

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

gary lundy

there is no opening within which to escape.

today surrounds in a gray light that fails to illuminate. last night you said.
i will dream of fucking you nonstop. to which my breath caught in my throat.
i feel so filled i go outside to smoke. in the new moon darkness stars and
a passing bird. so little occasions itself as more than this movement. *that*
time. i whisper between drags. i feel certain my body shines brightly aglow
in this *finally loved.* after so many years alone might it not be impossible.
he rolls over in deep sleep. his hips move to rhythmic dream surface.

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no amount of power alters the fact of immobility.

i cannot go farther. you write the years. miles. assure a reality in us. i stand bent under this weight of apprehension. how to make our two houses a third that includes both at once. i watch you bent over the painting adding shadows. texture and color. my arms tied in gesture toward heaven. my legs bent awaiting an alternative attentive moment.

when you return to my canvas. insist upon certain sudden movements. brush back the excited fear in my eyes. yet you ignore these postulations. rather concentrate on the language of canvas and brushstroke. enliven these moments that blend into hours. await the piercing dive into sleep right now. people count always on a next year. as if in that effort forestall the day ahead.

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distance

distance is a time is a stretches out sans embrace is a standing on knees
is a distance as a mouth wide open is a sharing as a non-touching is a
stretches is expansive like a nothing is a surrounded by is as an absence
sans a mouth as embrace is like a kind of membership is a full want want-
ing furiously is never a frivolous is kind in thoughtless

distance is an ache a wanting more is like time never mattering is a kind of
like loneliness is a silence as permeates

a distance like no voice is a time expansive a stand on knees is a promise
is like unsatisfied a time moving is a farther than reach is a static field like
a broken radio is an other is like a walking away is a misgiving a misre-
membering

distance is a time is an anguish is an ache is like emptiness is a time is a
spreading is a full promise is like apology is a waiting is a mouth wide
open is a distance like a time potential is a never ready really is a distance
is a wanting more is a silence like a kind of waiting

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i hide behind my heart now for protection.

a shadowed tattoo barely visible under the sleeve. or invisible. no location for certainty. she sends nude photos to thrill. or escape pleases its strange measure. meaning. and ice cream bar. because you know. dream of a me. incorporate only what you know. may now know. or prevent flight. ignore what is not in front of you. senses lighten. habitual free play. how are you. never ending loop. whistle to trickle taylor. are you finished. i am. you were like that. heart clattering. nervous. to transgress. means. keep your eyes on the road. do that kind of work humble. sit out strategic. she never finds it works. cobalt garlic scrubs a kitchen ashtray. omelet fillet. yours decides to decrease self-awareness. impotent importance. he thinks. looking at the photos. listening to skins cheer. might it mean. what. pituitary crisis. a kind fear emblem. travel the borders of catatonia. mystery city. underground surmising surfaces. air the plate still in moonlight waves. play a hemingway. think what the faulkner.

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one awaits. an arrival. a movement or two prior.

one awaits. more. a more than mere. a more than words transplanting this. a reality. even when solitude masks. my holiday crowds. of strangers. sipping coffee. he licks the cups edge. his lover edging into your bed. earlier. morning stark hours caroling elopement. he resides. stares calm. a face in face. he breathes in moistness. the mans voice all around the walls. every bodies business. he cares. you remain apart. by years. hours.