

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

Donna Beth Freeman

Daylight Savings Time All Over Again

There is a time

when my hands circle you round,

holding strong,

Setting your meter to mine

in the daylight turning ahead

finally we welcome the pushing forward

our hips rising and falling

our mouths hungry

for spring , repeated gift of life.

The time that never fails

To bring you to me

to come again.

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Follow Me

You said let's play
Follow the Leader.
I followed the pat,
a jagged, icy, road slippery and wet.
My legs thrusting forward and back, kicking away the fear,
No crutches, no cane,
safety left behind,
only trembling that did not leave.
I played again,
my passion over came my fear.

We danced off each other's words
like jumping frogs
leaving their floating lily pads
to leap into the water,
touching tongues to catch drops of desire.

I thought I'd won
But I had lost.
Despite my bargaining as an old haggler
whatever you could spare,
I settled for small change
from the fortune
that we shared.

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If I Had Known

If I had known this was the last time
you would say my name
I would have kept that sound from your lips
pressed inside my mind
and played its music back
as a lullaby
to soothe my pain
where I stand in the darkness
When you are gone.

If I had known this was the last time
you could say my name,
I would have put my lips to your face
and mouthed the letters against your cheek
sharing what you once gave as mine.

If I had known this was the last time
the moment would have been stilled
and time would have stopped for you and for me
and memory would hold
what is now only a shadow
in the dusk of our day.

If I had known
but I did not.
You could have told me
but you would not.

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Those Questions

"Why only one? ", the child asked.

One is one, finite
perfect in all.

"Were you afraid of more?" , he pursued.

Don't believe it could've been better,
eyes larger than china plates,
head a rounded melon
from the first.

"But why not have more?", again demanding,
"Was one okay?"

More would never be equal,
different dimensions,
frowns and thorny features,
fists that might not open.
One was just fine and more.

"So you thought it enough.
You were happy? ", the child, never satisfied, questioned.

More than you realized.
More than one believes.

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It Takes All

They circle my head,
not an empty cell
not an unmade bed,
a hive of hornets,
piercing, biting ,
swelling my cover,
repeating what's done
over and over.
The dissonant sound
of buzzing insects,
sirens wailing through the street,
screaming and howling the last words hissed.
I still hunger for all
my tongue dare not taste.

Call me an addict
I know better.
You're not a drug,
just a habit I don't want to give up.

You've made me feel wanted
and you've made me feel wasted.
There is little of you
That is left for all of me.

It takes all to swallow bottled memory,
stinging promises,
and perfumed lies.
Ingesting cures already tried.

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Say what you will
It's past discussion.
Insult, mock or imitate me,
No matter.
Just don't try and change me
I ain't that crazy.