

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

JD DeHart
Red Dot Special

He has carried guilts
I cannot even know about
Participates in small acts of grace
His dad bought a plastic canteen
Kid never had to heart to say:

"It's not the gift for me"

A series of small red marks
Form splotches: he slept in a van
Woke up with their eruption

"Going to have those checked out?"
"Yeah, can't wait to see what they are."

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Ist and Ism

We have gathered around
 the spectacle
Watching a mouth carefully
As it forms the words
Peels back lips like rotten fruit skin
I know it is a father's voice speaking
Out of his son like a puppet
 The voice is booming
Propping him up on a pile of refuse
Condemning people he does not know
(He does not care to know)
Contented in a blanket of ignorance
Shrouded in a robe of ugliness.

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Rhubarb

Growing in long fingers
Of bruise purple and livid green
Boiled, reduced into bands
Like the strings of beans
My mother's job was the kitchen
Dad listened to trains all day
My occupation was playing in trees
Lining up old cinder blocks
Hitting tree stumps with a mower.