

Catching Mitt For Sadness

by Jennifer Donnell

The leaves on the tree outside his bedroom window
are green, but he says brown
and I don't want to be some kind
of sucker faced butter mouth
weasel who argues all the time,
when I'm just glad he's across from me at the table-
sitting tall and sucking down his cold brew coffee,
telling me tomorrow will be
better than today.

Besides, anytime I place my flag
in the soil of his sadness,
root it down and declare I've mastered its detection
or could find it in a crowd using only
my charm, it hides in the closet
and takes him with it,
shuts off the phone and his sensibilities.

Yet those cold days are easy to excuse
during the warm ones,
when his sun face smiles and his hands hold mine,
stronger than anything I'd ever lose
or have taken away.

But this week is not one of those
and he's cooler than California
ought ever be. He stops smiling and only
says he loves me when prompted,
as if asking me to pass the salt
for his inner peace as it tastes too bland.

While I try and fit everything

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from happiness to fear into bite sized morsels,
he goes in orbit,
an astronaut deciding if the earth is still his home.

And so the leaves can be brown if he says they're brown,
as green doesn't mean much
without him by my side.

