

## To Rot Orange

An elderly man rots orange.

Vibrant and garish, smelting butterscotch —  
the stench of tar stains brittle knees plum.

Telephone poles, tangled limp, sway like dead  
eels that drowned above where their mother rests.

He doesn't remember the shoes hung are his own.

Gusts of warmed garlic and olive oil  
chase shrieks of childlike laughter  
tripping scrapes over uneven pavement.

Ambling feet crack open on damp leaves —  
gasping and pleading in green memory  
— wondering when they'll rot orange too.