

# A Side of Sugar

Persimmons

When the world ends I'm going to count my bygones,  
go through my contact list, and wonder who the hell Connie is and how she got in there.

Is she okay?

I'm going to regret the night before and live for the last moment that will exist on earth.

Maybe it'll be 12:09,

in that last moment I'm going to stop,

and pick the very last persimmon, heavy with sadness, but sweet with love.

I'll give it to you, and wonder how we all let millions of cells come together just to let them  
down, and how we spent all these years of evolution, not loving the world right.

That's all I'll have ever wanted,

to love the world so right I'd never have needed a second chance.

But by this point it'll have given me plenty.

Maybe you will too.

Then I'm going to sing Louis Armstrong's "What a Wonderful World," if you're next to me,

I'll sing it to you.

Coffee

Do I see the world in binaries?  
Do I see the world in ironies?  
Sure, maybe, when there is coffee.  
There are coffee drinkers and Frappuccino's

I'm not sure I should be drinking coffee,  
I have anxiety.

My time with you is good  
My time alone is bad  
You imagine promising to love someone forever,  
but can you image forever?

If the good times only exist because of the bad can love exist without hate?  
"My sister, My Daughter."  
The truth!

Is this why we need war?  
What are we fighting so hard for?

But I'm crazy cause I'm ying-yang  
I'm crazy cause I tell you Frappuccino's don't count as coffee

CAUTION: My heart is so big, but so dark.

Sure I miss him.  
But I miss me more.

I'm scared of you and me, the binary.  
Not again.  
Need me, need you.  
I don't need anyone.

I love you,  
how unfair.

I can't keep it in, I can't let it out.  
Me or them? We're still two.  
And two,  
and two,  
and two,  
equals me.

It's so lonely here.  
But the coffee sure is good.