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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