

SORTING THINGS OUT

C.B. Anderson

Disturbing textures of a blighted dawn
betray the fractures that the night has sown.
We stand aside and watch. We stretch. We yawn
and go to sleep, forgetting they're our own.

Late morning rises from a cup of tea,
and questions circle in the fragrant boil.
So was it really you, or was it me?
The afternoon invades contested soil.

With evening comes a nasty plate of supper
that's barely chewed and hardly fit to swallow.
Now someone for a moment gains the upper
hand. Further rounds of conflict quickly follow.

Much later in the night there is a space
where things are sorted out, where one of us
prevails, but lets the loser save some face.
One stays; the other boards an outbound bus.

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