

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

Chris Crittenden

Post Feast

life was calm before computers,
and for a while it was you and me.
but love went pixel,
and soon wedded the internet.

anyone could flirt anywhere. then everyone
could see everywhere,
all the time.

and it was fast,
blitz of pecks and fames.
to excel was to chat up numbers
on scores of social media pages.

it was a many-ankled shackle,
worse than Cerberus on a leash.
cities of human hamsters,
spinning in a single wheel.

viral blips brought giant crashes.
flash mobs and icon-logos
stormed a billion brains.

we were amoebas
in coaxial arteries,
addicted to trends.

we represented flesh,
but our embassies drifted off,
ceased to hold anything but lumens,
an empty dance of cups.

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Last Impressions of Some Clerk

a barrel of white shirts
over the yes-yes cliff,
Firefox on their backs,
a stressed funless ride
through banal dollar signs,
the fasces of which chisel at life--
to fashion hemorrhoids, ulcers,
cancer.

office
eyes like cueballs
that angle for bumper shots.
but the green isn't velvet
unless you're boxed up
and headed for the tomb,
no longer (for once) jockeying for an egg nest.
but you have lost the game
and you had thirty years back,
before your sudden cyst,
before your gallows tumor-humor--
before, even, the slow noose
of alco-tobacco-hol.

kind of odd how you
are sort of old in an
i-see-you bed, still fixated
on insurance, and the numbers
in the measurements of the nurses.
what about that dream
that won't come around again because
the game is through? and yet the game
outlives us all,
and so--

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Burn Victim

clothes gone in a flash,
swarmed, gnawed,
left a pharaoh swaddled in char,
crispy curse.

doct-ographers map pores,
gyres of red pus,
syringes like sextants
over uncharted cavities,
battling to inject

serene.

but the itch
of the frustrated Scythe reigns,
Death who lunged and swung,
sure in strength, and yet somehow
failed,

left an anomalous life,
creature in an eyeball,
white island sand
lapped by seconds

as it stares out at latex
on the wall.