

Couples

by Adam Sifre

Cream

Hot cappuccino, with a splash of sweet whipped cream,
pure liquid, heated treat.
Warm and lush going down.

That's how I imagine you'd taste.

* * *

PIE

She served him pie she knew was ruined.
Then stood there, practically daring him to say something. She
watched him choke down each dry, charred, mouthful.
In barely a whisper, "i burnt it on purpose ."
over and over, like a cliched suburban mantra.
Her husband didn't hear her, but the boy did. He heard and
remembered.

Years later, when his wife burned dinner, he was ready.

* * *

What's shakin'?

Everything was in place, solid.
For years.
At rest. Ordered.
Then
A
 V
 A
 L

A
N
CHE

Now life is sixes and nines,
new parts exposed, others buried under ruins.
Emotions torn away from natural progression,
tumble and swirl, rise and fall.

But alive.

Wonderfully battered.

Beautiful bruises.

Adrenaline highs.

We run on false bedrock, unstable ground.

Every step together, a spin of the chamber -
barrel pointed at the heart.

To move? Insanity.

Still ...

pull the trigger.

One more step.

everything's shakin.'

