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Plums

Theresa D. Smith

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Smith: Plums

PLUMS

Theresa D. Smith

I've gotten too sweet again, I take too much
milk and sugar in my coffee. And though I tried
switching to Bailey's over the summer, I got
drunk too many mornings in a row. It's too cold

for that anyway. The birds don't pause as they
shoulder their way south now, though they leave
plum-colored folds of music draped over my
windowsill at daybreak. I would gather it up,

wear it as a dress, but plum is more your color.
I've watched you walk into a room hundreds
of times, always in a deep-colored haze,
your lips so dark they're almost purple. We drink

Bailey's and vodka. You steal my drinks when you
think I'm not looking. Don't think I'm not looking.