

## Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2

*Cameron Mount*  
**Salt and Knives**

As these new days leaf out and you  
having said so long in well-wished  
goodbyes, I set my face to open  
expectance. Our love faded like  
the salt spray of the dawnlight,  
its branches in the cold of a February  
morning laughed away without warning.

Let me live through elevated talks  
of moving on, of finding solace in lust.  
Let me ignore the calls to fish  
in new waters. The well-meant  
admonitions claim the sun's ascendance.

Each day I fight back the urge  
to gut myself on a secret knife.

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### My hair changed colors today

Old man, I'm a lot like you.  
I keep some of the brown hair  
but only on my ass.

Don't be curious, he says.  
You won't get your answers  
even if you ask nicely.

Old man, I'm a lot like you.  
I too need a machine  
for respiration.

Don't lay down on the frost, he says.  
You don't want to give  
them any more ideas.

Old man, I'm a lot like you.  
My knees and ankles  
pop with every step.

Don't mention that you're dying, he says.  
Such suffering belongs  
only to broken hearts.

Old man, I'm a lot like you.  
Each doctor's visit  
adds a new wrinkle.

Don't worry about how long, he says.  
Time spent counting is  
time spent counting.

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### April Morning

Another hard rain falls  
from a shattered spring.

Most days warm shuddering  
wet breaths are the source  
of the shivers that keep  
our relationship together.  
But sometimes, the emptiness  
between breaths consumes  
the entire day in its wrath.

Last night we fought, but I blame  
the way we slink around the truth.  
This morning there is nothing  
except for the burns on my knuckles.