

Looking for a Sunday Afternoon

by Donelle Dreese

Like the needle that reads
the grooves in an old LP,
you've traced every corner
of your life map but only
collected a small bead of dust.

Your chapped, weathered aspirations
are looking for shea butter, rose oil,
and willow bark for a botanical balm.

Parched, you stand at the vending machine
with only a wrinkled and silky dollar bill
that lost its crispness a thousand times over.

Dear reader, I secretly love you
and offer you my coat on a cold morning,
but what you are really looking for
is a Sunday afternoon
where a bouquet of red fruit
lies at the foot of your delicate calm.