

Honey on a Teaspoon

My eyelids cry bushels of petals

Flittering in the breeze

Like honey on a teaspoon

Or cough syrup.

Thick and tangy

It coats the back of the throat

As the rumble of a purr

Tickles that of his cat

Like a child choking on snot.

Where is he now? At work...

In his house... What could he be

Doing? Whispering on the phone

To her... or petting the cat

That weeps petals of bushels

Into its slippery water dish? Only

To have a water dish and swirl

It round and round with my nose.

Then he would appreciate

The art, stroke me, and mumble sweet

Somethings until my throat was honey

Tangy and thick.