge of your twelve-year-old head just off to the side, amputated for the obit. *Cry me a river. The world's smallest fiddle.*