

Chocoholic

That crazed look—
swept over her face
like an unexpected storm.

One minute we're having
a civilised conversation,
then I pull out my chocolate bar.
BOOM, everything about her changes.

That crazed look—
the tips of her mouth
plastered in an upturned snarl.
A defensive breeze
drifts through the room.

That crazed look—
her narrow eyes
twitching acutely
like someone plunged
her head in a bucket of vinegar.

That crazed look—
her sky blue eyes
turned a subtle shade of brown
staring intensely at me.

Or is it at my chocolate bar?

-Julie Pickett