



THE TABLE
IS STICKY,
DEAR, PLEASE
BRING A
TOWEL

A POEM

A. CORRIN

“You saved my life,” he said. “How can I ever repay you?”

“Undying servitude sounds good. I like my eggs scrambled.”

He held up a piece of fruit. “Would you settle for a bruised apple?”

— Kelley Armstrong, The Awakening.

I never told you

Much about me

Forgive me.

I didn't think

There was much

To tell.

I'm simple.

I like oranges

On sunny mornings,

And jasmine tea

On rainy ones.

I hate cinnamon.

Brown is my

Favorite earth tone.

Corduroy makes

Me itchy.

Academic success

Defines my

Self worth.

I have a

Praise kink.

And only know

I exist when

I'm being

Touched.

I'm waiting

For the

Sweet release

Of death.

Maybe then

I can live

In the stars...

Since I can't
Be a star
On Earth.

Strawberries are sweet
And delicious.
Especially with
Cool whip.
As are most fruits.
Even the
Unlikely ones.

Like pineapple.
Like oranges.

Unlikely pairings

Are sometimes
Easier to understand
Than likely ones.
It creates contrast.
And balance.
Blurring lines.
Softening edges.

I lied
To my principal
In 9th grade;
Told him
I didn't write
On the
Bathroom mirrors.
I struggle
With truths.

They hurt.

Lies are sweet,
Like peaches
In July.
They dripped
From your mouth
Like honey.
I consumed
Every drop
Because I was
Taught to be
Grateful.
not wasteful.

I don't waste
Sweet things.

Sweet like
Sugar,
Yet sticky
And messy,
I believe
Love comes
In the form
Of sticky hands,
And tables,
And fruit juice
Running down
Your chin.

May I
Cut fruit
For you?
May I
Share a

Sticky table

With you?

You told me

Once that

The more

I give,

The more

I'll get.

I think you're

Full of shit.

Or I'm just

Not giving enough.

Because I live

On crumbs.

Not strawberries,

Or peaches.

Crumbs

Are quite

Unfulfilling.

Maybe it's

My fault.

My empty

Stomach.

My clean

Hands.

Who would want

To share

Fruit

With someone

Who never

Asked

If you prefer

Your apples

Sliced,

Or diced?

Or if tweed

Makes you

Break out?

Or if you

Take coffee,

Or tea?

I never asked

If you loved

Your mother.

Why violet

Is your favorite

Color?

If you cry

Yourself

To sleep, too?

I'm sorry.

I promise

I can

Be better.

I never told you

Much about me

Because

So much is

Missing.

I bore for you

What little fruit

I could.

Please,
Can't that be
Enough?

Your fingers
Stuck to
My skin
When you
Let go of
My hand
For the
Last time.
Meanwhile,
My fruit basket
Is empty.

My table is clean.

My fingers
Are dry.
That's not
How I want
It to be.

Is this
How it has
To be?

I want to
Be held.
I want
Someone to want
To share
Fresh honeydew
In the garden

With me
Before bed.
I want
To stop
Wanting.

I can't
Stop wanting.
Wanting hurts.
Wanting opens up
Old wounds
And new ones.
I bleed out
Onto the table.
It's no longer
Clean.

Just like
I wished...

My wounds
Take a long time
To heal.
They sting
Every morning.
A bandaid
Would help, but
I have none.

Oops.

I suppose
I'm more complex
Than I thought.

Like
Cutting fruit.

Like
Peeling an orange.

I never told you
Much about me,
But I'm telling you
Now that...

It is spring.
The sun
Is rising.
Just once,
Could somebody,
Anybody,
Peel my orange
For me?

Please?

My hands
Are sore,
But I'm
Terribly hungry.