

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

A.J. Huffman
The Other Wind

blows from the inside, has nowhere
to dissipate, rages like hurricane's ghost.
Wailing rises through my dreams,
prying my eyes open, forcing in the night.
I pretend lashes are lips, drink in the chilling
calm of moon-filled sky, pray it passes
through like a glacier, half-hidden,
numbing everything it touches.

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Ethereal Construction

My mind builds cities out of stars,
inhabits their corners like lost
astronauts, clinging to gravity.
One giant step breeds catastrophe,
unintentional leap off the edge
of a world I know nothing about.
Darkness erupts, an external migraine.
I am banging my head against the sky.
Neither of us crack, just bruise
each other's skin, reflecting nothing
but the limitless possibilities of pain.

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Eclipsed

The moon is sterling
ring embracing imposed absence.
I long to dive into this temporary
hollow, echo like the voice of a god,
let the lunar light be reborn around me,
embedding me like a stone. Immersed,
I will calcify, fortify, fester
like a pearl.

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Storm Clouds Descend

on vicious wings. These carrion clouds assail.
Limbs and leaves become scavenged prey
to their wind. Beaks of lightning devour distant
points, strike fire to dehydrated carcass of field.
The burn becomes beacon, calling the like-minded
rain. A flurry of side-winding bullets responds,
batter shuttered panes. I huddle deeper into my down
comforter, wait for feral flock to move on.