

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/3

Arvilla Fee
After Apocalypse

imagine fingers combing
through the dust of us,
the debris of all we were,
like the city of Pompeii,
what would remain
to show the world
who we were,
among plastic bottles,
fast-food cartons,
tattered protest signs:
save our planet earth,
cubicles, eco cars,
cell phones shattered...
would they find the bones
of our division
would they dig up hate,
could our fragments
be magnified
between two glass slides,
a scientific testament
to what brought down
the human race?

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There's Something about the Rearview

No regrets,
the house is getting smaller,
a white dot in the rearview,
now disappearing 'round the bend;
full tank of gas, foot on the pedal,
suitcase in the back seat;
there's freedom in the wind.
Love how the dirt road
changes into blacktop,
the cow-dotted landscape
becomes an honest town.
No one believed me
when I said I'd go to college,
but they're in the rearview;
Look at me now!

Delivery People

it's all in the presentation,
is it not?
in the way a newspaper
smacks the steps of a porch,
in the way four pizza boxes
precariously perched
on an outstretched hand
are passed to another,
in the way grocery bags
are placed near the front door,
coupons neatly tucked inside
for future savings,
in the way a doctor blinks
and steeples her fingers
to announce you have cancer,
in the way an officer stands
at the door, cap in hand,
his voice full of compassion
and regret—

I'm sorry about your loss.