

front porch dolor

Poetry • Sarah Miller

i am

cold between
the arms of this rocking
chair wishing the arms were
softer covered in hair and
freckles—like cinnamon—
but don't touch me i am so
full of every night's
dinner so full of butter
and breadcrumbs so full
of empty do not TOUCH
me i'll pop flour
and eggshells will fly
up in a mushroom
cloud tangle with mist in the
air tingly mist dull
pricks i exist only in the worst
way in the worst way and in
the worst
way i reach out to you only
so my palms can press hard
against your chest push
hard send you flying sprawling

aching

my shell is so
brittle and my inside runny
don't touch me come
closer so that i can press into you
press into your body with
the hot stoveeyes on my hands
and then
you'll stop
touching everything
like you always do

in the worst way
like you always
do come closer with soft
arms and hair and
freckles i am so

cold