

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/3

Jordan Williams

Tarantula

All night the legs
and/or hands reaching
in their terrifyingly calculated way

Dreamy spectator watching him
dive hand in pocket
humble himself to his knees

How he hid from me
behind a glass
in another's brave hands

Her standing above
wet conquerors face
relief of joy

I was in awe of the ligaments
accurate, gentle
finding the way

Everybody crying
happy
I ate the air

And then the waking up
just two arms, legs

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Congestion

There is a large bear
who reads me a bedtime story
every night
coughs with tuberculosis
into his furred and muscled elbow
sighs at my acclimated face
with hibernation eyes
says, can we save the time tonight?

In the end the soldier falls
In love with another woman.

And there is not enough honey
in the world to cure a cough
like that.

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gutted

every time
the television
shows me
her face
that actress
she looks
so much
like you
I feel
a pain
somewhere deep
like apples
being cored
for pie.