

2003

Dividing Two by Two What It Means to Count

Carey L. Fries

Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate>



Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Fries, Carey L. (2003) "Dividing Two by Two What It Means to Count," *The Laureate*: Vol. 3, Article 26.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol3/iss1/26>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Lee Honors College at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Laureate by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu.

ORANGE LIFETIME

Carey L. Fries

Take the moments that stray ahead
and peel them back, dig your fingers
in ripe fruit of time.

*It could be sweet as when Persephone used to be.
She entwined Black-eyed Susan stems,
twirled them seven times
fair capello strands wound her airy toes.*

At times they have a sour bite,
a twinge
puckering lips.
We squint our eyes from spray juices, a sunny orange.
And we may shield their sight
our hearts, but they will come out anyway
with seeds from our mouths
to the ground.

*I tied your cravat as you had instructed,
looped it carelessly while staring into you your eyes...
when there was me in them, I was away staining my
Hades blue.*

It was forgotten in a moment...
with that moment
This moment sliced in sections
rich with flavor.

*You string our tree and the fort becomes yellow.
Dimentichi...this history
our decorations turn us red with shame and defeat? Look at
the leaves
they mass down on us in _____...
Catch them and they paint regret.*

It will be new for our memories, yet how much
would fill one moment? We recall the taste, curl our tongues
up against our palates, crave the zest
opaque as honey in our noses
that scent,
that sweat.