

Making Amends

My mind has been made up
like my bed each morning.
Stray thoughts tucked in like

hospital corners. Worries
pulled taught as the skin of
a drum you could bounce a

quarter from. See how
meticulously I fold
resolve over the frayed

edges of the covers
and comforter. Plump up
the pillows with bravado.

Leave that mint to welcome
you back in, should you accept
this open invitation.