

*Nibbles*

the leaves smelled like popped  
corn falling light and brown,  
the butter moon melted  
behind tall dark trees, a yellow  
orb pasted in the clear night, black  
as licorice.

To the Richardson's  
for sticky warm apples:  
she was a witch but her wart was real.  
We collected apples, juju bees, sugar  
daddies like blue skinned mussels wrapped  
with a crusty shell.

I was a bunny;  
you were a ghost,  
we weren't scary like Mrs. Richardson;  
I held your hand all night.

Now I collect glass, like mussels,  
nibbles smooth as a jellybean, the surf  
crumbles like sugar.

I walk along the shore, the purple  
sky stretching like the stringy insides  
of a sweet wet, pumpkin across the water.  
I collect the pieces in a jar  
cool blue meatless  
confections for you  
who haunt me.