

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/2

Kelli Simpson
Stone Fruits

Peaches and plums don't advertise -
why should I

add my voice to the soulless noise
that drowns you

when I've got the violence of my silence,
the rum ripe of my flesh,

and the stones to lose you easy

as I found you?

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Show and Tell

I tell because I cannot show the
crisscross cracks in this stained glass soul; the
flower felled by hobnail boots; the
depth and thrust
of moons.

I show because I cannot tell the
truth of us half so well as the
bloom of us scents my hands
and stands as all the

proof
I need
of God.

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One

There is night and there is day.
There is here and there is there.
There is I and there is Other.

These are truths so self-evident
that we left them undeclared,
but what if

we finally let the world be round?
I sleep; you sow.
You dream; I dare

another day in my little corner
of everywhere. Our everywhere.
Here and there is meaningless

when I inhale the dust of both
our ancestors with every breath.
And, breathing you, what can be left

of I, but a lie that profits
the tellers and sellers
of difference?

We all cradle a child like a miracle.
We all eat, fuck, die,
and "why" leaves its taste on every tongue.

Night and day.
Here and there.
I and Other.

One.