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I, Like a Child

Russel Emmert

it was just me sniffing at that lake,
watching the lucky sun set itself in the warm,
caring hands of the horizon, where it felt
comfort after burning all day
 like coming home to a wife.

A couple leaves fell slow like tears,
and the grassy distance looked like
a silhouette of a man with a stubbled chin—
 but the clouds divorced him and left.

Many roses littered the lake
(laying seductively with that perfume
of a real woman with red eye shadow,
red lips and a red light beating my heart
into frenzied, rhythmic desire),

but not a single dandelion
all dolled up for her one prom night
(after working all day to be beautiful)

where the rose scents that excited bees and boys

lead to the act that scattered
her innocence into the wind
 like a child forcing a selfish wish
on a selfless woman.