**Soup**

It started with a text,

and ended with a walk through the woods, a cup of black tea.

I can only hope Mary Oliver would be proud

Each step upon needles dredge me forward through the mist

You lifted me up upon these same evergreens, now I only see the dirt below my feet.

You made me soup for months, and heartbreak for years.

A love that refused to be acknowledged by your own tongue

My mouth hung open in disbelief.

My hands lonely, only meeting my sides

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Driver of a red mustang

Singer in a band

I should have known better, I tell myself

When you interrupt my sentences with a kiss and call it romance

I call it hell

I sip black tea and stew in my own discomfort

I let it go cold and throw the leaves away one by one down the drain

What a waste

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The spring leaves open, as do I



A blur of crimson catches my eye

I let it leave my peripheral like a passing cloud

I walk the woods with a hand meeting my own

Between laced fingers, here I have been rehoused

In the woods, away from you, I’ll never feel alone.