Orange

The orange hung by a tether so thin, So much promise in its rough, orange skin. Imagined the sweet, succulent flesh on your tongue, Quenching your needy thirst for desire, sweetness, and acidity all in one. The bruise was the problem, On the opposite side from where it hung, Obscured from view, Away from you. In the breeze it swayed, A little too virulent was the sway, So you looked away. It fell, with a plop and a splat, At your feet, Sweet liquid glistening your legs, Revealing its dark innards.

Mom's Prayer

Our father, who art in Heaven, Her eyes follow his cracked lips that recite Hallowed be thy name Her name an empty nameless pit in her own mind Thy kingdom come Kingdom better come soon to end her suffering Thy will be done How could this brittle, brutal end be anyone's will? On earth as it is in heaven, Let us hope not Give us this day our daily bread I want no slice of that Forgive us our debts Endless string of pearly, emotional debts As we forgive our debtors Is God her debtor? And lead us not into temptation Because all those foregone temptations would have saved her? But deliver us from evil And all its sinful trappings For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory forever So much power, so much needless suffering Amen Amen to that

Messy

Love is indeterminably messy What writer hasn't messed with it? Spun it dirty in their melancholy hands Spread it greedily to the vacant page Smeary, dark, and pleasingly wet Where it reluctantly dried Caked and flaked Like mud, only lonelier

Losing

A lifetime of worry Melted into a momentary phone call Your voice, a high pitched panic How do I write a check? Strength and tenacity slipping with the ink Into oblivion The second call, days, weeks later How do I dial a phone? And your voice In little quivering bits Left your mouth Fell into the abyss of loss Swallowed up by the darkness of your eyes It rested there Hardened by blame

Ruins

Swathed In safe-haven warmth Untangled my veins Like tugging on a slip-knot With hazel eyes Swam the moat Circumnavigated heavy doors Unearthed ancient terracotta Ruins The rush in my ears I barely heard the knock On massive double doors Of my sanctuary I answered dark doubt Like a beggar's toothless grin Settled in With its black, gaping holes Slithering tongue bulging Between yellowed teeth With each word formed by supple lips I loved to kiss I tumbled through the darkness The stars a laser-like blur on the descent Saltwater like cement, my greeter Flattened Floundered Found A tangible tree To accommodate me Wrangled away from the grin The sin The damaged remains Panic chasing her beyond your reach