

## Wilderness House Literary Review 7/4

*Christine Youn*

### **A Bite of Humble Pie**

Sweet, salty, and savory smell of roasted almonds,  
heightening the sense of every taste bud of the tongue.

Calming energy from the extra thirty minutes of sleep,  
gently flowing into the body like seawater of a rising tide.

Warming sunlight radiating through the piercing frosty air,  
Loosening each strand of muscle constricted from the cold.

Little pleasures of a day  
often overlooked. Unnoticed  
by the eyes of unhappy ingrates  
consumed by "first world problems"-

Muttering why the lunch menu never has real meat,  
while the Others wonder when they will be able to eat again.  
Wishing for a 2500-square-foot house,  
when the Others wish for a roof over their head.

So full of  
"me,"  
"Me,"  
"ME,"

but so little of "them."

Maybe,  
just maybe,  
a piece of bittersweet,  
magical humble pie  
will fish us out of the pool of ingrates  
and help us open our eyes to  
blissful daily events.

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### Writer's Block

A huge solid block  
sitting in the middle of...

The disconnected TV in my head,  
Buzzing...  
distracting all my other thoughts.

Not showing anything on its screen,  
just streaks of white and black  
Flickering aimlessly and disorderly.

I can't even turn it off.  
The remote is in here somewhere...

A parasite in my head,  
inhabiting in the barrier of my consciousness.

Feeding off every word,  
every idea that comes along

before it can enter my...

I give up fighting,  
let these bugs feed on my thoughts,  
and start  
looking around,  
hoping to sight something odd  
that will create a new thinking pathway.

Sniffing like a hound dog,  
tracking for an inspiration.  
and...

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All I had to do was  
See what was in front of me.

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### Hooked

A wonderous night,  
deep, dark, and wet,  
I am searching.

Something  
that will guide me,  
lead me  
to the open waters.

Sight so miniscule,  
I see what's in front of me.  
A pink flimsy worm  
on a shiny metal hook  
squirming to be eaten.

Deep, dark, and wet  
continues behind the glistening hook.

Something to grab on to,  
in the midst of mediocrity  
of endless unclarity...

hooked.  
Guess I will never know  
the deep, dark, and wet water.