

PRISM

Forgiveness

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bubble soap dripping on the tile floor from a pink plastic bottle I ask about your day you look up half smile reach up and tussle your own hair I reach down to smooth it again you shrug and slide down dive under the water which sloshes over the side onto my shoes your knobby knees jut out and your head stays under little bubbles rising from your nose and mouth come to burst defiantly at the surface your eyes are shut tight your full grown body with old skateboarding scars folds awkwardly into the tub like a crawler in a cocoon immersed in metamorphosis I tap on your head you sit up and scowl I pull up the drain plug and we listen to the gurgle all intended resentment down the drain