

The Cure

The Lisp of your underbite replaces my sugar addiction.

I assure her it's the sweetest I have ever heard.

The warm sun detangles my knotted muscles.

A bowl of grits to swallow my homesickness.

The intoxication on her presence relieves my tension.

The afternoon rain waters my porch plants.

One less worry.

I push the clutch of my wanna-be sport sedan.

Throttle away the racing tension in my chest.