

CONSUMPTION

When I say I want the fruit
blossom to fuck my mouth, I'm talking
about a kind of love without
assault, with no stark relief of harm
to taste release.

It was under the apple tree.
Seeing the bulbous bee enter
the open mouth of the blossom
and there, tumble
around the tongue
of the stamen, that she first desired
too to be entered and
eaten.

Blessed fruit of the womb
fruit of this kind of pollination
the round belly
of the peach swells only after
two bodies touch beyond
nearness beyond metaphor
and image:

the breaking down of every layer
to some inner essential part of us
part dust
part god only
in surrender.

Fruit the image of deliciousness:
the forbidden that always requires
a pruning hand of a gardener
to grow, to desire.

The sticky juice streaming
down the sides of my mouth
I gulp before I can begin to chew, exploding.

This abundance is the closest

I have ever come to becoming pregnant
with some new transubstantiated body,
a realized eucharist.