

forgetful

Rory Demaio

once upon a time
i dreamt of
gingerbread legs
pounding the ground
to hide away
from ravenous mouths.

they called out
and couldn't be caught
as they disappeared
under couch cushions
and slipped through
cracks
of a faulty foundation.

but when i'd awake,
your words would
scamper through my troubled head
and i'd coax it all away
to sit down
beside you
as something
(beneath me?)
 crumbled.