

LANDRIE JONES

In This Time of Love, I Am Chocolate

I got out of there and I'm lucky because I stole the last red balloon,
Mama would've popped it and made me take back the string.

It was funny, she always made it seem like life or death until it actually was.
When she blistered up and choked she was laughing her ass off.

Of all the ways, it had to be memorable. Cheers.
Maybe I'll climb a tree and roll down on a giant pinecone.

Breaking every bone in my body, starting with my nose.
I want the pain to outlast the smell of trailer park Christmas just once.

My beer bottle tree couldn't hold a light to baby Jesus if it tried.
Bones snapping and shrill cackles rain down like salt onto glass rims.

If the alcohol didn't taste like shit maybe I'd dip my toes in for a swim.
But it does. And I do.