

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

Shane Rooney
Sunday

You make breakfast with delight
Holding uncracked eggs still in your palm
Searching for spice and peanut butter in the cabinets
While whisking away in the white bowl.

My love for you is monstrous,
Kin to the sizzling bacon
Snapping in the steel pan.

We begin by thanking each other
For the mood of silence
And Sunday morning.

I break my yolk and I dip it all
In the wisdom of this thing
For which I can only partially comprehend.

I am grateful for your love,
And the blessings of this meal
Both tasting crisp and sensual.

Why can't we always be this simple?
To love each other
As we do this moment.

My genuine fullness now
Induces me
To dwell in existence.

And for this small moment,
It dispels my nagging notion
That I am often exhausted
By the complications of living.

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One Morning

I am awake
before you,
A measly hour.

I am deliberate
with my regimen
opening windows
and listening
to the drizzle.

An occasional bird
I hear,
ugly
like things can be.

I whistle back
in heart
and she responds
her head cracking
with joy.

Go away!
I can't stand it,
you love me.

Like singing
is a disease,
I believe
this will never be cured.

I hurt to hear you,
all your love
in my ears.

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Stop!

I am

too tired to fight.

I will begin today.

I will sleep no more.

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A Portrait of Christ

You bought the drab portrait for forty dollars;
Christ with limbs like pipe
Painted the color of foliage and dirt.

Even his blood was the hue of soil,
And all around matted meadow grass
With slugs swallowing the roots.

It was never a picture I could love,
And after you died
I threw it in the dumpster.

I may have even torn it
With my own hands
In order to experience the gash.

I felt joy when I destroyed it,
Like I was redeeming something
I had lost.

I am sorry
It had to be so ugly,
I hope you can forgive.

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I held you dear

I held you dear
Like a soldier holds his gun
The bayonet
Bone thick and bloody.

I can't count on the peace
So I've decided to go
Like an animal
Too tired of his owner.

My will is weak
But I dress you in widow's clothes
And prop you up.

My dream was to one day have it all,
You and myself
But the casket was too heavy
To carry alone.

My death will be simple
I ask no penance
Or forgiveness.

Just kiss me
Before I go.