

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2

Jennifer Lagier

You Only Hear Them Sometimes in the Night

Camille hears them
raising hell
behind the bowling alley
in the parking lot
near her apartment
night after night.
Crack whores performing
noisy blowjobs
upon drunken Johns.
Moans, beer cans
clanging into the dumpster.
Threats and yelling
during money disputes.
Alone within her bedroom,
unable to sleep,
she peeks out the window,
imagines an unavailable lover,
touches herself,
thinks of stray cats
in heat.

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Caterpillars Crawl My Walls

Camille itches,
craves touch,
rowdy afternoon sex.
Parades around
the living room
sans underwear,
curtains open,
nipples erect.
It's been months
without a man,
her skin hungry,
nerves crawling.
Wonders *why keep*
the old chassis tuned
without a partner
equally willing
to play?
She's tired
of toys, boys,
computer porn,
her own boring hand.
line: all the faces become walls

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Casanova's

Lovers discretely meet
in the Van Gogh room
which they have
all to themselves.

Ralph orders mimosas;
Camille slides a bare foot
with scarlet toenails inside
the cuff of his Dockers,
caresses his calf.

The waiter nervously
refills water glasses,
refreshes sourdough bread.

Pheromones saturate the air.
Ralph's hands are invisible,
move under the table.

Camille is wide-eyed, speechless.
He is smoldering, seductive.
She, a mesmerized moth
addicted to candles.