

WHEN I ANGER

If I am angry enough
I will step outside myself
I will see this person trembling
Where I stood just a moment earlier
I'm bigger than I remember
An imposing figure that threatens
To take my lunch money
If I get too close
I don't like this bully
Heaving over the stovetop
And I try to keep my distance
But I'm drawn always, inexplicably
Back to and within him
We are one
Once again
Blood flows through my knuckles
As I come to
Sobering up
Descending softly
I melt into my shoes
And my shoes onto the linoleum floor
The colors pool and I sit indian style
Tracing my fingers along invisible lines
Swirling the flesh tones and denim hues