

Sorry

Caitlin Cary

You are a gnarled pear tree,
Near an Oak that binds your bitter roots. Beneath its living branches
Fingers bend and ache with rotting fruit. And I am sorry, sorry, sorry for my shade.
Uprooted to protect you.
Sorry, sorry, sorry for my shade.
What a stick figure I have made. You are a bitter brother in the shadow of a twin.
Strangled in a warm embrace.
You have grown up savage, mean and thin. And I am sorry, sorry, sorry for my arms.
I tried to protect you.
Sorry, sorry, sorry for my arms.
I have darkened all of your charms. You are a jack-o-lantern,
Who woke up on a bitter winter morn.
Your skin, soft and sallow.
Your short season has now come and gone. I am sorry, sorry, sorry the time.
Your ruined face, some reflection of love.
Sorry, sorry, sorry for the time.

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