

Pigeonholes

Here is twilit warm
lemon light. There is
colored red and green
street-fair apple ice.

Here I've put my fingers
into petting-zoo food.
There deep wedges of
recast cuneiform.

Here you're smiling
Montana-wide, so I
walk softly in the plot
your love supplies.

There is a hidden fine
chalk line between
quiet, quotidian
life and desperation.