

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

Savannah Grant
Shards II

(the wind is wailing tonight)

dreamed of the deepest
 clearest waters
 and I was not drowning

dreams of yellow,
 and the shadows and silence are the same

dream 4
 it is only May
 but the leaves are already turning

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Nothing

sweat bees swarm where I walk;
plagued by a vague terror,
a thought I cannot grasp:
causes chaos and taunts me.

one day out of thousands
(they add up)

untitled IV

a scream in my throat like bile
looking out from under leaves
I see wind and haze,
raging waves, humidity
and reminders of
despair I was hiding from

running
down to the dock
listening to that song, the one
that reminds me of the cabin,
swing, river, waterfall,
places I wanted to show
someone special as you were

scraping down a gravel hill,
hazy and humid and
feeling like something will break,
pink sky and wind
ruffling the lake,
the dock is new and white and wrong
and summer is coming, I
want water under me forever

wanting to be
before anything was named, back
to the river full of nameless gods

afraid of wreckage, think
about remembering someone else
I only know because of memories;
things are not the same,
abandoned

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10pm

I sat at my desk with the light
and a candle,
burned scraps of paper
and watched black edges curl;
red snake of ember crept closer
to my fingers until it burned out.
Nine times and another:
this one I let burn on the floor.

I left the ashes on the desk and
crushed them into the floor.
My hands were black.
I wanted to leave a handprint somewhere
to remind myself but it would not
leave my skin.

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Venus

a planet:
not Saturn.

(I am sorry I am always so wrong)

the moon:
sickly and heavy yellow,
larger on the horizon,

no,

now is only an illusion.