

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

Holly Day **Fragments**

I'm a fool and there's no
getting back all the things I have lost. No use crying
for the little pieces, all the bits that
made up what I once was, a
lie destined to disintegrate

under scrutiny. Somewhere
out there is a man
rewriting my history

and this time, he's promised
to make me interesting. Not even
oncoming traffic stops for me now, I
have grown so invisible
nondescript, destined

to be forgotten. My
new identity will belong to
someone more dynamic
headline-grabbing, genius, but for now I must sit
patient with the person I
am now. Even a

fool can learn to love
peace of mind
the quiet peace of real things
the pace of reality. Oh,
I am.

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The Very Last Drop

on the last day, when the world finally ends, I hope
I'm sitting in my car, driving somewhere nice, thoughts of the day ahead
filling my head with anticipatory joy. I hope my favorite song
is playing on the radio, and I hope that I have just enough time to sing along
all the way to the end of the song.

if the world was to truly end on a perfect note, then I
would have a cup of coffee by my side
hot but not too hot, and just enough to last until the very

last second. I don't really care how it all ends,

so long as I don't know it's coming, so long as
I don't have to think about it, have to prepare for it, have to dread it
in any way. I don't want to live through
global starvation, a prolonged, senseless war, weeks of
television shows featuring children dying somewhere else.
I want the end

to be something nobody saw coming but the sandwich-board
prophets, standing crazy on street corners, waving their dirty fists
up at the sky as if at
some god up there

was glaring down at the earth, making maniacal plans

to destroy everybody and everything we've taken so comfortably for granted.

I

want to end up like those mammoths dug out of rock ice in Russia
found completely intact, flash frozen, with food still in their mouths
caught by disaster in mid-chew, mid-thought
completely surprised.

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Breaking Free

it's not much, but it is green. I dig at the snow
with my bare hands, shredding my fingertips in
an attempt to see more of the tiny plant. emerald tendrils
lie coiled beneath the frozen soil, ready
to burst out of the earth to welcome the springtime sunshine.
spring. it seems so long since I've smelled flowers, felt
warm running water, heard robins sing.
this tiny broad-leafed plant is a reminder
that seasons do change, that the ground won't be covered with snow
for much longer. I

rebury the tiny plant with the faded brown foliage of last
year's garden, see dried, spiky seedheads of flowers mixed in with the wilted
leaves. it's not much, but it's a happy reminder of sunny days
warm nights
it means that it's almost all over
the snow, the cold, the need to cover my bare skin
with thick socks, winter boots
bulky coats, hats, gloves, scarves—this little plant means
I can put them all away.

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Haunting

I close my eyes and pretend
that you're not in my
head, that when I close my
eyes I don't still see you. I close
my ears and pretend that
I don't recognize your
voice, that I don't remember
how
your breath

sounds when you sleep, that I don't remember
you. somehow you
got inside me and
I can't shake you
loose. somehow I have to find
some way to purify

myself of all the things
you put inside of
me. our last conversation
still floats through my dreams,
the cold creep of certainty
I felt when I knew it would be

our last, our last moments
as a couple. I could
see you pulling away
from me, even then, as
if in a dream, a
horrible dream, long
before you told me
you were leaving,

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felt it as certain
as a door closing
between us.

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January

the house floats like a ship on a wide
open sea, buffeted by waves of unbroken
white snow. we imagine
there are wolves
hiding in the distant woods, eagles
in the trees, little brown field mice
curled around the roots of buried corn.

we imagine we belong here, too
that our house and our boots are as much
a part of this wilderness as jack pines
and sparrows. inside our little house
a fire blazes warm as springtime
melting the snow from our unobtrusive feet.