

# FRUIT FLY

## SINS OF THE FATHER

eight pawns,  
plastic cups,  
a corkscrew  
fill a baby blue backpack.

eight pawns  
slide across  
their checkered board,  
a musty room  
of smoke, syrah,  
and summer sweat.

late nights  
turned into  
early mornings.

new glances  
became  
curious stares.

his wife was happy,  
sleepy,  
a day at work  
knowing  
he wasn't alone.

go! she smiled,  
reassured  
she's his lifelong.

go! she's sleepy  
she'll stay at home.

go! she thinks,  
'what could go wrong?'

all day  
turned into  
early mornings.

# FRUIT FLY

familiar glances  
became  
lustful stares.

nine pawns.  
an easy game:  
'you're my number one!'

the ninth pawn,  
she slides  
across the east river  
and back.

she can't move  
at them directly.  
only side-steps  
forward,  
no need  
for an unannounced  
attack.

the pawn smiles.  
she knows  
love gets tangled,  
life convoluted:  
go! I'm your world,  
there's no way  
this could get mangled.

all day  
turned into  
late mornings.

unashamed glances  
became  
caressing stares.

a strategic  
blitz,  
the most vulnerable  
piece  
taken down  
without her own chance  
to call it quits.

# FRUIT FLY

## CATERER

my arm is sore,  
this platter i carry.

it used to be  
empty,  
untouched,  
clean.

a massive weight  
accumulated  
over five,  
ten years.

i could switch arms.  
i could ask for help.

it overflows  
with concessions,  
love,  
understanding,  
love,  
freedom,  
love,  
a life  
full of love.

it overflows  
with certainty,  
a mutual willingness  
to fight,  
to trust;  
no room for  
jealousy  
nor worries of lust.

my arm is so sore.  
it hasn't been simple.  
'loving you is easy,'  
aren't words i have spoken;

# FRUIT FLY

that's a boring notion.

I hold my platter high,  
always within reach.  
serving and caring,  
protecting and loving,  
allowing and losing.

my arm is so, so sore.  
I wouldn't change it for the world.  
the weight always bearable,  
the payoff invaluable.

your words  
alleviate the weight  
of my excessive platter.  
your words were all  
that ensured i endure.

one second later  
you say *your* pressure  
became intolerable.  
a self-inflicted,  
dispensed with ease,  
levied at convenience,  
excuse to surrender.

you stole your words back.  
you snatched my platter.

my arm  
still sore;  
my arm  
severed  
on the floor.

# REASON FOR THE CALL

Alleviate life.  
One smile a day.  
A sweaty hand to hold.  
Sticky notes of love.  
Bedtime tucks.

# FRUIT FLY

Early morning fucks.

Black coffee in a handmade mug.  
Remember, it's your mom's birthday.  
Next week, we'll pack the van.  
Build a garden out of junk.  
Necks strained up at trees,  
Looking for unseen birdies.

Hit the pen before the flight.  
Five week climbing trips abroad.  
Curate playlists while you drive.  
Plant a tree in the front lawn.  
Freedom rules over jealousy,  
'Cause who could be this chemistry.

Sleep in bunk beds with our besties.  
Spank our cat,  
She's a little freaky.  
Race to roll the quickest joint.  
Dance to Charley in the living room.  
Smile, breaking through the winter gloom.

Edit your novel's grammar.  
Sprinkle her ashes in the backyard.  
Cat eyes, more like kitten eyes.  
Sneaking pictures while I sleep.  
Engage in anthropological discourse.  
Upset at the slightest joke of divorce.

Always the same Halloween costume.  
Always the same karaoke song.  
Dig a pit for the fire.  
A new camera roll of summer flowers.  
Baby blue accessories.  
Why can't you recall the good memories?

# YOUR WAKE OF SAND

chalk up,  
scope out the route,  
lay a foundation.

# FRUIT FLY

protect  
our downfalls,  
the hardships  
sure to come  
from a life  
committed.

delicately  
work your way up,  
finesse with care,  
with ease,  
respect,  
of which we both  
benefited.

you've worked so hard;  
hours of  
labor,  
training  
in friendship  
and in love.

climbing,  
securing,  
locking in trust.  
dynoing past  
fear,  
experiencing wanderlust.

pausing,  
resting,  
breath hitting the wall;  
chalk up again  
for the crux.

wishing for the strength  
to just  
cling in place;  
to stay here  
maybe  
in the safety of  
the wall's warm  
embrace.

# FRUIT FLY

but, you promised.  
you love,  
you care,  
you crimp your way up.

self-inflicted,  
with a will of your own  
you reach the top.  
a conquer had,  
the work paid off.

there, is your forever;  
a summit of dreams,  
freedom,  
which most only endeavor.

but,  
rather  
than  
stay,  
on top of the world,  
which you planned,  
with one glimpse down,  
you jump  
to *your* safety.

then,  
the boulder  
turns to sand.

# SKUNK

I'd never seen the skunk before,  
The one under my porch.

To bed too early,  
My mind ready for rest.  
Tucked in,  
Alarm set,  
Love  
Laying next to me.

# FRUIT FLY

I'd never seen the skunk before.

It was away during  
Slow mornings,  
Coffee on the porch;  
He refills the birdseed,  
Waters the garden;  
We unbuckle our binoculars  
Or listen for cranes up high;  
I drive him to work  
After he locates his keys;  
We flutter in "family,"  
Cradling our kitty.

I'd never seen the skunk before.

It came out late  
Amidst my slumber.  
I knew it was there  
With no reason to worry,  
I let it wander.  
It was gone by morning,  
Peace returned  
To the dewey air.  
Snow starts to fall,  
He fans the fire;  
Potatoes and onions  
On the cast iron;  
New words of affirmation  
Stuck to my mirror.

I'd never seen the skunk before,  
The one lying right beside me.

I didn't know  
He's so impressionable.  
Loses himself in words  
200 years old.  
So unknown on his own,  
He evolves with every new idea.  
Latches on to a good story,  
Incapable of writing his own.  
Can't look past  
The torture in his mind



# FRUIT FLY

To a life that  
At the very least  
Brought some peace.

I'd never seen this skunk before.

"Nothing can take me  
Away from you,  
We're like super magnets  
Or crazy glue."  
Ten years of love  
Lost  
After one night of infatuation  
Had  
Too absorbed,  
Too manipulated,  
Too skunk  
To battle  
For what he always said  
Was his want.