

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

JD DeHart
Nebula

A burst of photons arranged in blinking order
In the otherwise blank expanse of a weekday
A shower of crystal forms while the mundane
Creates a beige blank canvas

The world comes out of her mouth
Riding on the back of her language
Angelic and ancestral at once
Not like common speeches

A cluster of stars nearby, delicate constellation
Forming belief and mysticism
I navigate myself by her form.

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The Town Fell Down

Soon all the children leave (it is inevitable)
It is the ritual after graduation
And the residents gather to discuss
The new businesses rumored to come
Like rude guests, those shops never appear
The barber who collected bullets
Died on a Sunday (or was it Saturday)
The soda fountain is no longer in order
Along with the phrase soda fountain
Dust now collects on once busy streets
Phone calls come from that civilization
Spoken through warble and scratch.

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Invitation

(Muffled laughter)

Even when I am invited

I feel as if I am intruding

Come inside, the voice says

So...I do

All ice-skinned humanity gathers

Speaking a lot of nothing at all

With words that mean little

After a few moments, I look around

Restless

The door waits, foot tapping.