

AT SUNSET

A cube of pale green melon reflects the heart of Christ
slightly, tinged
pink
held in the light,
while the sun slips into horizon,
the fruit colors there.
Aunt Marsha is a non-believer;
it's just this sliced fruit on
her plate is beautiful,
and Christ the man was contemplative—
good as Uncle Dennis could be good, full
of mathematics, a genius at five.
Billy, pink man now, was born red and wet
and as sweet and as retarded
as he always will be,
who wipes the immaculate, steamy,
mechanical dishwasher at the hospital nearby,
while Dennis lives across the country
and Aunt Marsha swallows her fruit.