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Carol Lynn Grellas

Her Scattering of Misgivings; Why He Loved Her

Even though she never looked to the fork
in the road, her life eclipsed by a path

of one way signs long before
the moonlight ever found her face.

Even though dancing made her love
the way her body twisted up with his

yet she often craved aloneness
fearing wanting was a sin.

Even though she thought being a mother
was like playing the piano without.

knowing how, saying her life was already
full of music, all melodies exploding within.

Even though she imagined trees filled
with houses instead of birds

and sneakily tried to capture
sparrows from her bedroom window.

Even though she sang into a hollow jar
and sealed it up like Sunday's leftovers

never opening anything that couldn't
be saved beyond tomorrow.

Even though she dressed her Siamese
kitten in tiny clothes on sad afternoons

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and held a mirror up to both of them
as if a cat could see its own reflection.

Even though she was mostly
illogical, except when she wasn't.

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Beg to Differ

Let us not share the same sad stories
long forgotten in a roomful of timeworn things
when our mothers were mere acquaintances
and fathers unfaithful, before we understood

what aloneness meant. How the horror
of the unthinkable becomes more real every
hour yet the most worthy desires never come true—
how fate has found us, you and I here

together in a place of chance, this synchronic
dance of destiny. Let us never speak of lost letters
saved or scent unanswered and souvenirs
stuffed in pencil boxes bent and kept beneath

dividers like a devilish secret stored or an unproven
sin moored to our hearts forever. You have been
all that I have yearned for without ever knowing—
without lowering the nature of sacredness.

A heart dies a thousand nightly deaths..
let all tales remain unspoken, let them swell
with every breathless whisper, undying the way
a moonlit wish is endless, the way your mouth is beautiful.

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Looking Back from a Place called Here

Where once we paddled small canoes past
doorways flooded with April showers
rain glass windows wept with jasmine,

a small dog lay at my feet in the early hours
of time gone by. Nothing remains beyond
my childhood photographs of you tucked

beneath your old handbag and threadbare coats;
my closet stacked with see-through bins
where it feels like home and a place of forgotten hours

save the tiny pocket angel or copper penny
fallen between the cracks and a gathering of scraps
from another time when we sat beside the banyan tree

on a whitewashed splintered bench and dreamt
of a thousand better tomorrows.