

MICHELINE MAYLOR

You Gave Me This Gift

Dozens and dozens of nuts
wrapped in Christmas colours.

Each one individually wrapped.
Each brazil and cashew tucked
in its own little shell, ribboned
in green and red.

The Tag said,
*I am not nuts anymore,
Love Denis*

I saw you through the window
driving away with a woman
who kissed your cheek too vigorously.

Then, I noticed the raisins,
not so perfectly packaged.
They were free to roll around
in the tissue paper, naked
and aimlessly colliding.