

Hide and Seek a Citrus Boat

Terrell Jamal Terry

The first ten years tasted like walnut bark,
so I guess you stayed and grew
into someone we could not comprehend.
A scar of unworthiness weighted,
implicated in your reflection
as I stand where you stood. I'm still oblivious.
And this is going nowhere.
As one eye catches rain, the other
doesn't know what I call out loudly
into hazel spirals of ten tomorrows' gone
in an illusion of misdirection.
It was welcome—our youth released.
It's the last thing we need to need
when it's known what this deficiency
is doing. I think a lot better
than I could ever speak it—not one tooth shows.
If I had a plan there was none made
in this world or it failed into neon flowers
and large star fallen fruit, a glimmering
citrus boat granting us, or maybe just me,
much unsmiling happiness.

Terrell Jamal Terry was born in Germany and raised in NC and TX. His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *West Branch*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Washington Square*, *Green Mountains Review*, *Interim*, and elsewhere. He lives in Wake Forest, NC.