

Coming Home

By. *MJB*

Root Rot

The trees are bending low,
my fish swam an extra circle in his bowl,
and I smell a storm coming.

I'm home for the summer,
so I sit on my swingset before the raindrops fall.

*I am still friends with my first love.
I don't know why.*

I sleep with my window open (I can't stand the pristine conditioned air anymore).
Last night, the winds came through and rattled my bedroom door.
I listened to the slamming
-only then did I drift off.

*My best friend isn't talking to me.
She seems to know why, but I certainly don't.*

When I woke,
I smiled at my moistened windowsill.
I looked to my porch and saw my potted plants
happily soaking in their droplets.

But I wondered if they knew-
most potted plants die
from root rot,
as a result of excess water and minimal drainage.

I think I may be dying.

I love the rain.

I Don't Know, So Don't Ask Me

He's a goofy lookin' man.

He's always complaining of sore hips,
walking a little lopsided.

His hair is less organized
than most prickly bushes I've seen.

His nose doesn't quite match his smile,
and his smile doesn't quite match his eyes,
and he's a little shorter than most women like their men to be.

But I must confess-

Sometimes when he smiles at me,
I cannot help but smile back.

He has a special way of warmth-
A silly way of moseying through the world on his boots;
A happy way of doing grueling work.

He's a goofy lookin' man,
and boy,
does he make me laugh.

My Lincoln Logs Always Fall Over

Connection is
pointless.

Just kidding.
Connection is

looking at:

- every companion who scoffed at your maladies
- every lover who turned your doubts into flesh and blood
- every person who peered into your soul and decided it was expendable
- every *proof* that connection *is* pointless

And deciding to:

- lay down your sword
- unveil the softness beneath your armor
- remove the dressing from your raw scars
- try again anyway.

What a cruel joke.

My Milkshake Sends All The Boys To The War

My first love is still in town.

We went to get a milkshake.

I didn't tell anyone where I was going.

I sort of just left in the middle of the night.

I mean- what was I supposed to say?

Bye mom! Getting ice cream with my ex-boyfriend, be back at 1am!

Yeah, no way.

He's leaving for the military.

"The discount will be great," I joked, as we paid full price.

"Yeah, as long as I don't get blown up," he chuckled.

There was an awkward silence.

People like to tell me they miss me,

or they want me,

or they're in love with me,

and then leave.

I mean *literally* leave- to go traveling, or into the army, or studying abroad...

Is it so much to ask

that someone love me,

and then stay here

to be with me?

See You In Hell

I used to start to cry each time my body had enough of you,
but asking you to hold me was just asking *far too much* of you.
Then you'd roll over, and roll your eyes,
and text your friends, and wonder why
I was miserable.

I'm not so sure if people change, but honestly I hope they do,
'cause otherwise your new girlfriend is totally, completely *screwed*.

But I know you haven't screwed her yet,
'cause if you did, you would've left.
Yes- you're a one and done kind of guy,
a fuck, and fuck-over, play victim, then fly.

And you never liked my poetry
because it meant you had to hear me-
but you can't read, or empathize, or please a woman, or even spell,
and you can tell me where to go, but I'll just meet you there- in Hell.

And that was the end of this poem, but I'm still pissed off at you,
So sit your ass back down until I'm finally good and through.

"You're not mad that I was distant, you're mad that you can only dump your problems on
people so long before they get tired of you."

But- oh speaker- that didn't rhyme?
It was just a text from him, not a poetic line.

I'd read you the rest,
but I'm just "too depressed,"
and irrational, and strange
and hysterical, and deranged,

because you see- I'm only "the one,"
when I'm happy, and charming, and sexy, and fun.