

Brown Bag Poem

In your car,
Empty brown paper bags, receipts within,
Strewn everywhere.
Gathering them,
I toss them into a blue dumpster,
Wishing I could throw away your pain.

Speech slurred, words forgotten,
Disheveled beyond recognition.
Empty red wine bottles,
Lips stained purple.
Excuses believed only by you,
Your belligerence cuts me.
Wishing I could change you, tears roll down my cheeks.