

Brittany Kusserow, Saturday

You grit your teeth against forever
opening your eyes
to contemplate these clouds.
And in your shadow I feel wise
hanging on your words
holding me together.
Ripe rain covering skin
and how I never knew just how to say
when all is pushed aside
it's been a long, long Saturday.
You can't depend upon the weather
to sort out the lies
you've called so close to home.
And squinting, you'll take no advice
just your stubborn stance.
Oh, how you might have grown.
Ripe rain covering skin
and how I never knew just how to say
when all is pushed aside
it's been a long, long Saturday.
Turns out these things I place on you
all these qualities,
quantities, quandaries
aren't just yours to bear,
but I was unaware that
Ripe rain covering skin
shows how I never
found the words to say
when all is pushed aside
these attributes are mine
it's been a long, long Saturday