

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

Savannah Grant

Precipice

Suddenly
brought back winter years ago,
only remember snow through windows.

Silence festered between us,
always left without a word;
what if your thoughts
were not as crowded as mine;

too early the smell of December
infiltrates—

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

October

I.

colder than I have ever been
and I do not understand your eyes on me,
first one to remind me of forever.

II.

I promise you every today
but all the tomorrows are mine.

III.

here I am already crushed,
fine on my own.

IV.

afraid to sleep
because I will have to wake up and

I am stuck somewhere else.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

Attempt

Tried to travel today:

camera, food, keys,
sketchbook and pen,
photography articles because
I had work left from Saturday.

Surprised anyone else was awake
so early on a Sunday.
Woke up scared.

Too bad; autumn leaves falling
as in October, drifting across the bus stop
are no comfort.
Crows do not leave me haunted
as they should.

Walked back before the bus even arrived,
only so much bravery
I can spare.

I almost walked over a wasp's nest and
how I've grown to hate that place:

The wind blows cold on the dock;
so sorry.