

CHOPPING FRUIT

This nectarine does not wish
To be sliced. The fruit clings
To the stone, much as men like me
Cling to our obstinate habits

Of thought, word and deed. I'll need
To be firm, handle the sharp knife
Like a pen cutting its way through words
To reach inexpressible truths.

My woman is down. Birds sing
As I chop this New Zealand kiwi
Whose green flesh drops into the bowl
Sweeping the agro from my soul.

27th July 06