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Tuesday Night

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Abstract

The coppery softness of cinnamon sticks to my fingers.

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Tuesday Night

Westview Poetry Contest Student Winner

by Amber Thompson

The coppery softness of cinnamon
sticks to my fingers.

It is dusk, and tomorrow
we will hang Christmas lights.

The smell of apples folds itself into
weighty yellow rose petals
—petals whose blooms have watched our
dinner and our games
and our fussiness—
like sweet batter.

In defeat,
I slide an “E” tile across the table.

The moment is suspended in syrup,
warmed by jeans too tight for more cravings
but soft enough
for laughter.