

Paper Lace

I fell asleep;
Lost track of time.
Lost time.

I remember that dress.
Her perfume.
The color of my nails.

She colored my nails.
She sewed my dress.

I hate peach.
Orange and tan.

I wanted grey.
She wanted peach.

She fell asleep.
Lost track of time.
Lost time.

I tore the lace.
Cut the peach.

I had a plan.

There was no way she could have known.

I was a wild thing.
She was a peach.