

Misery

Discontent drapes me like a wet
beach towel after sundown.
I can't punch my way out of this,
wrapped in restlessness,
goosebumped with tiny confusions.

If you were here I'd find a dry
matchstick deep in your pocket,
strike a wild little driftwood fire.
You'd peel away the miserable chill
of all my pointless objections.

Breaking waves have left me hammered.
Come and content me, baby,
cloak me with all your warmth.
On the rim of this gray ocean
there won't be another comfort.

SM 1996