

# Fellowship

Poetry — Laura Dame

On Monday morning, the saltines stand guard on the coffee table like sponges for grief. A small battalion keeping company with the honey bear who reaches out periodically — a humble tissue in his sticky hand.

Thursday afternoon: the brown sugar candle putters its soft-shoe dance, singeing the ache out of the room with its tongue. The spoon, a good friend, cradles curly ramen noodles to dry, papery lips. A few specks splash like holy water onto the wadded-up snot boulders of Kleenex.

Now Saturday but too late it's Sunday. The sailboats on the wall melody by in their pastel dreams, collecting emptying tissue boxes, depositing new ones. Mercy, mercy: chamomile tea is true to its word and novels pat an arm with motherly love

The sunrise calls out, blowing kisses between the scraggly fibers of crochet blankets. Mourning doves rest like a choir on the cold rooftop and the mums are opening their warm eyes to the gilded ache of the day. Isn't it about time we do the same?