

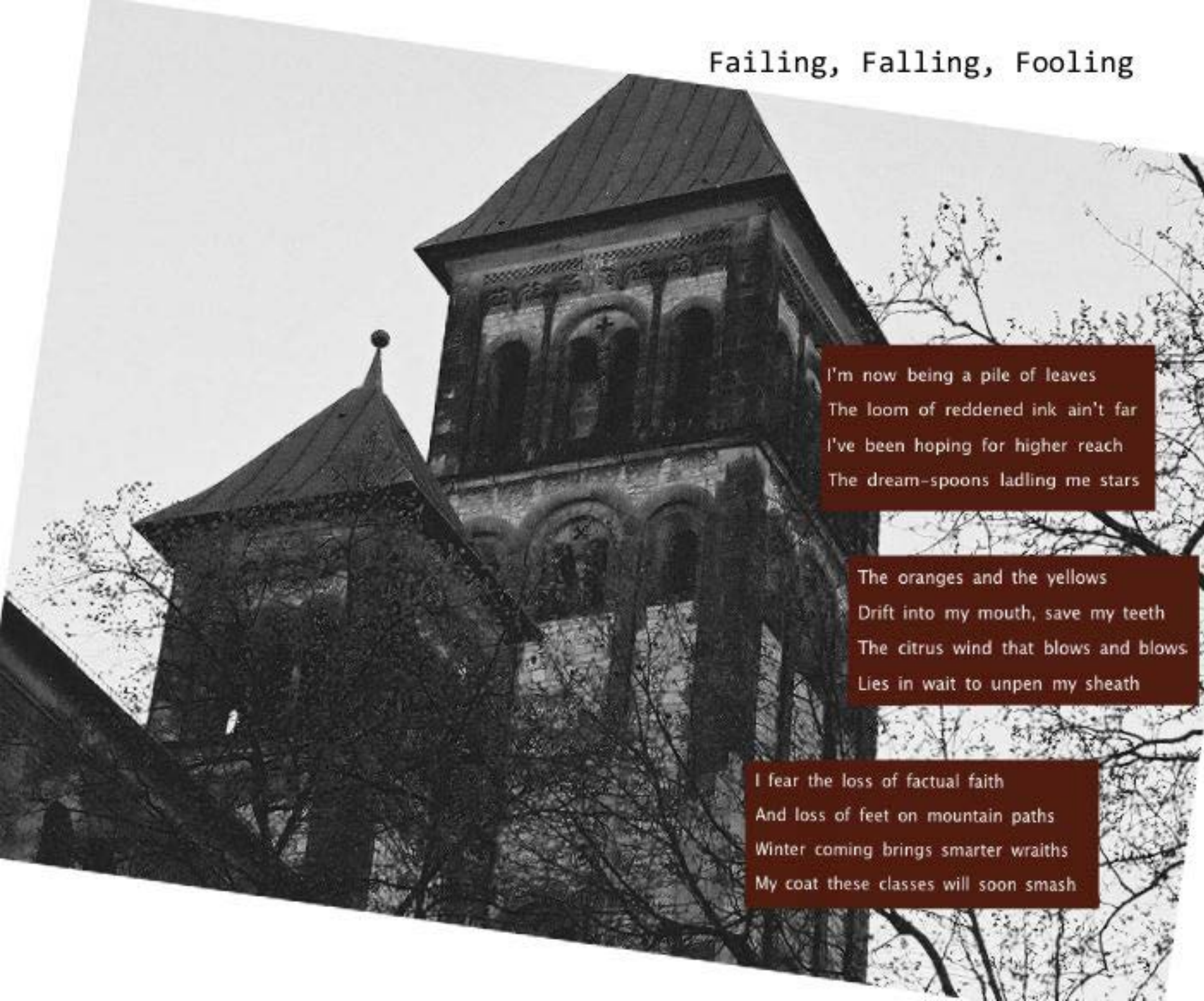


The Woove
Fall 2017

"I chase after your
ghosts who seem far
too real."

"I wish i could
put to rest how
you made me feel."

(b.c.e)



Failing, Falling, Fooling

I'm now being a pile of leaves
The loom of reddened ink ain't far
I've been hoping for higher reach
The dream-spoons ladling me stars

The oranges and the yellows
Drift into my mouth, save my teeth
The citrus wind that blows and blows
Lies in wait to unpen my sheath

I fear the loss of factual faith
And loss of feet on mountain paths
Winter coming brings smarter wraiths
My coat these classes will soon smash

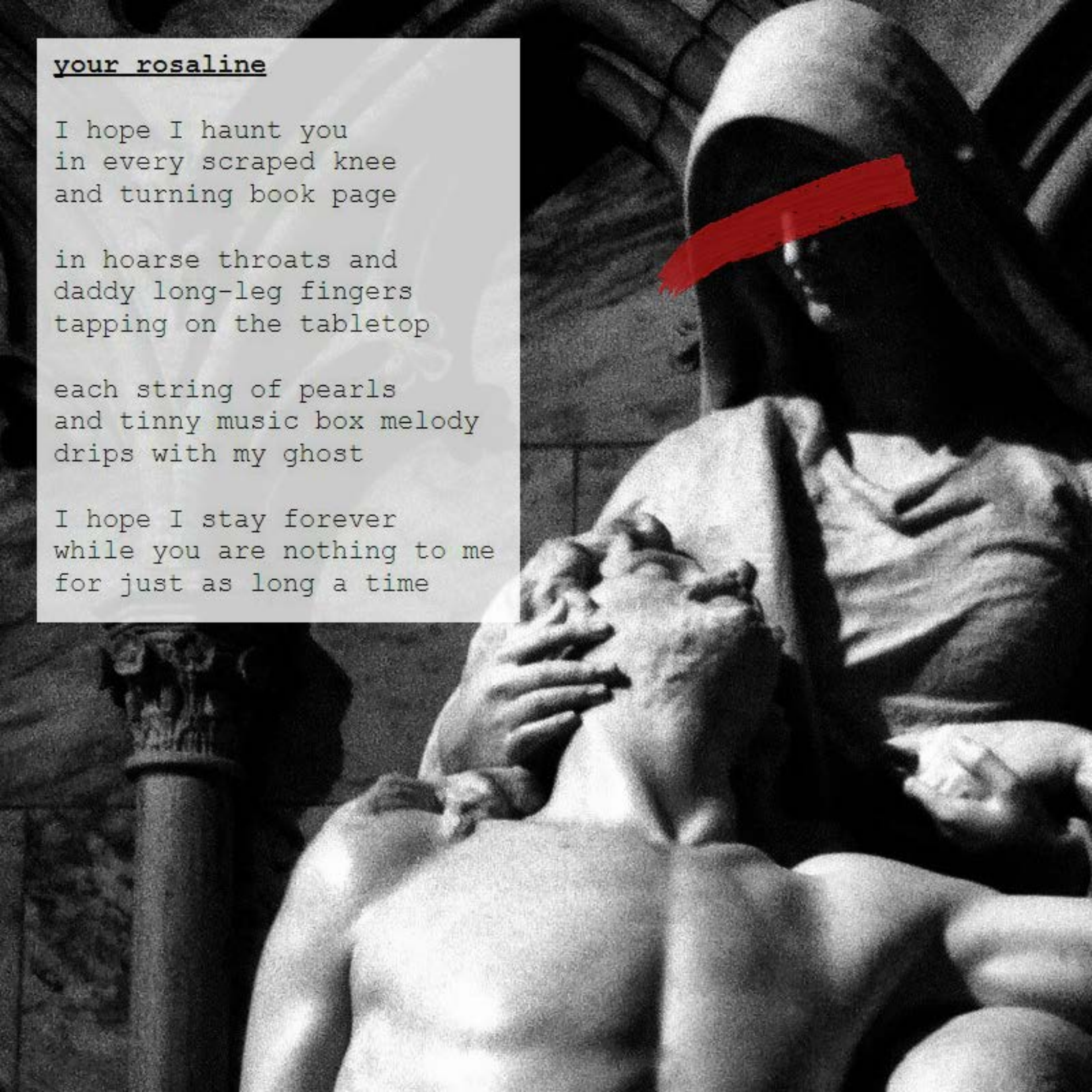
your rosaline

I hope I haunt you
in every scraped knee
and turning book page

in hoarse throats and
daddy long-leg fingers
tapping on the tabletop

each string of pearls
and tinny music box melody
drips with my ghost

I hope I stay forever
while you are nothing to me
for just as long a time



WANTED

Young person, sound of mind, body, and heart, for companionship and assistance.

Now, don't go thinking I'm some weak and sickly old coot who can't fend for himself - no sir, I'm doing plenty well on my own, thank you. If you think you can waltz in here and take advantage of some old timer and steal my stuff then you're gonna meet up with the business end of my rifle damn quick. I'm not looking for a nurse, either. I don't need to be babied and I don't need anyone coddling me. I just need someone to clean the gutters every few months, and go to the store once a week to pick up the groceries. It's not like I'm askin' you to bathe me or anything weird or nothing.

But it gets lonely sometimes, since Edna died. The house creaks, and I need someone to check the hinges on my cabinets. The chimney needs cleaning, and the house is mighty cold without a fire in the hearth. I can't lift the logs anymore, and the spiders seem bigger every time I go out to

the shed. Edna used to take care of them for me - I've always been afraid of spiders. She joked that she'd just say a magic word and they'd disappear.

I never cooked while Edna was alive. She would make the most incredible soups and sauces from scratch. We have an herb garden in the backyard that's fallen into disrepair, but Edna used to pick herbs and dry them in the kitchen, hanging them from the rafters. The kitchen has felt cold and drafty without her in it, and I swear I can hear the wind on the windows more than I used to. It'd be nice to have someone in the kitchen again, bustling around and using something other than the microwave. I can only eat so many microwave meatloafs before I lose my mind. It'll take some work, but with two of us I'm sure we can get that old herb garden back up to snuff.

I think there might be mice in my ceilings, but sometimes they make strange

moaning sounds. Edna used to say it was the wind, but then I'd catch her putting salt on the windowsills late at night. Nobody puts salt on the windowsills anymore, and I can hear the moaning almost every night now. I need someone who can go to the store and buy more salt, and maybe some rosemary. Edna always had rosemary around and everything smelled so nice. In fact, Edna kept a lot of herbs hanging in the corners of rooms - angelica root, arnica flowers, thistle and sage. She told me that they would protect us, just like the birch wood our house is built from. I guess she meant that they kept away the mice. We could use some mouse traps but I don't wanna be finding dead mice all over my house.

I don't want some straight-laced goody-two-shoes. I always hated those teacher's pets - nothing but a bunch of suck ups. I want someone interesting, someone who can tell me stories at night so that we don't have to listen to the mice. Edna used to hum while she cleaned. It sounded like nonsense words, but there was always a warm, positive feeling afterwards that would last all week. I'd love to have music in the house again.

I know I've rambled a lot here - I'm not really sure how these things are

supposed to work. The house creaks and I can't change the lightbulbs when they burn out and it's just cold all the time now. It's been a few months since Edna passed and I just can't take care of things on my own anymore. The wind moaning through the rafters keeps me up at night and the mice scratch. Maybe I'm getting forgetful, but it feels like things move when I'm not watching them, and I lose things all the time only to find them in the strangest places. Edna used to keep everything so warm and happy, and I just need some company to bring some life back to my home. Even her old black cat doesn't seem to know what to do without her. Gaelach just lays in front of our empty fireplace and ignores me entirely. I'm worried that if she doesn't start eating again soon, she'll die, and then I'll lose the last tie I have to Edna. I know I may not be the easiest cranky old man to get along with, but I hope someone answers this ad.



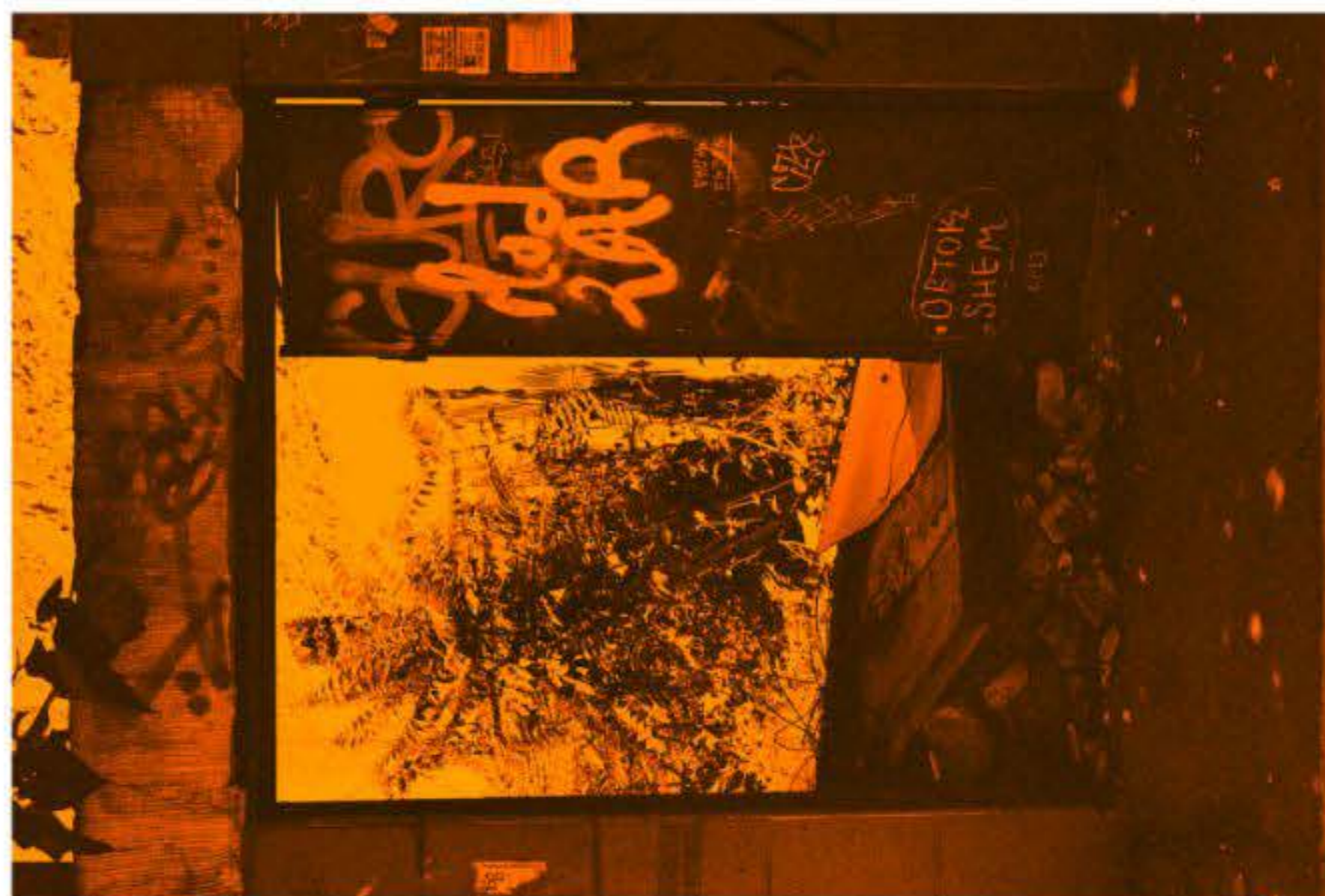
scan for a spooky surprise



as the night reached its peak,
the skeletons in my closet came out for a dance;



oh how they love to get lost under this crescent moon trance,
and feel full and free even if its momentarily.



b.c.e.



in utero mortem

I'll never forgive myself
for suffocating the person
I could've been, but I wonder:

is it infanticide or suicide
for not giving your potential
enough room to breathe?



HOLIDAY SPIRIT

BLACK CAT MEANDERS
LITTLE OVER RAILROAD TRACKS
SNEAK INTO THE NIGHT

GHOSTLY SHEET SHIVERS
INNOCENT IN THE CHILLED WIND
SNEAK INTO THE NIGHT

ORANGE PUMPKIN SMIRKS
NONCHALANT ON THE DARK PORCH
SNEAK INTO THE NIGHT

haunted house



familiarity alone
does not make a home

especially when all
that remains is a
foundation and a few
solitary bones

you can touch the beams
above and say "here's
where I gave you my
secrets, my joys"

but that does not
restore the walls
that took years to
build and only
days to burn

the front door is
locked even though
there is little but
charred scaffolds
rising like teeth from
crumbled concrete

you can still see our
smiling ghosts as they
run down the hallway
as though the walls
remain standing

as though the house
never burned

as though a door and
a plot of land are
enough to house anything
but the words "what if?"

why are you sad?

Because I never told him that I loved him.

why didn't you tell him

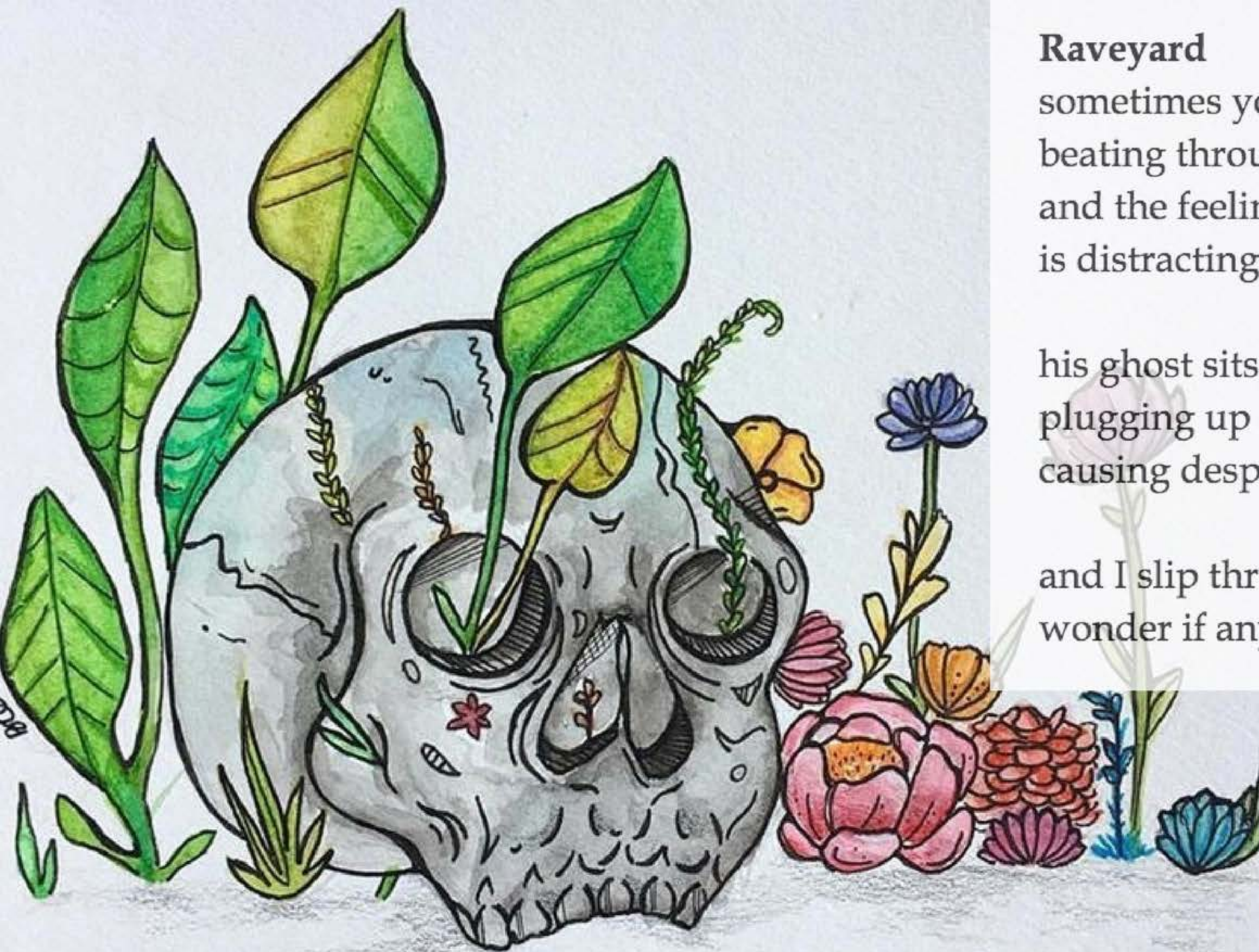
Because he **killed me** before I could say it.
mary desmond



TRUMP TOWER



510.2-010000-700-2015



Raveyard

sometimes your heart becomes the music
beating through the links between your brain and your ears
and the feeling of someone else's skin on yours
is distractingly off-beat

his ghost sits on my brain
plugging up the music
causing desperate confusion

and I slip through the wrought fences
wonder if anything will slip after me

Special thanks to...

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