the little things

the color of fresh coffee, watching
creamer dissolving on the surface with childish
awe
the sudden crescendo of fall:
one day the leaves are green and full-
suddenly the trees are on fire
biting into a crisp apple;
the crunch of broken skin, the
mould of teeth
candles casting shadows in the
darkness; the sun peeking out during
thunderstorms
the quick burn of whiskey,
the slow simmer of satisfaction,
the chaos of a mall in wintertime;
it’s the little things.