

Crumbles

I don't know why I allow myself
to be charmed by you,
your bright face and dulcet tones
promising me rich rewards
for my investment
if I give in just one more time
and return to you.

Why do I believe it will be different this time
when I have come back
time after time
submitting myself to your allure
only to see my efforts crumble
into a thousand pieces
like a clump of litter
from the cat box.

Maybe next time I will remember
the odor of those crumbles
and not allow my imagination
to fool me into returning.

But I doubt it.

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