

## STONEFRUIT

Dear groom, gravity  
is a weird glue. It goes, as we do, from *grievance*  
to *grave* and though I cling to our bedspread's  
centripetal weft, the more I practice my loneliness drills  
the better I mimic your heart-scar's  
raised armor. We are not all equally done for,  
some of us more than others  
and if you tell me why we still need friction,

I'll tell you *gravid* is another story.  
Forget peach pits rucked in fuzzy rows—  
dust is what settled our desert. Dust in the eyeducts,  
in the lungholes, a blight in every laryngeal fold  
and yet I planted that grab bag of dud bulbs—  
glottal iris, fisted tulip, hyacinth blue  
as a crushed thumb.  
You knew better. The outlook  
was ozone, would end in off-white sheets  
over our throats and slag heaps and mantle shifts—

Still: the thirsty, purblind roots. Skins puckered and crimped  
over starchy moons. Dear time bomb  
I suck my comfort from:  
sometimes I wish you'd just rob me at gunpoint,  
but see how the heatclouds unspool themselves  
and slink off each evening in gauzy strips?  
In the distance I hear a *ticking, ticking* and think,  
couldn't a stunted crocus purple  
absent all things that wanted it open?  
Couldn't you last  
at least through digging season?

Fellow doomed species member,  
what could I do.  
Like chucking a dead grenade in the dark,  
I kissed each tuber and buried it deep.