

A man as usual
has me on the run
cannot figure
if it is ever
anything other than
hunger
like the cat wanting food
rubbing and purring
between my legs
until I put out.
One could easily
misconstrue it for love.

PAVLOV

Rain persistent
falls into a week of days
rinsing the conversation
between the metronome
of wipers that repeat
how love had just
washed over her
coming down in sheets.

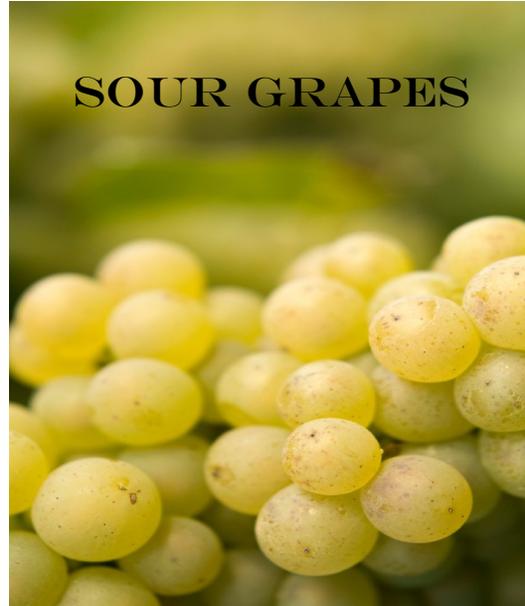
SATURATION POINT

A certain slant of light
remembers love
love making in this bed
day in day out
gliding in and out
making up this bed
hands sliding in and out
never finding it again
that double barreled flight
of you and you, only
the pale comparison of light.

LOVE STORY

He left you standing there
on the wet bath rug
hearing the door close
the soul closing over
the deepness of alone
past birth, past space
so instinctive it could get
yet some infrastructure
kept you there
in the color, in the damp
in him leaving you there
in the first place.

THE POWER OF THE DOOR CLOSING



SOUR GRAPES

BY
SHULLA SANNELLA

THE COOL BLUE BRUISE

Still it continues
the re-arrangement of structure
in the bedroom
in the bathroom
in the garden
in the morning
scraping him from the corners.

Please recycle to a friend.

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Origami Poetry Project
SOUR GRAPES
by SHULLA SANNELLA
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