

## Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

*Matthew Hoffman*

### Poem # 1

Time seems endless and unforgiving and so we squander it like so many pennies lost within the fountains-

Wishing wells have long since dried and our shooting stars have faded in a world devoid of any light-

Ambition has been buried deep beneath the ruins of our existence

Pillars standing strong upon the crumbled castles which serve as a reminder of the kingdom that our dreams could have built-

Time is like a river, fluent and effortless-  
But we treat it like a whore in a rented room above a Spanish market-

Red lights flashing, violent screams heard then forgotten-  
Echoed so frequently in dilapidated palaces of filth and remorse which dwell and flourish in the underbelly of unrecognized aspirations-

Greed prevails like sharpened blades to severed wrists-

Fate becomes distorted-  
Raped and beaten by foolish inhibitions bred by fear-

Memories haunt the depths of our souls-  
Like vampires feeding upon the pulse of a still beating heart-

Limbs are strewn like daffodils in the blood stained fields of our adolescence-

Serpents are disguised as sheep since love was scarred and broken-  
Pieces scattered, vows unspoken-

Words, like whispers, fill the silence-  
Tears flow as promises amass within the confines of betrayal-

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Lies bloom in gardens of deception-  
Seeds of faith run rampant though we question the prophets and dispute  
their position-  
Misfortune feasts upon the remains of hope with an insatiable hunger-  
Like wild coyotes to the scraps of a carcass-

Innocence devoured

Truth awakened

Time wasted

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Poem # 2

I fear not demise into the depths of an abyss-

It's like a trend, I wear it well-

Death is my latest fashion-

A storefront mannequin on display to the masses-

Expressionless to onlookers-

I'm already forgotten, synthetic and intangible-

Lost between reason and desperation

I wander like an apparition-

As twisted as the strings of a puppet-

A marionette to most-

Manipulated by the hands of men and pawned to the highest bidder-

Upheld and maintained like a traded commodity until even the merchants  
refused my presence upon the stage of mediocrity-

Directionless and without destination-

I bore my soul to strangers but my words fell upon deaf ears-

With lips refusing to be read and eyes too blind to see my screams-

Sorrow beseeched me-

But still I waited as though a stone collecting moss-

As stoic as a martyr suffering for a sin that he himself did not commit-

I solemnly engraved the words of my epitaph until the granite ceased to  
bear any resemblance to the man I use to be-

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Statuesque and unmoving, defiant and vigilant-

Revelations disappeared into the night sky-

Stars swallowed by darkness-

A pale moon which burns brighter than any sun I've ever seen-

Shadows loom in place of the dreams which shed hope despite the fears  
which presented themselves as mere crescents-

Until they grew and expanded-

Vast and immeasurable, inflated by doubt-

Every breath I exhaled like helium to the growing tumor of my inflicted  
soul-

Life became a Cancer for which I've yet to find a cure-

Unmasked and eternal-

Endlessly consumed

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**Poem # 3**

Carried by the wind until the concrete turns to gravel-

A distant horizon where the ocean meets the sky-

Majestic and intrepid yet obscured by uncertainty-

The end is near yet I refuse to acknowledge its presence in a world where  
pendulums determine the course of our fate-

Like winding rivers which twist and turn until they reluctantly flow into  
an ocean of demise-

Swallowed by time-

Like a setting sun forced to bid farewell before our destiny is brought to  
fruition-

Dreams will dare to shine like a diamond in a coal mine until the light is  
forced to flee-

Stars dimming-

Night approaching-

Blanketed by despair and enraptured by remorse-

Like a gypsy sucking cock for gas money at a truck stop-

Legs spread wide across the dashboard of a semi trailer-

The smell of sex, blood, semen and regret-

I am a wanderer with a filthy lust-

A whore to the miles I long to travel-

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Guided by instinct in search of a vast terrain unconquered by man-

Indigenous to the crowds that align in single file-

Suits pressed, ties tightened-

Walking straight-

Eyes forward, move ahead-

Stock options, pension plans-

Creatures of habit-

Unenlightened and forced to breed-

Spread like a disease with an unwavering disdain for passion-

I walk a crooked line-

Blurred by false pretenses of a fabricated future-

Promises of grandeur - unkempt and unrivaled-

I fell victim to their prophecies until I tasted the salt of the Earth-

Absorbed into my skin-

Like tiny crystals seasoning the raw meat of my existence