

Three Poems · *Chana Bloch*

THIRTEEN

Nobody knows how serious it is
to have such small breasts.
No one knows what you pray for.

You're eating tomatoes, still warm
from the yard, the juice
running down your face.

How the ripe ones ooze
to your finger's push,
spill themselves

over your hands.
How the flat sun throbs
whenever you

watch it hard. You want
the sun with its green
afterprint, those

sticky salts
drying to a glaze,
you want to lie pressed to

a pounding heart.
Now stare back until it hurts.
You won't be first

to look away. The heat
reaches inside your shirt.
It sees everything.