

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

Russ Cope

Wrestling (1)

Mother wrestled the gun away
When I said I did not want to live
We took a long ride in the autumn country
Listening to the crash of leaves
Father hugged and sobbed when he heard
In retrospect, she did not have to work
Too hard to get that gun out of my hands.

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Wrestling (2)

You always let me win
And I know that now, dad
Even as we tumbled and I thought
I am champion, I cannot lose
The image of a forty-year-old man
His laughing five-year-old son
Rolling on the floor, imitating
The Ultimate Warrior.

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The Gospel

At its root, it is a horror story
God came to earth
Taught and loved us
So, we killed him for it
The good news is – he survived.

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The Sun Said Hello to the Moon

Father moon is calm until provoked
Hanging in the sky like a cold gonad
While mother sun blazes, never stopping
The restless foot-pattern of an erratic
Pacing the floor all day long.