

## Sweet and Sour

I remember the willow tree  
with its roots grounded  
in the dirt, protected.  
The tree's tendrils wrapped  
around me as I sat at its trunk—  
growing, weeping.

I remember the swing set  
sitting next to us. The yellow slide  
pointed at me, demanding  
I climb up the slippery slope  
of childhood.

I remember the dandelions  
being cut from the summer grass,  
as their roots reach  
for the earth's core  
and dream of something more.

I remember the clouds,  
how I wanted them to melt  
on my tongue, and to feel  
the crunch between my teeth.  
Cotton candy  
leads to a sugar rush— bodies buzz  
as a tooth is coated in sugar.

I remember the sweet tooth  
turning yellow and sour.  
It was after the sun set  
that the bitterness took over.

The cotton candy cloud weeps  
under the willow tree.