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Article

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## Wet

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## Wet

*Letitia Bortey*

I'm not sure how to hold water  
It slips through the gaps between my fingers  
And puddles all over the floor  
Saturating and spreading into the velvety carpet  
Amoeba-like with its protruding phalanges  
Able to reach the waves  
But not before it leaves  
Some hard to clean stain  
Stains that drip down  
And leave the corners of a million-dollar home  
Mucky with a hint of moldy evergreen and mud  
The family inside doesn't know that  
The green that daddy brings in  
Leeches their world of the sweet butterscotch sap  
That could've gotten them out of this sticky situation  
Somehow blood's supposed to be thicker than water  
But I'm not quite sure  
How to hold it either