

CATHERINE L. LAUER

WHY I STARE AT COKE CANS

On to its next pleasure venture:
Roams in with a growl and out with a thud.
It is not pink, although on hot evenings
It will sit on a beetle blood dyed hammock
Smile, two bright lips together,
Amusement and love
Embers between her
Ruby ears.
Ketchup drops from my burger
 (Not somber barbeque sauce
 Definitely not pale mayonnaise).
It is the color of my shirt,
Had blue not intervened.
To walk with it is
To walk the edge of human vision.
To cook with it is
To burn your friends tongues.
Although she seems grey,
The moon pulls me Red.