

LEFTOVERS

FOR MEGAN AND TRAVIS

I. Tuesday, November 21, 2006 12:30 A.M. Shari's
 I can only describe it in diner terms
 I have burnt-toast black hair
 like the fringes of my English muffin
 He has orange brown hair like his slice of pumpkin pie
 Her hair is red and darker
 like the raspberry jam I spread over the burnt black
 We talk about hair
 about baldness and wigs and hair cuts
 He says he won't care when his hair goes
 She dreams of making wigs
 I say I need a haircut
 He says he likes it long
 She is still dreaming, twirling her hair
 wispy like the whipped cream sitting on top of his pie

II. Wednesday, November 22, 2006 12:18 A.M. Mel's Diner
 I lied
 Her hair is really like the slice
 of marionberry pie nobody ordered
 It would have been perfect if we had
 I tell her about my failed metaphor
 She tells me she wanted to dye her hair bright red
 like our waitress' nail polish, but it was too much
 a tinge tainted by bright hopelessness
 like the hue of the yellow sign, the yellow walls
 the yellow glow of lights
 never as bright as they say on the package
 But there is enough light for glimmers

of another red to show in her hair
 red like the pressed burning bush
 leaf that falls out of her notebook

III. Friday, November 24, 2006 8:03 P.M. Starbucks
 Sometime between today and yesterday
 I dreamed of him kissing me, or rather me
 kissing him with great passion
 I was another person when I woke up
 with sadness like cold cups of tea
 I drink tea with him now, a tea called Joy
 It brews amber like his hair
 I pour in milk until I see the smooth color of his face
 It does not make me happy
 He drinks an iced coffee so cold it makes him sick
 She is working at Macy's
 so people can senselessly buy happiness
 at a discount
 I think of her in the bright red coffee cups
 I tell him about my dream. He laughs
 He is calm like that.
 He says I shouldn't have cut my hair
 I am shameless with him.
 I feed off of him like a cranberry scone
 Crumbs of him fall to the ground
 He doesn't say he wants me to stop. He does not say he wants anything
 but that is not possible on a day like this
 Today is a day of longing
 There is nothing to be thankful about anymore