

AntsBirdsCoffee

by Charlotte Hamrick

Coffee is pooling under the coffee maker
with little bits of grind like ants swimming
around. It's been leaking for weeks while
I ignored it as I'm trying to do you.
My life, too, is spilling out around the edges.
I try to contain its dark liquid, try to maintain
my balance on the high wire in my head
whirring with chirping birds flying
in a frenzy, wings batting and tiny bones snapping.
Every day a little bit more of something seeps out,
every night I wipe it into my sleep,
holding it behind tightly closed eyes, willing
it down deep where light is swallowed.
But every sunrise it's back, pushing through
cracks, birds swooping and ants crawling
in the seepage. Another day, another potful
of crazy, another push of the lava swell of lies
down my throat swimming
in a bellyful of you.

