

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

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Once You've Reached the Core

There is no radiance left
for my eyes to follow.
Just exhausted halos. And
good, bad or uninterested
is a fairytale chance. Roll
the dice: snakebite
every time. The lesson
of that damned apple bites
us in the center of
our collectively apathetical
(metaphysical and corporeal)
asses. Sens[a]tion is necessary
for survival. So is a little blind
faith. Indifference folds
a path of quiet apathy. And
that is a moral you can wrap
yourself in on a cold winter's night.

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Signaling [for] Survival

You place three pills before me.
Such a shiny version of placebo
ed roulette. I spin my tongue. And still choose
to speak in shapes of you.
What does that mean? Am I
crazy? Craving the companionship of a ghost,
I am unhallowed. Though nothing haunts
better than remembrance. I blink
back to the future. Triple orbs pulse:
red . . .
 yellow . . .
 green . . .
 go!

I glow!
(In time to your anxiety. Mine
is too unfocused.) Forgetting myself
on shelves of malfeasance. Deliberate
and broken. These are the tools I swallow. Not
the magic mushroomed memories synthesized
on your lips. Kiss me. I am blank. Faced
with novocaine and arsenic, I choose
sunshine. And vaporized, I ash
against the wind that never was, yet still won
[back] the whimsy of my soul.

The Unluminous Absence

Can I be your porthole
into tomorrow?
I believe
I can manage
a shape
that you will fit.
Won't you try?
At least, turn out the light.
I am the void.
You will see
in its center.
Please.
Don't blink.
I know you will miss
my glow.