VEGETABLE SONNET

Robyn Schiff

Arugula skirts left in a bowl; someone's laundry? Who went to a ball wearing iridescence reserved for lettuce leaves? Bitter and wet, curly-endive is the fabric I elect to wear to bed. Wrapped like an hors d'oeuvre beside you tucked into the salad-down, we are best kept. Affixing its wet light on my pages, I want peeled cucumber beaming white enough to read by. Red of Pepper, is it you who woke me? Stop announcing the hollowness in which a cluster of seeds hangs inside. To whom do I apologize?