

Outbreak

Ninety Pound Wuss

she's spilling orange and sun and chasing it again.
she beat her own self.
she called a bluff on spider bite.
i was this close, just three years shy six months.
chameleon lines.
now tell me who lied?
i take back the red light that draped her face.
frank and the rain from her ears.
a box of words re-owned.
outbreak, breakout.
taste your own touch.
outbreak.
another lost year.
she saved green stamps for a day like today.
hold it steady and cut it deep.
the blood runs warm.
she'll deny what it's done.
feel the color of rotting pears in response to the apposable thumb.
look me in the eye.

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