

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

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Naming mounds in order to find

ways to sustain them. Like different violinists playing the same concerto
all at once with slight unforeseen applications of fermatas at varying
times in their interpretations. You find a place you feel

then you plant seeds and hope

they will someday bud

flood or any other replacement for floor.

For so long I have been pushing these partial offspring out.

Out is a different form of into. Part stone part verdant or part animal part
human or part living and part dead. Pure

proportioned.

A birdcage with human bones or bowels inside of it. A gurgling hum. A
silk burr. Enacting to make the burden soft. As voyeuristic

prophets wail

in wild ecologies

to get the trees to shed their innards as guaranteed materiality that will
eventually become our upcoming pages.

If, as a child, you are only able to read bible stories, your body becomes a
motile, mythical location that always hurts. There is nothing that will
relieve that

but devotion to divergent

formulae which makes post-natural indigenesness. The theory comes
after

saturated. By way of a hub where radical emissions are indelibly transmit-
ted as

sustenance.

Here as I fetishize my own gists in order to perpetuate future entireties.