

tunics look like your wedding
gown's tattered neckline.

Darling, the red bell

pepper you're palming
looks like the ghost
of a heart. I made a room,

once, in those very hands.

In the end,
don't we learn by touching

the skin, don't most things
breathe

through the smallest
of openings?

Everything you taught

me about leaving
tells me to distrust
the sudden stillness

of the soft-edged
pomegranate
and its hundred hearts within.