

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

Kobina Wright

The Blonde Noticed

The Blonde rang in behind
me in line as we shuffled a foot at
a time trained to buy a
lifestyle one over-priced cup
at a time. The bathroom reflection was
better than my house.

A few stalled seconds to appear
purposeful and clever.

The Blonde must have been
waiting. When did you cut it?
She wouldn't allow the answer

recounting her thought process when
she recognized me up until this
moment. I opened and closed
my mouth like a bass. She was
a nervous motor. Three months I
interrupted. My latte would arrive soon
and someone needed to harness
the rambling. I'm so used to seeing
you with long hair every time I
come in here. I had no idea
who she was. Is it easier to manage?
No, harder. Well it looks great.
My order shouted, I left.
No sugar or goodbye.

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The Glass on the Ink Left

The mug ferreted refuge for two days
on the dresser that crouches in the
shadow. It's glass and the gold
advertisement is fading. It takes concentration
to make out the phone number. I
should have put it away yesterday.

The painters stopped signing their names with
paint bat's blood mother of pearl markers
ink white wax pigmented oil charcoal pastels
chalk plant seed mud from abandoned grave
yards. With strands of their own coding
they left imprints pulsating to identify them
once they're unable to claim their work.

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The Observer State

I like watching you when you're zoning.
I've studied your topography,
clairvoyance wrapped and kept informed.

Every move looks rehearsed
even hopping around the house on one leg
a scene from Don Quixote keeping music time
you know, tick, tick, tick, tick; a metronome.

You paused to notice.
It startled me
and for the first time I thought,
how could one as beautiful as you
ever be dismal in a fractured beam of light?

Seems like a waste
I almost said it out loud but I caught myself
and wasn't sure if it mattered.
I didn't know if you could read my mind.
So I asked you.

You know how to read minds?
You shouldn't laugh at me.
A quizzical head tilt.
*About as well as you -
why, you thinking things you have
no business thinking?*