

Whole Milk

by Raven Yoder

Maples grasp at skylines, towering yet her neck
Strains from glancing
down
Red nestles in the foliage: a kaleidoscope—
A luxury unnoticed, unexplored:
You could be drinking whole milk if you wanted to.

But her tradition is sipping
Water: nothing
unordinary,
 nothing
 opaque to drown in
Like the fall drizzle—harmless, transparent.
It is a tradition to remain
The only opaque thing in a place—
Be a wall of scratchy burlap against the world.
Whole milk threatens to disrupt her internal chaos:

See the red among the orange.
No. Only glance upon what's given—
Ignore the urge to try it out.
You cannot drown the drizzle with your ocean.

Prior to pushing past it, she hugged midnight to her side:
Solitary, cloudless, crisp
The house is not her home
The door creaks, the scary man enters, she gulps
“Attitude is the difference between an ordeal and an adventure,” he says
As she hears the clank of his belt buckle
And slips beneath the current of the whole milk—time to disappear now.