

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/3

Phoebe Wilcox

Platonic Lovers' Championship Boxing Death Match

Crashing bodies, smashing bones.

Loose teeth, cracked lips.

The blood seeps into the secret corners of hemorrhaging hearts.

The crowd screams *Kill her, kill her, kill her!*

Touch me, sighs the critically wounded lover.

Touch me, touch me or I will die.

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Pushing Down

The plan is to go deeper inside myself, where I will scorch the walls
With my restraint. I lie on the couch, unmoving. My friends
Bring me finger foods and three different kinds of hot drinks.
We dirty more and more cups and plates. I can't move.
I don't think I've had a real vacation. I think of you and I can't move.
I feel the knife of separation. It was all
Only an idea. Radical changes begin with ideas
And end with actions. Secrets ricochet so hard
Inside me. I can't move. I am devastated
By understated love, while the full moon ruthlessly
Interprets pain and silvers the world.
I am immobile, but oh how I would move,
If you were really the wind
And I was your lightning.

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Blaze

Running, running
With pounding feet and thoughts
Through a heart's conflagration,
An explosion of sparks and stars.
Call out sick.
Call out sicker than sick, heartsick.
Just call out.
Call,
"I can't make it in. I am an inferno!"