

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

*Chris Suda*

### **Sunday, and Lampposts are Frozen**

While the future's black whiskers sweep our necks,  
    a shy creep of fog  
trips into each nest of flood grass, and down  
    the pike  
rust blooms against the soil's iron spine. Cave swallows  
    footstep gusts  
above us, if only to stretch grass over the tarmac between  
    their wings  
like the foiled image of misfolded robes--  
    my boyhood began lapping me again.  
At sixteen I was telling God to give me  
    back my wallet. I Breathed steam  
into the grass—brother told me to come inside, and  
    the ruin-fields fell  
quiet; bruises in the sky healed and the land caught  
    fire as  
the evening sulked in. The next morning, watermarked  
    stone beneath  
the rippled lines of marsh water lent my reflection  
    back to me;  
the relief of the land rising and drowning behind me.  
    Did the  
cave swallow notice me fall to knees in careful  
    if not perfect  
knots? *Where I am now is where I was then—*  
    budding with the ruins.

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