

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/4

Sy Roth
Shrouded

in his nowhere nightmare
the moon's honeyed hand
wraps its arms around his shoulders,
an unlabeled mass
huddled beneath a shroud.
id unhurriedly moves him along,
deposits him in some place,
befuddling fork in the road,
some other space to build
a stone castle, with
a moat
fill it with insatiable creatures,
surround himself with massive walls,
and battlements to rain down hell.
refuge
 to
 Nowhere.

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Bollix

It can be so simple at times
Easier to sink beneath the pile,
Feel the warmth of the mulch above
And wrest energy from inaction.

There's a synergy in
Inaction.
Poking a head above the mound
Invites an eight iron.

Bollixing it,
Cutting the skin off the bone
Revealing the pulp beneath
To tendentious middle earth.

The pile deepens
Darkness with it
An inane gesture
Of incompetence.

Corpus delicti pledged
To safety.
Hibernation until the sun heats
The earth.

Bungling's for others
Those who dig being dug.