

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

Savannah Grant
Numb

I sit outside alone and
listen to the wind
rustle the thick leaves
of summer;
watch the aspen
tremble in the breeze.
Feel the heaviness
of humid air:

cools down
when the sun
don't show.

I take pictures alone
of roses, sunset
clouds, wild cats
learning to love the diseased again.

I will wait patiently
in this silence
that wounds me;

each spring is shorter,
each year there
are flowers
but less and less
and I wonder
where I went wrong.

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Her Introversion

She is the haunting song
I cannot place.

To slide my hands along her introversion
would be to see the October snow;
perhaps to watch her
lilting travels should be enough—

how I wish I could transcend
all that kept her from me.

Reflections Into Ripples

As often happens,
I look at the rain
and think of you.

In the winter,
reflections become more
brilliant.

I do not want
this rain to end;
I wish this song
would make me cry.

Perhaps you are home now
and the rain will wait for you.
I told you I would ask
the snow to wait.

Rain and steam
thinking of you,
frozen mist, red lights,
thinking of dreams.

I would sit by this wide window
with you:
 is that a dead flower,
 there in the rain, brown and
disintegrating—

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The snow waited for you,
but the ice would not.
I will not see you tonight,
driving out in this winter rain
and you
turn rain into something brilliant
reflections into trembling hands
dreams into ripples.