Jealousy

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I’m glad I didn’t go camping with you
worm my way into your
humid red nylon pup tent
with barely enough room for two
and a large flashlight.

Your twin arrived
unannounced
like a summer lightning storm
moved in with her empty sky blue napsack
full of dark grey clouds.
Had I been there
you would have unzipped the flaps
tossed me out with
yesterday’s patched Levi’s and
rank sweatsocks
into the moist morning grass.

While you moved closer to
her, your first love,
I would have had to sleep in the cooler
crush the alfalfa sprouts
squash the tomatoes
spill iced tea down my legs.

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