

a separate harvest

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Smoky ladder rises
with curling rungs,
distant and fading
patchouli smells like home
lessens the hurt,
the pain, and tears
of a split mind—
two sides of a grape
cut down the center,
clear and conscious
dripping reds
and white wine stains
upon the carpet
weaved with gray
and tiny ashes
spread across the floor.
While you swing
on a porch seat
remembering a hurtful past

which summer sunset
ignites in flames
bonfire colors the shutters,
sours your sweater,
sweetens brown curls
drops from your eyes
solitude and sadness
in your country house
no one hears quiet tears
stinging, salt lips
never tasted as good
as they do, on this night,
in your shaded room.