

For Want of Flowers

The night aches
with banged knees,
soggy garbage,
and the slip of mud.

Forty-degree rain
and I'm limping,
still choking on raw pizza, laced
with mushroom sludge and stowaway olives,
firm
and sickening.

There is no more
milk and no new moon
and jagged toenails to tame.

Works waits inside the door
but the flowers there were for
somebody else.

Kiss my forehead, please.
I need to feel
somebody else.

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