

Up To Down

by Charlotte Hamrick

Should we climb the wall grasping
with blind fingers and toes for love
cracks clinging to sweetness
turned to dust in our
moldy mouths
Should we drag our anger and our
blue acquiescence, bloodied, over
a cat tongue rack for misplaced hope
cooled to lifeless ash
Or should you go your way
and I'll go mine spraying splats of
graffiti bile and trailing yellow streaks
behind us

