

CAROL BERG

Love Poem to Anger

Your skin
is red pepper flake,
capsaicin crushed
between my molars.
Your words
the snarl of onion
sting frothing up
the whites of my
eyes. Burning red
disk of the stove.
Your hot tongue
that won't stop
pulsing. Your fingers
churning on my hips.
Your kisses the smack
of open palm on my
child's cheek. Your eye
narrowed to a knife's
edge ready to whet
itself against my eager
skin. Your failure
to absorb anything else
astounds me.