

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/4

JD DeHart
Crabwalk

They moved sideways through the universe,
the troupe of urban dwellers, their clothing
hanging from them like loose skin from the old.
We spy them in the same spot, below the moon,
casting its image on the lapping waters, where we
saw an army of scuttling crabs laying waste
to a spot of exposed earth. We now look for that
place, but it is covered with water, like we one day
will be.

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Naught

It is all for naught, the prophet said
but, to be honest, we don't put that much
trust in his prognostications. He is a wild-
haired microphone, homeless, probably possessing
some disease or mental illness. His world
reeks of urine, especially the spot where we met
him under the bridge, handing him a leaflet
about the upcoming Christmas service.
You will know who I am, he told us, when
the moon turns red as blood and we see him
on that day.

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Ambition

The circle goes around, answering the query:

What do you want to be
when you are an adult?

The typical answers flow like a geyser, "NBA,
NFL...as a back up plan."

"Nurse and ballerina."

Then the kid with the sly eye says, "Homeless
man."

I want to tell him about the frigid
discomfort, the pained amble I have seen,
the sullied skin.

His neighbor, jumping in the game, says, "Porn star."

I want to tell him about the fear I have
been told about, the surefire diseases
and lack of insurance.

The typical teacher tsk-tsks, but I try not to be typical,
so I just shake my head, snort a little, and move on.