

careful eustice unrest

By Phil MacNitt

leading curly haired boys
into the orange groves
between 4th and Roosevelt
leading me up her stairs
with trails of honeydew
pitted with ants
and me on one knee
trying to brush them away

careful eustice unrest
and her breasts more
pineapples than pears
and her room where
she gets you feeling
good, proud and safe
like isolated tigers
rolling in a bowl
of watermelon seeds

careful eustice unrest
and her mother
at the breakfast table
with meth-face rattling
like bags of teeth
flung into the back
of a flatbed truck
eating an orange and
yelling at her boyfriend
through juices and spit
and me quietly spooning
some oatmeal