

Bruised Skies

She thinks of their colliding
a forgetting into soft tangles
blood sealed beneath cellophane of skin,
hearts that thrum as one.

Charmed bracelets ring her wrists.
Music follows the hedge of orange azaleas.
Tears cloud eyes perfect as pearls.
It is a time of bruised skies, of waiting.

Unexpected rain falls,
heavy, unforgiving.
Bones stir, surface, where they do not belong.
Dog's ears twitch long before arrivals.

Burgundy unleashes fruity breaths.
Candles taste with flamed tongues.
The sweet bread refuses to rise,
sinks back into itself.
Fists unfold, repair the undoing.