

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/3

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Disembodiment

Everybody has a ghost
Crippled and dormant
Awaiting a wailing,
To be born and stifled
By too much life.
For all ill feelings
In-between the vacancy
Of the bones, out tempered,
I stand a someone
Chasing another, a feast,
A touch, a mirage, myself,
I would sometimes thrust
If I had a pair of horns
Clinging around my ghost
Head, a hologram sniping
Of the rest of my ethereal body.

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How rules flaunt us

The poetry of you
Is a gesture fixed in time,
The pair of drunken eyes
Lingering on my edges.
"I" slipping into moments
Of fracture and bliss.
"You" frantically searching
For the wilderness, inside
A conquest you promised
To go on breathlessly.
Distanced, we speak closely
Of young versions, we
Failed to commit to
And contemplate another's
Choices with acrimony.
You carouse against guises
Of female entrapment,
I do not care
To roister, but seek
Myself into filter narratives
Of my own agency.
And we are fated to ink
Our way, into the skins
And pupils thousands.
The periplum is yet to pound.

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To a poet lover

You stand a blunt extension
of myself, the kind slender vein
running from pulse to curse,
the quintessential avoidance
of my heart watching agape
your trespassing pounding steps
walk unhindered, settle free,
and coil around my every sinew
of artery and clogs; blind and outdo
the witnessing self in its stance.
Still I might live in your language,
yet never inhabit your mind
and all I am left with, is the
tapestry of reading your world
in ink and beating verses.