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When the Bough Breaks

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and Old Spice. His skin was a waxy pink. The moustache looked like a propeller.
"Glad to have met you," Peter mumbled and stepped aside. The girl hooked her
arm around his. Peter whispered something in her ear as they moved away. She
laughed and yelled over her shoulder, "Have a nice day!"

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When The Bough Breaks

by Alison Orleans Conte

There's a family of yellow birds out back,
Darting through branches
Blending in with the dandelions.
These immigrants from Baltimore,
move too fast for sight to catch.
A nest emptied in one of the trees.
Its contents spilled,
 fluttering aimlessly
 never touching ground.

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