

Wilderness House Literary Review 15/1

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She Is Me (After High Road)

HER GLISTENING FACE was set with polished pools of brown, a slash of teeth below. A primal splash washed the air. In the pocket of a mountain lake, translucent drops of water ran across her olive skin, light sandstone framed the beauty of her form. Light was all that passed as her lash flipped a diamond, to spot an eye that said, "We are young and I am ready, because I love."

That cove of water with reflective glints, of summer green and pale stones, held by steep hills of hardwood, was our castle for a little while. I was its king, and she was as ever mighty, as my queen. So immersed in a moment, that all could have been nothing more, the feel of her shoulder, the way that her breasts floated to, branded my soul. We were whole.

So long ago though it may seem to some, it could never be less than now for me. And for those who sometimes log such things, one time will always play, too nice to record, and put away. For they know that, though she has returned to all, she still remains. She is me.

Is (After "The Dancing Man")

Dark colors of wind swept silk blush as the ao dai birds around the alabaster pants. Pump clad feet stride with poise and purpose, youth an essence of their track. The Lunar New Year at hand, firecrackers burst and rocket high while her smile reveals hope and dark eyes climb with the sizzle of a rocket's flight. Watching it blossom, like a birth from slip to slap, she knows her wishes need only such a time. Her heart is big.

Crossing the wood floor, a rough cut of aged wear, the after sound of a New Year sizzle mates the green pop of a wood stove fire. And though I be here, I am with her where the moon is new and hope is simply a matter of time. Her dark hair has glints of star light, her boned cheeks an olive glow. Holding a window of pearls, her face turns to the cordite sky as she sits beside me, lays her bamboo bench for my feet.

Filling my glass, time and again, her eyes seeing only what she can see, ne'er a frown nor crease of disdain, she comforts me. As I drift, her hand cradles my drink from a limp grip and sets it near.

Watching the clusters of color above her ville, her step is light, but that is not all. Like her dreams, so clear when time is new, though she strides a tad, it is only forward for her to be, for me. A thin wire, like a viper's sting, sticks her shin and calls her eyes below. As sizzles sound above, a click she hears afoot. And echoes of echoes, lights of lights, spray the New Year Night.

Puffs and booms, throwing shattered colors across the heavens, carry this New Year throughout the ville, the pungent smell of nuoc mam, atop the cordite odor of happy lights. Along her path an ilk of sound, more profound than those beyond, calls a syncopated beat. Like a heart that pumps an extra time, a mist of red balloons the air and an ao dai, it's dark blush limp over alabaster pants, a crooked bent their avant-garde, marks the spot we meet.