

# careful eustice unrest

By Phil MacNitt

leading curly haired boys  
into the orange groves  
between 4th and Roosevelt  
leading me up her stairs  
with trails of honeydew  
pitted with ants  
and me on one knee  
trying to brush them away

careful eustice unrest  
and her breasts more  
pineapples than pears  
and her room where  
she gets you feeling  
good, proud and safe  
like isolated tigers  
rolling in a bowl  
of watermelon seeds

careful eustice unrest  
and her mother  
at the breakfast table  
with meth-face rattling  
like bags of teeth  
flung into the back  
of a flatbed truck  
eating an orange and  
yelling at her boyfriend  
through juices and spit  
and me quietly spooning  
some oatmeal