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Category: Poetry

The person you are trying (acrostic)

to be puts his hand on my knee.
He makes me morning eggs over
easy. On Valentine's Day he gets
petunias and puts them in water.
Earthshine views from our yard,
rotter soil staining my dress pants,
scalp itching. He stretches plastic out
on the soil and presses his finger
nails into my shoulder. Brunch egg
yolks wobble and spill into our
oatmeals. On a stepstool, I hook
underwear on a line. He says *please*
and *hurry*, wraps his hand around my
ribcage. We fade into Spring. Muddy
earth wraps around my ankles, legs
tacked into the soil. He pours boxes of
raisin bran into clean bowls, feeds me
yogurt and yellow water. Later, poison
ivy brushes my calves, so he presses a
nylon shirt painted in sweat to the rash.
Granola girl, he says, looking. We toil.