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BROKENGATE

There is so much left to
go--
the furniture, the clothes, and
the cats.
All our scared kittens, their mommy, and their
daddy; Arlow is spazzing out,
they keep finding his hiding spots--
his only refuge, the car they cannot move.
Daisy sits waiting, probably wondering too,
about all these strange smelling humans
that I haven't yet made leave.
Could a basset hound look any sadder,
or, a neighbor any gladder?

Skyler is embarrassed, waddling around
trying to help;
blending in as one of them.
How could I do this to her? The girl I love.
To us.
She'll never forgive, never forget.
The baby not even here yet and us,
with nowhere to go.
She looks to me and smiles:
It'll be okay, she says,
we'll go to her parents, stay together.
But inside--I know--she's forgetting my name.
For me, there is no more love--only blame,
never again to be the same.
I just want to die, knowing she'll
cry. Such downfall and defame.

There is so much left to
go--
her clothes snuck to the closet,
her "spider" in the bathroom, even the sheets
still with our smell. All the dreams
and their dreamers, off anew, sent to dwell.
Blue eyes cast in a green-eyed world,
Shakespeare's, "great stage of fools,"
incarnate. Covetous of we, our love,
the spider of growth within her: no hiding spot,
not for us, only she will be--
so much stronger than me.