SARA ELKAMEL

Friday Market

Before I loved you,
the figs were still in season.

As he rolled the last couple in his right palm,
the vendor with a single black tooth

offered to make me his fourth wife.
The way I imagined it, they all lived on a boat,

though Amman is not near water
and if his hands were worn, they were by earth.

I fried the figs with cheese and sage,
and ate them in the sun.