

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

Susan Lewis

Dear Dear,

you construct,
caught in the

proverbial headlights.
Machinated like fruit

in sweetly lost.
Worry not,

wont not.
Unbend your lap of

luxury & welcome
home your loyal

servitude. As in
dog slave the

queen. As in
make glove not

lore. As in
legislate an end

to this confusual.
Annunciate; rise;

repeat. Lean,
you'll lessen in

the cool glower
of repair at once

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aught & nought—
(hurry up please,

it's time)

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Dear Random Object

of my earnest
attention

(insert name here)
(or any notion)

(until some other,
if not you)

(no more or
less unlikely)

(coincident, down to
the roots)

(impostor cause—)
amassing gravitas

like heavy water
with the power

to split
& burn—

until the
random moment

(both unlikely
& absolute)

when the clouds
shift & the

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low sun's
inconstant rays

sample & abandon
glass panes,

branches,
glinting waves

— & you
feel important

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Dear Tomorrow,

1.

please receive this
missive as if

well-bred by
yesterday,

no taint of
arriviste.

As a matter
of fact

might or might
not (inaudible).

Else sprung from
the mind of

another mind's
babe.

(In arms).
(In the woods).

By the time
you read this

(merely prospective.)
What I mean

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to say is
whatever it is

I might or
might not

(elusive as your
endless recess)

getting away with
getting away

until or
without—

2.

locked as ever
in this molecular

rave.
Pummeled by

the weighty unseen,
damaged by

deprivation & delight.
While you wave

your dread come-hither
to the chance of

sugar, definitive
demise—

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3.

mash us,
move us through

the passage from
here to internity—

calling on the
better angels of

our second nature,
no more natural

than death as
challenge inevitable

to meet,
impossible to beat—

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Dear Subjectivity

1.

Under the weeping
shadow of the

anvil cloud
we creatures

(hotly charged
as gypsy electrons)

hoard our particular
venom & seek

suicide paths of
least resistance.

2.

If every life is
governed then might

all have mind?
A question of

scale & sensitivity.
In the busy din of

existence who can
not be deaf?

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3.

while mammon works
its selfish gene.

As if any life
could be won.

4.

Without you (ungod)
we are nothing

& never without you
until nothing we are.

Consider in the distance.
Consider in the future.

You give us voice
& deafen us.

Bear our language
&