

## Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

*Kelly Jackson*  
**Divine Mud**

The final gong struck my chest, resonating vibrations through stiff fingers. Dumped into ditch-dug ground, I sunk and sunk and sunk. Sifting through eroded earth and feeling fertile soil, I peeled sticky earthworms from my eyelids and coughed up decomposing dirt. I landed in a mud-walled mansion, lit with droopy bulbs. Standing in the empty corridor stood Hazel Motes "Salutations good friend – your Journey did end, as for ours, we've yet to see." I followed his weighty footsteps en route to meet my housemates.

E.D., draped solely with whites scribbled a note on the stairs and walked on.

Allen flashed me a wink but gazed onward at a white bushy beard.

John passed me a cigarette and a swig and went on describing Salinas.

Handed a sack of tender buttons, I became hungry for asparagus.

They told me of the chef's abundant pantry and wearily I ate Plath's omelet.

I would share a flat with Ms. Parker, because

Virginia requested a room of her own.

A portrait of an artist hung on the wall of my room near the door. Festivities commenced and the glorious noises drifted down the hallways and through my restored body. Silently I crept to the balcony and sat in a white wicker chair. Endlessly rocking, I drifted off into my first sweet slumber.

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### **Yours. Ours. Mine.**

last year we divided our things.

YOURS: three giant boxes, labeled:

kitchen, bathroom, trinkets.

MINE: scattered bags, baskets, swollen

bed sheets slumped in the trunk of my car. (stanza break)

the year before that, those things –

YOURS and MINE

finally became OURS.

three years before OUR things,

you touched me and I knew

a woman and I knew myself.

this morning, coincidentally, we dined

at neighboring tables outside the café.

YOURS: a massive coffee cup, one bright novel,

two yellow packs of cigarettes, and your new lover

facing me.

MINE: two fried eggs wiggling on the unbalanced table,

Sunday's stale puzzle, and a friend on either side.

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**OURS:**

you try and try to attain the ephemeral  
then and now and always,  
yet, to no avail.

though your smoke blows  
in my direction; you're only pulling  
thorns out of places I cannot bleed.

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**HH-3**

Jolly green giants  
were once just oversized peas  
flying over Nam

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### Lust Turns Routine

Each morning I halve myself, for you,  
grinding pink grapefruit flesh  
against plastic orange prongs.

Mason jar filled, you drink and drink,  
without exhale. You drain my juices; stray pulp  
strings from your chin, wiped with calloused lady fingers.

“Mmm. Thanks, babe,” you say, rummaging  
for coffee beans, handing off the dirty glass.

I follow our ritual this morning, as always,  
with my smile and press-stoned eyes,  
watching another glass pass from your hand to mine.

For tomorrow, my butter knife will cut through  
your artichoke heart.