

Sugar down the syrup in the Queen Anne's lace
Shining in the light of nightshade
Cultivating unsophistication in my face
Trying to think of nothing to say
Grapes gone sour and the spinach went to seed
(it was spindly and sick from the outset)
Waiting for the hour with a wherewithal to leave
Patient as a dog for its master

Aubergine

The Labrador was locked through the promontory rock
She called down, said time is an illusion
An inconsequential shift as the continents drift
But my confidence was crushed and I miss you regardless

Aubergine

Aubergine

You can be your body but please don't mind
if I don't fancy myself mine - you at 32 still tied to
your poor mother's apron strings!

Sorrel in the gravel and the saffron robe
Sleeping like a shark in the cord grass
until I saw how far I traveled down the solipsistic
road
I climbed out to ask for directions
There was not a pond in sight and here I'm gasping like
a fish
In the desert with a basket full of eggplants
who asked about the passage of the Bible on my wrists
But I couldn't catch my breath enough to answer