

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/3

Gabe Russo

There Are a Million Ways I Could Give to You

There are a million ways I could give to you:
a million ways all wrong.

With cog's dire pumps of arms up farther, hands
cup a million hands to

Jail and jigsaw you a dot of infinite
(limping off in gusts of cobweb.)

Sincere? I have no idea.
It began to stand, then stood--apart and
placed.

You give me all and nothing just the same.
A pervasive, soft scent chipping at the chrome
of night.

In such hamlet of bonded black
hollow halves of moon scoop out helpless
thoughts and drift them down

to us: the nightly bound and dreary ships of
lagged dreams hauling

their tolls back and forth, to and fro, up as
far as arms can go!
(limping off gusts of blue lips.)

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Banjos Carved from God's Trees

Delicately my dear, softly my sweet,
your steps awake the woebegone moon.
The crowded heavens' stars swore your
face upon their light, winding God's pegs
into an earthly, rooted sleep.

That country mile:
the dark mile strode of ten
past faded, moss-hung limbs
and a pendulum of owl
sat holding
up its cypress king--
a crippled skeleton
with hollowed eyes,
same as owl,
and in them
coiled most of man.

Carve His wood and slice His string.
My love came to me in dream.
Loudly, the night's locust song,
then all gives way to celestial ring.
She plays a banjo for the dying trees.

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Ballad from Mountains of Ors

A line of dancing ridges dips flatly as feet.
A sanctuary for that menacing dream,
Or dream menaced.

A ballad wrapped in true something.
A reality of tiny, strained villages propping up a mountain,
Or a mountain under me.

A hopeless whim to drain the wind.
A ragged self echoing down the hall of and,
Or for some respect.

A beggar with bustle.
A sassy bowling pin that knows no end,
Or free fall start.

A crooked tie lulled straight.
A heart tied up in waiting,
Or sucking the marrow out of stars.

A memory of fear fanned across days.
A silly dream made without care,
Or emptied into hateful, hungry eyes.

A soir e held without you.
A set of hollow hands clapping flashes,
Or just the stranger in someone's photos.

A line to shape the silhouette.
A shape of soul,
Or, my soul...

...that sounds so nice.