

Kelle Grace Gaddis

Chasing

Speaking of rainbows, today's was magnetic. Of course,
absent the rain shouldn't it be called a hallucination?
We fell over ourselves trying to get to the end of it.

"The gold!" You cried, "Is utterly unverifiable," like Don Quixote,
except he chased windmills. I stuttered into numbness
wanting to say, "I'm here!" in spite of the lie in it.

Something was not right about today, rainbows, or plain-bows,
aren't supposed to set people on edge, yet this one did. At the closest point, you were red, a deep-hearted, open-veined
geyser. I was orange, not a spray-tan snafu, but naked,

moist, like a skinless peach. Oh how the others squealed! Their empty hands holding tight to leprechauns, delirious,
drunk on green and blue charging like donkeys in an indigo dream. Until we fell, spilling our serpents, crawling after
spare change, choked and empty things,

discarded wrappers, broken bottles, evaporated quixotic arches of ephemeral glee. There's not enough left in us to say
"Goodbye." So, we lay here in the melting sun, remembering as if we were together, having left without saying a word.

Disparate Thoughts

Later we'll learn that the dog's foot was caught and bleeding in a trap.

For now, a murder of crows has captured my attention as they swoop at the grey-eyed goat that's eating what's fallen under the apple tree.

Beyond the evergreens, workers have put tape around the trunks of trees,
soon we'll see the cars we hear rolling on the road.

I stand over the sink looking out the kitchen window, steam from the dishes obscuring your form as you walk the drive to get the mail. You'll gather that waste of advertising and our bills

and you'll come back with a letter written in your brother's hand, news from Ireland, some good, some sad.

After a bottle of wine we'll laugh and call ourselves "country sophisticates." But, in this moment

I'm alone and dread's invisible hands have entered my chest.

It is reasonable to believe that everything will be all right, even as tears fall, even with you disappearing from view, even as I place my hand on my heart to make sure that I am alive.

Hung-over

My last glass went down
on the top note of Il Dolce Suono Lucia di Lammermoor.
From there I fell upward to the cat cloud
my mouth fur-thick, thick with fur-
I can't even say it.
For a second the sunlit tabby arched high,
reaching for invisible stars,
I ask, "Why daytime?"
This diva's done, consumed by fire and sun,
over here, adrift on sweat island, miles from any ocean, I'm
still looking for that note. I hear myself say, "Can't be no place"
and imagine that sky-cat's claws in motion, kneading
the air into tendrils of vapor, distilling breakfast like a good kitty.
Such a pity that I don't make sense anymore,
praying to an empty glass,
in case God helps those that fuck themselves