

**Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4**

*Coty Poynter*  
**off to an early grave**

women are scoundrels.

they are no good  
drug dealers  
who deal the best drugs  
and us men,  
we get hooked on it  
in a heartbeat.

they are swindlers  
sweet talking their way  
into  
or  
out of  
any situation.

they are devils  
who experiment  
with hearts  
and play with  
man parts  
thinking that nothing will  
come of it  
when men  
are nothing,  
but  
fluff and bone.

we are gentle creatures  
who crave sex,  
but give us a good woman  
and things will be different.

**Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4**

unless,  
of course,  
that man is not sensible  
or is too sensible  
then he'll never get a  
truly good women.

I know I won't.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

**the necessity of solitude**

I sit down  
with the pre-determined  
notion  
that I'm going to take  
my time  
with this one.  
I'm going to relax,  
think a bit,  
read a bit,  
write a bit.  
this is my time  
to devour the  
solitude,  
the loneliness I  
so dearly miss.  
just as I sit  
there is a banging  
on the door  
while the other side  
demands I hurry,  
demands I rush.  
inconsiderate bastard,  
doesn't he know  
that all men  
need time  
such as this  
to survive.  
with the solitude  
shattered,  
I wipe and flush  
without even  
starting  
a thought,

**Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4**

flipping  
a page,  
marking  
the pulp.

**Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4**

**eccentric lady, where are you now?**

gypsy babe  
with the high-arching brows  
sweet lips,  
lush and red,  
with mesmerizing eyes.  
a voice of silvery passion,  
skin like the warm earth  
you traverse.  
obsidian hair,  
a strong gaze,  
and an ass to match  
your beautiful soul,  
perfectly shaped  
as you paint the  
abstract  
bright colors on the stretched  
canvas  
that is projected from  
your soul.  
I'm drawn to you.

we pass by,  
exchanging glances  
of steamy passion.  
the fire has been lit within  
and you're quick to set  
your trap  
to catch  
this novice traveler;  
whispering sweet words  
into the wind  
so that they drift to my  
ear.

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

our lips draw near,  
like the hummingbird  
and the flower,  
it feeds from it  
glupping down its sweet  
nectar.

our tongues dance around  
one another,  
waltzing,  
tangoing,  
performing Swan Lake.  
smoothly we slide,  
exchanging clothes,  
separating from reality  
creating our own.  
Just you, gypsy, and  
I.

this mysterious woman  
with abstract thoughts  
and a peasants wardrobe,  
but a starlet's looks.  
I awake  
to naked bodies entwined,  
almost one.  
smiling lips land on her  
forehead,  
this heathens kiss plants  
as I hold her tightly  
within the safety of my arms,  
protecting her from the world around us,  
wishing we could return to our realm  
where time couldn't separate  
us.

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

### rant

these overwhelming emotions  
just keep on floating  
in the motion  
of the movement;  
we take to drive.  
inside we all thrive  
on that desire,  
a fire that burns  
to create  
and emancipate us all  
from the falling world  
that surrounds us in a sorrow  
so deep that the walk to freedom  
is becoming narrow  
so keep hope alive  
and let dreams  
drive you to where  
you want to be  
even if it leaves you gaunt  
and broken,  
you'll still leave this place  
with a token of appreciation  
for this land of asphyxiation:  
destroying aspirations within  
us.

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

just put the pen to paper  
and let the soul leak  
from the weakness  
to prove a point  
that we all may be broken  
but we will conjoin  
we will unite  
to rebel  
and repel  
these sinners  
even if  
we aren't saints.



## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

the winter walk

hand in hand  
they walk down  
the narrow street.

visibly breathing  
the winters  
harsh air.

as they march forth  
words began to seep  
from the mans mouth.

she halts,  
he halts, unwillingly,  
then there was silence.

the howling wind  
filled the silence  
while the heavy snow  
formed a curtain between  
them.

the tears froze  
before hitting  
the ground.

**Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4**

**the mourning**

rain tumbles from  
the sky  
as we lay here  
entwined.

we're like the  
vines,  
becoming one  
over time.

lips growing wet  
with lust  
and I want to whisper  
words of love.

I can't speak those  
words,  
I'm no good with those  
words.

I'm no good for those  
words,  
I'm no good for  
you.

these words I so badly  
want to whisper,  
they show affection  
and endearment.

they simply won't  
leave my tongue,  
so instead I wrap  
you tightly.

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

left arm pulling you  
closer,  
right arm locking you  
in.

I brush my unshaven  
face  
against your milky  
skin.

I lay lips lightly upon  
your forehead  
and draw back to gaze  
into your deep blues.

I was happy,  
you were happy,  
but now it's as if  
happiness didn't matter.

we are no longer one.

we are no longer together.

I am no longer happy.

the vines have been cut  
down  
before they could grow  
into something beautiful.

I miss the lace.

I miss that face.

**Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4**

I miss the morning air  
that surrounded you.