

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2

M. Drew Williams

The Widow

She was whistling with her naked
toes entrenched in wet soil and
sweaty hands situated at her waist

when I told her that at times
I believed it unbearable to be so
vibrantly aware of the inevitability

of loss— to doubtlessly know
beloved things will fade; leaving me
bereaved. It pays to be oblivious

to the value of such knowledge, I said.
Taking a grape from one of the few
unblighted vines in the field, with

whatever bravery was still available,
she viably explained that no one
knew of loss quite as well as she did.

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The Desert is Decidedly Quiet

It has been said that the desert is decidedly quiet;
exuding only the sound of dancing sand—
a credible testament to its desolate nature.

What attracted me was its quotability.
I valued how its vastness was so simple to recite
especially while stranded at its center

and how, if I chose to speak its words— *rueful*,
absurd—, they would so fluidly roll off my

thirsty tongue. Yet, as to not disturb the
reticent tradition of the desert, I say nothing.
It has been said that the desert is decidedly quiet.

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Clock Poem

The clock's pair of
tentacles slouch onward,
tenaciously trying

to escape the present—
tomorrow approaches
with staunch progression.

Following its cyclical
script, coaxed into servitude,

we allow it to dictate,
with absolute acuity,
the time at which we wake

and at what second
we are to say goodbye.