

MEGAN SEXTON

*My Daughter in the Fruits and Vegetables*

She wants nothing to do with it,  
recoils from its leathery skin,

a color she's never seen before—  
red-pink and menstrual,

more squat than a pear, not quite an apple,  
its obscene crown poking out of the crate.

*Poison*, she seethes, without me saying a word,  
nothing of the myth lodged in my throat.

I keep my terror to myself  
and will not sing the syllables

*Persephone* to her, for now,  
across the road wild violets blanket the field.