

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

Kirby Wright

Moon

The moon's a bowl tonight
Collecting dreams over the sea.
When I was a boy
It followed me through eucalyptus.
I got a telescope for Christmas,
Studied the moon like Galileo.
You'll never see the dark side,
Big Brother said.
I scoured the Sea of Tranquility
For astronauts, imagined
The Stars & Stripes
Fluttering in the lunar breeze.
Now I keep telescope eyes
To the ground
Looking for change.
I pretend shines from Heaven
Are over-active streetlights.
The moon's become distant,
Like a friend dumped off
At a bus stop
On a country road
Lost and long forgotten.
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Outside the Hotel

In the end
It's always tragedy.
We're haunted by loss
Or the hope
Of something to happen
That never will.
But our twilight dance
On the blue lawn
Outside the hotel
Means everything
In those hours of promise
Before the sun.
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Permanent Damage

They're outside driving in circles.
They want me to join them.
Circling makes me dizzy and forgetful.
I will become a poet, live on cupcakes and hope.
They want me to join them.
I can write about broken things and us.
I will become a poet, live on cupcakes and hope.
Permanent damage attracts me.
I can write about broken things and us.
The paper ignites, burning my words.
Permanent damage attracts me.
My pulse is wearing thin.
Cake bakes in the kitchen.
Circling makes me dizzy and forgetful.
The heart owns a limited number of beats.
They're outside driving in circles.
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Last Rites

What time is death? I sleep late so I don't want to go too early. Afternoon's best, say an

hour before the news after my Reuben. But it could be morning, when a rooster crows as

a jet's shadow drowns the house. I imagine Last Rites sitting on the throne. Father

Keelan's out there right now, sliding prayers under the door.