

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

*Michael Cooper*

### **ring of black and white wonderhunger**

*(lines composed after viewing "Wasting My Young Years" by London Grammar)*

—the ring of pinholes reached out with narrow eyes pryed—licked  
every member of the band—her voice came through the tiny speakers

each a mouth consumes the room canines slowly gnaw at the ear we pair  
off and head into separate soul cages—this unbearable

we float off the floor in illusion try to look peaceful and null  
some, we hold on to the glitter wave please don't go

because they will

all stand expectantly around us cobalt shalting rays  
from the back of our—head, we hunched over and crouched, crowning!

and there it is                    o golden egg! They began to throttle-throw  
and beat us    with the roots the potatoes they refused to let we eat.

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### You made us coffee with honey

once, amber pouring from  
your lips. Love you is 51 and a half pairs of  
*running* shoes in a round  
plastic laundry bin plastic—like  
the corner of my grey breadpudding cell  
*purple* I hear you behind the door listening to me  
write droplet letters to the  
*orchid* they tug their long beards, they drink  
*they lay down* among the crumbs on the countertop I  
sat in a park once with your vase  
for four hours, so Easter bloom  
*would not* smell of mother's smoke.  
*Purple* My father taught me the best way  
To say I love you is to never say  
*My father said* I love you  
elaborate excuses. Protect  
the attacker. Grandma jealous  
*mirror* of mother's "seduction." Her back to the *rorrim*  
What everyone knows is that I  
*I am* unlovable. Shave the side of my *ma I*  
head maybe I thought you would notice I  
drove 2 hours to give you chocolate  
and port to cure unbearable witnesses  
*I am unlovable*, I would have done *nod evah dlou nu ma I*  
*Og tel, gnihtyna* I would have done *anything, let go*  
*I am unlovable* 7 am. Scoop 6 inches of snow off the wind  
shield bare handed to get to her *practice*

Mom worked 13 hour days her  
Boss flipping up skirts—she chain smoked  
dad throws away her dinner—no one will  
ever hire you—I didn't *understand*  
the timeline for all relationships winds

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down to zero.    *The airsock*  
*directionless*  
*unfilled flight*  
*god help you*  
                  when he switched  
to the buckle side  
  of his belt

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### Journey from her living room to the kitchen

Laplocked in my recliner under the marbled cat—digs claws through my nightgown—tells me to go play in traffic that I am beer goggled bowlegged fat an unstrung tennis racket of a companion—or would if he could so I push Cuddle Bear off couch twice as he bites my ankle little bastard. Muffled sobs paley the kitchen tile. *Keep quiet Dale. Eggs &*

milk & hairnets: we understand useless wind like chimney flues push patterns in the ash with stinky fore and middle fingers. I dream of spontaneous combustion a wick in Dale's chair where the television spat I sat enriched eating a mixing bowl full of Rice Kris

pies or Chinese the furball erupts from blown red brick cough—all over the kitchen now wet vinyl floors. The vacuum snickers. I leave Howl TV on for the comfort of the too loud voices and drag myself into the kitchen I pick up the phone and cuss out the dial tone its cord settles between too lumptious breasts. I still got it. Lean on a counter smoking.

The neurosis outside the window pendulates like bull's balls in the sky—I will never go out there again pop tab the best part about American beer is you can drink it all day not drunk Cuddle Bear emits the universal please don't please do fuck me catalog

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arm—or is it feed me asshole—you can hear him just over the shooting going on in the living room pop tab scoop out a ½ can of Seafood Surprise with a knife and dump it

into a cat dish place on the floor next to the body of my ex-husband handcuffed to my ankle. *If only I were this lucky.*