

## Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

*Jenny Morse*  
**exCepTions**  
*from "States"*

Outside at night, you're all alone with the laments of empires, constellations of city lights, and a sharp desire for revolution. It's the stars that can't see you turning through the time-gathered fog. Beneath your fingers, the land's all devoured where you've dug in to mud, worrying that cosmic gravity will outpace your own, tear a black hole in your fabric. It's all you can do to pull yourself upright against the dizzy spin. You will only be able to close your eyes when all the lights go out. With each flicker, you count: One down.

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### **Not Yours** *from "States"*

dislocated, out of place,  
continental, lost in space,  
disperse, sweep, disseminate,  
disassemble, mutilate,  
knock down, overturn,  
disorder, disturb,  
rummage, scatter, relegate,  
disentangle, extricate,  
scramble, transfer, derange,  
commute, transplant, interchange,  
shuffle, tumble, immigrate,  
transpose, expulse, segregate,  
traverse, migrate, subterfuge,  
absent, rupture, remove,  
span, track, dissipate,  
transgress, participate  
independent, halve, dismiss,  
possible paralysis,  
unhinge, upset,  
locomotive, ambivalent,  
dispossess, perambulate,  
possibly exsanguinate

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### **pRovIdence** *from "States"*

"You can keep what you can carry,"  
they said. "But beware, darkness and  
danger lie out there in that wilderness."  
So, you spread out, press right against  
the boundaries of your exile, and seize  
all you touch. Then, you place one foot  
beside the other and hop in a square to  
determine the land of your lair. You map  
out the corners with shoelaces, insist your  
property reaches up to the sky, hope faith  
is enough to survive. It's not the size of  
your body that matters; it's how deep  
your claim can burrow to take root.

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**SCarce**  
*from "States"*

Potential only lasts as long  
as you're living. At the end,  
the impossible can be true.  
You enter into a timeline.  
You enter into the picture  
frame. You become and  
become and become, then  
you're done—every version  
true fiction, an impressioned  
portrait of place, a moment  
expressed in the memory,  
a line written in space. Your  
marks are only elisions, how  
your body glides through time.