

CATRIONA WRIGHT

## MATURITY

These days the clown's balloon  
animals all resemble our ex-

lovers. A fraught arousal  
in the squeaks. We massage

our wonder, trying to keep  
it supple. Bottles gulp

us down in tantrums, burp us  
up in board meetings. Drowsy,

we analyze warping floorboards,  
abrupt geysers of vermouth

and gin. Olives landing in wet  
plops. Between our naps

and popsicle stick cabins, we grow  
a taste for martinis with crunching

celery sticks, peanut butter. Painkillers  
the only ants in this grave womb.