

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

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WE ARE ARROWS #58

Tug of
passion, the
peace has
given us the
elbow room to
want so badly
we would war
for
completion.

 We are
predictable
animals. We
are never cold
for long.

 Sometimes
, our lust
comes dipped
in blood, and
that warmth
comes with
many names.

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WE ARE ARROWS #59

Burnished air,
measured for a
thick suit of
humanity, our
strangeness
and the height
of our
strangeness
are quickly
becoming the
same thing.

 We can
fly. We don't
always land
where we
should.

 We can
fly. We
don't know yet
how to land in
a field the
way a ghost
does.

 We can
fly. The
cracked slate
has kept track
of our violent
landings.

 We can
fly. The
memories of
that flight
are kept by
everything.

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WE ARE ARROWS #60

Enormous
black, a
clearing at
night can
become a great
longing, free
of all fear,
if you know
how comforting
one fire can
become.

 The
eventual truth
will look like
fireworks.