

Wilderness House Literary Review 21/3

Karen Klein
FOREST

trunk by trunk
bark absorbing darkness
the terrain

impenetrable

within this darkness dwell
creatures of terrified minds

ink drawings in blood

standing alongside trees
scars on human flesh
mime crevices in bark

pain's forms shriek
when encased in known shapes

rain provides the wet
for tears



eyes shut I see
pieces of paper fluttering
like sparrows' wings
on each a poem I recognize
Yeats Auden Rich

running to catch them
I fall stumbling
and open my eyes covered
with snippets of my poems

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making my nose stuffy

choking my voice box
scratching my tongue
tasting poems
no match for the surrounding
cacophony



a great wind
simmers down to a melody
a breeze an intermezzo
of leaves bending to touch
their sussuration

of whispers
 ears more
attuned than sight
as I excavate loose
fragments elusive connections

when does it begin that phrase
those words
misremembered

the futility of finding
beginnings