

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/4

Darren C. Demaree

Emily As These Waters Once

The land, the cuff,
Emily you almost said
that it was you that had convinced the sun
to find every angle of the passing
water, here,
you said that each smear of light
gave us colors we didn't own
& that wasn't so much a lie,
but a rising wakefulness
to the possibility
that we are all gifts, waiting
to be described as much.
Emily said we should clean up
the creek bed, that the aggressive lost
of these waters was due
to the trash lining them
& that the closest we could be to gods
was to return the canvas
to a blank state.
I want to choose
the colors of my own eyes I told her.

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Emily As The Mattress Is A Gift

How, after eight years of marriage
that thick, steady layer
of padding gave us the tight
lining we so badly wanted
& now, with dogs, with a cat,
with two children finding their place
on the fresh Saturday sheets,
we have no ability to move
& nothing mythic to study.
I used to think our bed was sacred.
I know now our bed is sacred.

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Emily As In A Draft Of An Old Poem Once

I demanded that we eat grass
together, that we sit
in our front lawn
& let our neighbors know
exactly what kind of people we were,
the kind that could be so quiet
that our consumption
would consume the landscape
& then I erased the poem
around the same time I quit drinking
& Emily quit allowing me
to be quiet for very long.
She lived in absolute fear
that all I was doing was thinking
about ways to hide cheap beer cans
in the old water heater
or in the cabinets she can't reach.
Really, I was thinking
about how charming, how odd
it would be
if we started to eat grass together
in front of neighbors
& I could be that strange fellow,
so weird, so harmless,
that they would all forget
about the way I used to park my car.