

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

*Lyn Lifshin*  
**DRIFTING**

things I have and  
don't have  
come from this  
moving between  
people like  
smoke. I've been  
waiting the way  
milkweed I  
brought inside two  
years ago stays  
suspended, hair in the  
wind it seems to  
float, even its  
black seeds don't  
pull it down  
tho you don't under  
stand how any  
thing could stay  
that way  
so long

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**WHY AREOGRAMS ARE ALWAYS BLUE**

Because of the distance to you.

Because the wind fades,

dries out the verbs

until the background they've

leaned against blends

with the sky.

The blue reflects your eyes.

No, that's a lie, I don't

remember them, only the

feeling in my hands, some

thing longing, aching the

blue in my veins a fast

blue burning barriers

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NOT QUITE SPRING

*Baby, you know I get high  
on you, come back with me  
whispering in her ear.  
It was all she could do to say  
no, spring leaves budding,  
his hand on her breast,  
crocus smell and  
everything unfolding.  
She gasping I want, I  
would but instead hurrying  
back to the windowless room  
where she locks the heavy door.  
Lemons are rotting on her pillow,  
she studies her nipples,  
nyloned crotch in mirror  
then hugs her huge body to sleep*

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CAT CALLAHAN

being fat until  
that spring, I still  
felt fat on Main St  
in my town but

not when the science  
fair went north,  
Burlington for 3 days,  
I met the kind of

long haired boy I  
hadn't. The photograph  
with my eyes huge,  
how the cop downstairs

groaned when he screamed  
in with that Ford.  
Relatives squirmed at  
his name. By June I

unbuttoned my sweater,  
wriggling in a back  
seat near Champlain  
*Al Martino's Oh My Love*

*I've hungered for so,*  
the pink check dress  
wrinkling a long time  
as things inside  
unchained were saying  
*yes, yes* tho I didn't