

## Caitlin Cary "Sorry"

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You are a gnarled pear tree,  
Near an Oak that binds your bitter roots.

Beneath its living branches  
Fingers bend and ache with rotting fruit.

And I am sorry, sorry, sorry for my shade.  
Uprooted to protect you.  
Sorry, sorry, sorry for my shade.  
What a stick figure I have made.

You are a bitter brother in the shadow of a twin.  
Strangled in a warm embrace.  
You have grown up savage, mean and thin.

And I am sorry, sorry, sorry for my arms.  
I tried to protect you.  
Sorry, sorry, sorry for my arms.  
I have darkened all of your charms.

You are a jack-o-lantern,  
Who woke up on a bitter winter morn.  
Your skin, soft and fallow.  
Your short season has now come and gone.

I am sorry, sorry, sorry the time.  
Your ruined face, some reflection of love.  
Sorry, sorry, sorry for the time.

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