

Descension

The apple on the windowsill
wished to be the shade of red
as the blood on the hen outside,
dead under the sweet warmth

of the afternoon sun.
It must have hurt the sun
to shine on the brown feathers,
to have presence without grey clouds

to buffer between light and death.
Not even Grief mourned the hen,
and the wind, as fragile as it was,
knew only to blow the drops of blood

off the feathered carcass,
as though the crows wouldn't smell it,
death bringing them all together
in one swarming swoop.

A Note to Mimosa Drinkers at Oscar's

Sip as slowly as possible at Oscar's parties,
otherwise you might find yourself in the corner of his flat
with his one-eyed cat named Mr. Sursy.

If you make the cat's acquaintance,
don't focus on his one eye,
and don't pet him with your sticky, human hands.

Once your glass is empty, be careful not to meow in Mr. Sursy's direction,
unless you have a good reason. No, the oranges aren't Floridian,
and the champagne isn't French, so don't ask him about it.

And please don't beg Oscar for more champagne
after swearing his cat poured you too much orange juice.
If you do, Oscar won't have a sense of humor,

especially if you feel compelled to attempt Madonna's singles on the piano,
unless you have a good reason. And no,
homosexuality won't suffice.

Just go home, you drunk bastard.

In the Name of Fruit

Pomegranate juice on our chapped lips
made us thankful for God and her natural sugars.
And sitting curbside with you,
as we indulged in innocence and fruit,
made me the man I always wished to be:

one careful not to let the juice from the fruit bleed onto the concrete.

Once we left for mass,
I said a prayer over the pavement where we sat,
not blessing you or me or anything,
except for the sweetness of those bites we shared,
a meal that was nothing but holy.