

**Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1**

*Dennis Herrell*

**Another Day**

She must go to grocery today.

Tea chicken

matzo and a

bit of caution

to avoid what happened yesterday

walking to synagogue.

Another car bomb

two children

mothers

mothers with no babies in their arms.

But she must go out again today,

perhaps a different street

and keep a careful eye,

for she has family to care for

and must prepare the evening meal.

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### I Love It (I Think)

I love it when  
women  
enter with that look  
in their eyes.  
They're hawks

and men are the bunnies  
hypnotized by hard eyes glittering  
at us and through us  
exposing  
our soft everythings nurtured

by living  
with mothers & sisters  
& aunties  
all setting us up for the final kill  
and I love it.

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### Nuptial

Her clock was ticking,  
thirty-four years louder.  
She should vow her love for him  
and she did say it;  
mean it was another matter  
and not related to the proposal.  
As long as there was love from him,  
mean it was another matter.

He was okay. A bit  
on the side of average,  
but she would carry their genes  
up a couple of steps so her kids  
will look good and be bright enough  
to get most of their lives right.  
She could live with good and stable  
with kids to love, really love.

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**Pardon me,**

but  
have you seen my  
druthers?

One looks like a dirty sneaker  
that couldn't jump high enough.  
Another is a cheerleader  
who married my best friend  
and lived happily ever and after.

There's a certain stock  
dying with a nasty gasp on the trading floor.  
Look for a sky blue BMW  
valet parked - that should be mine- at the Ritz.  
I haven't even mentioned

the cashmere sportcoat,  
Italian leather,  
Rolex, and the perfect martini.  
At this point,  
I would settle for a good chicken-fried steak.