

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

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After Contemplating Divorce

What else could I do alone
in a world full of mirrors,
having nothing but my own
reflection to compete with
but remain right here—
can't you remember,
or are you trying to forget
the ways we tried to make it
up that mountain, dead turns
at midnight, falling behind
other things you couldn't love,
but the night loving me,
the eventual moonlight
showing me every way home.

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Genesis

Let's shed our clothes
again and dive into
the ocean—grow out-
ward, wet the ghostly
fingers of our tailbones,
leave it all behind.

Daddy Isn't Christ, Won't Ever Be

so I learned to memorize his smile,
the way his hands felt when my own
were locked tight inside, and as they
changed, the memories grew darker,
fading rich, vivid to red antique leaves
burning brightly, brown eyes straining
to see the bloom of a little girl's face
blooming a woman, my body, limbs
like gray branches stretching toward
brilliant black skies, hoisting the moon's
liquid body further into the night.
I see him, as he is, standing still, stand-
still, still, I wish. That changes everything.