

# My blood boils

Gabrielle Grilli

quick like caramel, burnt in an instant  
or dissolved slowly it hurts  
the way it bubbles and browns inside—tastes  
like copper in a bitten cheek, boils over  
to conceal the loss of a father  
I see and smell and taste that manifests  
in deep belly laughter, coffee light with creamer,  
graying hair, the smell of mechanics & Marlborol Lights,  
old tennis balls, cereal at night, spoonfulls of peanut butter  
straight from the jar, and scraping the ice cream bowl—  
how my blood boils thick & makes me bitter, hot, I am sorry  
for what I cannot get back, sticky with an ache  
that remains like a pebble between toes.