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Ode to an M&M

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Ode to an M&M:

By Steph Maniaci

My fiancé left me
the day before
our one-year anniversary,

but first he gave me
a package of M&Ms
as a parting gift.

At my splintered grey
table, I slide the blue
ones into a pile

because blue
is his favorite;
they leave

stains on my
fingertips, so I will
eat them first.

*They lived together
in a tree house,
said the M&M of its parents,*

*naked beneath a blanket
in a vanilla orchids' forest,
gloried in Mexican rainfalls.*

But you're filed in a
paper shroud,
deprived of

camaraderie by a
sugarpaste shell—
ready to avenge

life via kamikaze
mission in the
tubules under my skin.

You will slip down
my gullet, & like an ex-
lover leave skid

marks of blue to sign your hate
as you break

down in my bile