

**Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1**

*Martin Willitts, Jr.*

**What They Avoid Seeing**

The pulse of cars,  
the clear-eyed drivers  
steer clear  
of this place  
where nothing good happens  
frequently  
where things go  
to disappear —

you can sense no good  
if you know what to look for

dumb luck  
or grace  
ground into powder

the ironic sweat

breams of snow  
louder  
not speaking  
in the wordless —

strands of silence,  
early warnings

tomorrow will pass too

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### What They Do Not Know

What they do not know  
is what disappears  
can reappear.

The Others  
swirl from below.

What speaks?  
What whispers?  
Birds of cold reckoning.

What was invisible,  
ignored,  
is not hidden  
anymore.

There are voices  
in the held-back silence —  
a rapture of birds  
released  
after a long flood.

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### Gardening

I had forgotten where I was  
pulling darkness out  
from the nothing  
planting silence  
forgetting how to speak  
the strangeness of tongue  
not recognizing my name  
being called among the grubs  
hydrangeas thyme  
miniature yellow roses  
Japanese beetle eating vortexes  
a voice calling  
come in  
fragile tomato plants  
hardened by taking in and outside  
longer and longer periods  
to know cold  
terminal sun  
know what I was forgetting  
my name  
falling on deaf ears  
called insistent hours  
in a loss so deep  
it was dirty cheap  
knees no longer flexible  
in a struggle to get up  
holding onto a ladder of air  
listening to the side  
tongue lapping  
a sad sail without wind  
not knowing command of bones  
or language  
closer to death than need be

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and if I was to let go  
like a seed dropping into open soil  
it would be alright because  
I have forgotten who I am  
why my hands are dirt  
a distant voice calling, insistently.

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### A Message

*Channeling is when a separate intelligence enters the mind and or body of a psychic and then uses that body/mind to communicate messages directly to another person.*

A stranger said, "I have a message for you from your wife."  
The grieving husband retorted, "That is not possible."  
"It is. I am here to tell you that, and deliver a message,"  
insisted the stranger who seemed to have a blur aura.

But the husband was the kind of non-believer  
always needing empirical proof,  
beyond a-shadow-of-doubt evidence,  
undisputable hard cold facts, visible and indisputable  
logical things he could actually lay his hands on.

"She says that you build model ships in a bottle.  
How else would I know that? And you refuse to wear  
the slippers she got for you  
although you love her too much to give them away."

There are times when you need to enter a trust —  
he was not ready to make that leap-of-faith.  
"What is your scam?" His arms were a drawbridge of pain.

"She warned me that you were like this."

Some deep sighs tell more than a face ever can.  
But this stranger was compelled. There is a love  
greater than resistance, which speaks truth to life.

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“There is no cost — but some things  
that are free, like love, come with pain.”

The stranger’s eyes were strange, misplaced,  
seeing the somewhere-else.

“She will walk with you as long as you need —  
but I am saying the hard part is letting go  
so she can go on.”

Some stories halt this abruptly.

Some continue anyway.

Sometimes love works in its own mysterious timeframe.

Sometimes holding light in your hands is easier  
than believing in something profound.

A channel is always an otherworldly connection.

Instructions from another Place, another Time

Everything moves at its own tenuous pace —  
what seems arbitrary  
is planned.

It’s not stopping you; it’s inviting you.

Disbelieve if you insist — you will see what matters.

There are some things worth slowing down to see.

\*

There is a deep place that speaks about silence  
in a voice within, from the center of everything —  
when it reaches, it finds the core and fills it  
with a light no one can see, but feel.

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People search for this solitude  
that leads to that cliff of discovery and over.

This is not normal quenching of thirst.  
This is not a place you can visit easily.  
It is hard work. You must travel nowhere  
to get inside.

Many never go far enough to get this far.  
When they do, fewer still will understand —  
those that do, will burn intensely.

This will not be some common flame;  
this will be a drenching.

\*

The cabin had an awakening. It knew its purpose,  
lifted off the foundation, and headed towards light  
performing its final aria before leaping into a trust.

It waited until January,  
knowing strangeness always comes for those waiting.

Hunters held their celebration, shooting at the distance.

This was nothing listed in any catalogue.  
This is what happens when someone had been praying inside.  
This is what happens when they left too soon, missing this.