

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/2

Bruce McRae

Monstrous

My favourite monster
eats shadows
instead of children.

It doesn't haunt
the back roads of my psyche
or terrorize childhood memories.

It smells of freesias
and not of fear –
that unmistakable odour.

It walks around
in the light of day
like a happy idiot.

My favourite monster
is me, and you,
unaware of our hideous form.
A creature of civility.
A beast called Normal.

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Incident

A house falling
through the air
from a great height.
Inside, a woman
is walking up
a flight of stairs
in the hope
of getting somewhere.

Below, the indifferent
crowds are mulling
through their own
tawdry affairs,
one little girl
looking up at the sky,
shading her eyes
from the sun's awful glare.

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Id Est Ergo Erratum

We're not lost, we're moving erratically,
at the whim of random selection,
gamblers playing the long shot,
travellers without destination.

It may look so to the uninitiated,
but we're far from lost –
we're speculators hoping for a windfall,
players in a game of pure chance,
explorers of the collective unconsciousness.

Every ditch, every wall we come upon
is a challenge which can't be denied.
Every road that takes us away from here
is bringing us home.