

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

April Salzano

Touching Memory

Tangible as truth, subjective.

A fallible fallacy, twisted.

A recreation at best, and just
as backwards as mirrored misperception.

Efficacy. Such moments, necessary
attempts at preservation of something
past. In a space where everything and nothing
beg for grasping, a collage
of snapshots, shifting, blur
at the edges before fading, fall
into and beyond fingertips' reach.

Black and white stillbirths,
fragments of falsehood preserved.

We will become strangers
to our children when they find us
trapped among pressed pages.

They will hold our eyes
to the light and call us
by the wrong names.

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Pathetic Fallacy

I am so cold inside, I have made it snow,
large, pretentious flake, falling accumulation.
And so it rains when I cry, the fat drops
of my tears landing on sidewalks in tie-dye
patterns, ink blots ripe with interpretation.
The clouds of my confusion shift,
cumulus-heavy, slow. My sky
contains a history, blue banter
streaked with white. The darkening is
inevitable as night stumbles onto my horizon,
carrying its freight of stars and mascara-lashed
eyes. Morning will break again
and resurrect me from my shallow pit,
redeeming rays that only appear
to offer warmth.

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With Fountain

water over my head, I am in the middle
of a busy shopping centre, not having
at least twice not considered not taking
the money from this public wishing well.

I swim the shallows, diving into the wreck,
life, mind, outlook.

Handful of copper, the silver slides by in current
created by a filtration system of some sort.

It is the only explanation for this cement bath
not overflowing. I locate the plug
seconds too late. I am not drowning, dammit,
I am waving. Someone in the café
must have dialed 911
and made a cop come.