

My Lover's Lover

My lover's lover in the shopping centre picking up groceries with her mum.

I watch her sleek between aisles of oranges blushing by the mandarins
bowing deep before the mangoes.

Orange pearls her fingers web around them placing one, two,
three in the basket. Her face is murky with makeup
and turns to me without recognition.

Good.

I've smuggled sweets behind the counter I pop them in when no-one's looking.
One, two, burble down my throat the remnants trapped
between my teeth.

My lover's lover in the shopping centre, body younger and slimmer than mine.
Tight at the waist, wide at the hips.

Deflated milk carton, my figure will not suffice.

Poring over the patisserie I lose them in the frozen goods
I find them again in Aisle 13 they're bickering over dishwashing liquid
still haven't noticed me.

Another sweet in my mouth: lemon-flavoured bitterness and strawberry
remorse.

My lover's lover at the checkout her presence a constant ache.

Lolly bag under my apron teeth find my tongue need something to grind down on

My Lover's Lover

Credit or debit?

sizzling suds

The till hums

chunks trapped between my teeth

goddammit

5pm

Sweet packet bursts

my shift is over.

spills onto the floor

cascades.

My lover's lover

gone

my bitterness

gone

lollies too

and part of my tongue

My mind

gone.