

Delight, the Beggar

By Christine Bianca Pelliccio

Often, I rise and ring
my fingers, knuckles, wrists,
and rings,
with water in the sink.

Forgetting by habit
the option of warmth
to trot and skip along my skin,
by the water in the sink.

Lathering soap, toothpaste, or Dial,
the chilled spills hug my palms,
battering my nerves to hurry, and
escape this water in the sink.

And every moment, then and now,
I remember the opposite knob,
that one to my left, which would
cause the water *warm* in this sink.

But, running downhill,
ice in liquid form
harms as it heals,
through this water in the sink.

The shiver in my shoulders
could join my bones and heart,
both drowning in good intentions,
beneath the water in the sink.

Necessity *need* not be king, whilst delight begs for a bed
And hopes for a ladle of soup, whilst essentiality sleeps, well-fed.