

## **Blackberry Wine**

Picking blackberries.  
Your blood stains my fingers.  
Lead paint chips  
In my grandfather's home.  
We follow my grandmother's  
Recipe.  
No matter how I scrub  
You still remain.  
I cannot look away.  
How could I ever?  
I learn that in time  
All things do  
Fade.

## Caregiving

She asks the 4 year old  
If she remembers being  
That age, pointing at an  
Infant.

She nods her head slowly  
And says,

“I remember when I was  
The land and the wind  
Rustled my hair.

My bones were the rivers  
And I had crows for eyes.  
Yes, I remember.

## **On the Sexual Nature of the Bradford Pear Tree**

Smelling sweetly of semen  
The Bradford pear tree  
Can only grow to be 25 years  
Old.

They only take one lover  
In this time.

And then they  
Break,

    Snap,

        Bow.

There are plenty of words for it,  
But the truth of it  
Is that this happens  
Due to the length  
Of their limbs  
And uncountable number  
Stretching out for love.

    This happens

    In short existences.

## **Precaution**

You wear the pink sunglasses  
So the onions don't make  
You cry.

## **21st Century Ghost Story**

There are thousands of worlds  
In which we are in love.  
None of them has to be this one.  
But it was nice to have peered  
Into these countless dead worlds  
Staring into the stoop of old age  
Where we'd sit quietly hand in hand  
Dreaming of every different life  
We could have had.