

R Woodson

When I See You Again

When I see you again, what
words will I resurrect from the fatigued
mud of past days,
what words will lantern,
light the way as I cross
a swaying rope bridge between
now & then. I
enter a house memory builds
out of necessity,
out of vertigo. Everything has been
moved. You
are the philodendron of dreams,
away from the sun,
steadfast, always
green. When I see
you again, what shrines will my words construct,
out of necessity,
out of vertigo.

Broken Wish Bones

The old
neighborhood. A lot
of men went the way of
train whistles. Trailing off
in the distance, going, going,
in stages, growing smaller,
spirit spilling into a societal funnel
until one day they were
the small half of the wish bone,
no longer
invited to picnics or parades.
We buried them before we buried them.
They would have loved
to have been
recalled,
to return even as echoes of themselves.
That would have been
better than the why-how haze
that bandaged their egos badly.

Rose Maria Woodson holds an MA in Creative Writing from Northwestern University and an MA In Community Development from North Park University. Her chapbook, *Skin Gin*, was the 2017 winner in the QuillsEdge Press chapbook contest. Her poems have been published in numerous journals including, *Kettle Blue Review*, *Clarion*, *Gravel*, *Wicked Alice*, *OVS Magazine*, *Magnolia: A Journal of Women's Socially Engaged Literature, Volume II*, *Jet Fuel Review*, *Stirring*, *Scape Goat Review* and the *Mojave River Review*.