

# Catching Mitt For Sadness

*by* Jennifer Donnell

The leaves on the tree outside his bedroom window  
are green, but he says brown  
and I don't want to be some kind  
of sucker faced butter mouth  
weasel who argues all the time,  
when I'm just glad he's across from me at the table-  
sitting tall and sucking down his cold brew coffee,  
telling me tomorrow will be  
better than today.

Besides, anytime I place my flag  
in the soil of his sadness,  
root it down and declare I've mastered its detection  
or could find it in a crowd using only  
my charm, it hides in the closet  
and takes him with it,  
shuts off the phone and his sensibilities.

Yet those cold days are easy to excuse  
during the warm ones,  
when his sun face smiles and his hands hold mine,  
stronger than anything I'd ever lose  
or have taken away.

But this week is not one of those  
and he's cooler than California  
ought ever be. He stops smiling and only  
says he loves me when prompted,  
as if asking me to pass the salt  
for his inner peace as it tastes too bland.

While I try and fit everything

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from happiness to fear into bite sized morsels,  
he goes in orbit,  
an astronaut deciding if the earth is still his home.

And so the leaves can be brown if he says they're brown,  
as green doesn't mean much  
without him by my side.

