

'(I don't know how to eat) postcolonial pomegranate'
Alice Kinsella

For all of my dealing with J-stor and Greek mythology,
no one ever taught me how to evict the flesh,
polished stones being served for high tea.

I'm not sure it is the seeds, which in other fruit
are spat on the pavement, into tissues,
planted in the ground, that provide
the morning's bittersweetness.

To the poets they look like metaphors,
to you they look like jewels, luxury.

But to me,
—as I pierce each individually with provided cocktail stick
(the kind sharp enough to illicit mother's warning
it's all fun and games until...) —
they look like eyes. A staring pit, a juicy tear.

The seeds I dig out
spit red into my face,
a child coughing blood, a bitten tongue.

If I don't bite down like teeth on bone, but swallow whole,
what inside my belly will grow and grow and grow?