Decomposition

by Katie Moore

Father is frugal with his love, more even
than with money—but that too. He drank awhile,
then stopped. There was more laughing before
he stopped, also more red faces and raised voices.
Mama mourns the whole cursed cosmos
in her tiny lotion-soft hands, it's all her fault.
She can never say why, but guilt rides her bones
like the spirit. She rubs worry raw. She wants
a drink. Birth is a lottery, two faced coin toss,
an accident falling somewhere
in the spectrum of hues between happy
and not. Life is a lover. Life is a switchboard.
Life is like fleshy fruit, sweetest
just before the rot sets in.

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