I raise the kettle hell to my breasts and descend into a vision of the regrettable future,
your hands the color of my watery irises—
how many cigarettes has it been today?—
and I think of the maple bending
and swishing as its muscles grow
smoother with each exhalation.

A mile away the doctor pens another prescription,
the other woman an amber bottle. Kissing you, she spreads her legs and tunnels into your trajectory,
jerks your chin in her direction as she seizes her victory.

My hands satiny with sweat, I angle the weight behind my head.
Triceps are a bitch.
The maple shudders as it straws the colostrum from its roots.
Your vomit reveals like a black light on a motel wall.

The kettle hell explodes through the floor to the earth's liquid core
fifteen pounds becomes a meteoric bomb—and my final thought:
They'll be cleaning the sticky regret off these walls with a Magic Eraser for weeks.