

# 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.

