

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

*Lawrence Benjamin Aaron Reeder IV*  
**husbands**

we lighthouse        we learn to twist our  
own hair into split rope  
crosshair our swollen eden while  
teeth click to the fern  
green        pushing        through sewers  
green tickles the hair follicles of mothers

of daughters  
who make rust in taxi cabs now, we were  
too busy to notice

our gold bands shy to iron in the brink  
of him who flicks the rope.

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### now exit the subway tunnel

a newspaper dispenser's been melted open.  
sparrows claim the green body that

weeds out from concrete slabs,  
joined by blackened chewing gum fallen

from the high balconies, like the jewels of a crown

follow the crown down  
across the red brick skirt, out

crawls the clam shell of a hand  
the sparrows have long since peeled the skin,

from the wrist I take the hand, written on  
the palm is a message, "If the grass grows

through my skin, I will move again."

I put the hand in my pocket.

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### breathe

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watch like the single drop-  
let of water            in a great lake    watches  
the rolled up clouds hang  
their heavy coats,  
calling up other drops  
from rooftops; offering a hand to  
some caught in a kitchen sink.  
clouds sponge through apartment windows,  
their cold breath freezes a spring day in a park,  
crystalizes the sight of bare skin  
    collected in the ripple of eyes  
through wicker basket weaving, each dropl-  
et    scatters across some land,  
stopping delivery trucks

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    from our window painted shut I see him  
he breathes  
struggling breath into yellow  
singed hands, inhaling lantern  
oil fumes is the exchange needed. I watch  
his tiptoeing fingers,  
    scurry the wall hook screwed into ex-  
posed frame,            I watch the faint snap of  
fingers wring flame into a lantern,  
rats now find home in the news-  
paper shingles falling under an aged single story,  
    I chip away the paint of my stuck  
window,    send my warm breath over to him,  
months ago this had no value.

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shoreline sand begins as marble                      cracked,  
    his toe led step like water,  
whispers  
into the fragile fissures.    hands bowled and  
scooping the broken pieces of marble— down  
the beach are other bowls of sea,  
a sardine dies jumping from one  
    to the next and starfish collect upside down,  
gripping the tide.  
    he stops to admire the moon's cheeks,  
sighs and walks in-  
to folding waves of air