

## Wilderness House Literary Review 7/4

*Matthew Laffrade*

### **Words**

I ran out of words to convey  
How I feel so everything I now  
Write comes out plain and cut  
And paste amongst stacks of  
Poems from the emerging and  
Withered. I've used up my  
Share of thoughtful metaphors  
And words with more meaning  
Than most and so I sit here  
Void and vacant of words to  
Express the pain I feel without  
Sounding cliché because it hurts  
So much and words, words I do  
Not have, cannot convey the  
Dire situation I am in when  
You skim the words and say  
"Next" like some nonfiction  
Piece with clever break points  
To sound like a poem but I am  
Finished I am broken I'm done.

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### Rocks

I've got rocks in my mouth  
Jumbled words escape me  
A mumbled directive God  
Willing I grumble that it is  
Too hard just leave me be

Concrete slippers shuffle  
A tin hat marionette  
Riding waves of loss, waves  
Of frequencies telling  
Me who to trust and who  
To barter my depths  
With on moonlit confession  
Pews espoused from  
Indifference in manifest sin

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**Her hands are**

Her hands are soft  
The room is dark  
Sunburst heaven sent  
Heaven bound feel  
Like I'm in hell until  
Those soft hands hold  
Those soft hands make  
Me feel again, felt it  
Before soft hands you  
Make the pain brighter  
Make the sorrow last  
Longer with bamboo  
Shoot pain surrounding