

Diachronic Tomato

Forget the pink-speckled
pickled moon.
On the table beaming
into mouth-moistening
summer, who favors
the heirloom
genuflects, traces
its litmus: time for
the sun's red fruit.

I split this globe —
the popped seeds,
spurt of stars in
the evening air,
echoing the glittering
day, the sea
of heated leaves,
the stems fuzzed and hot
as the simmering noon,
slosh of olives
and basil in the pot,
enemy of snow,
the tomato,
high esteem of the vine,
the ripened eye,
the sun-red bite,
juice glimmering
on our lips,
the happy murder,
what we cannot
even speak,
molten hemispheres
of bleeding flesh
in their skins.