

PEARL ONION

Kenlie Rohrer

the stately dire need
of the glassy, milkweed surface
was breathing at me: heavy
words, like that of a snowfall
so thick and blank you couldn't hear
your own ears, smudged with that tarnish
of a hot and bothered new year's night,
smoldered upon the quilt of bad ideas,
turned to spinning evenings, and you
only a drop of sick in an amber cup
but it was tall, and spindly looking
almost looked it was made of diamond
of water rushing up from the ground
and it caught you, a gushing fountain
a raving gully, and brought you up with it
flung from the open wings of misery,
it was I who kept you, dashed to the dregs
in a leathery red dress, etched skin-like
as a rash upon your tanned skin.
drunk in a chipped jade bathtub,