The Call at Night When I Was Dreaming of Figs

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Abstract
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tiny Vesuvian eruptions, and I ate them until one was left
in a Etruscan bowl of sex positions, and it rolled around
and around, in orbit of an empty center, until I lifted
it to my lips—oh tear-drop fruit!—bared my teeth,
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The Call at Night When I Was Dreaming of Figs

by Ira Sukrungruang

And they were sweet, their seeds popping in my mouth, tiny Vesuvian eruptions, and I ate them until one was left in a Etruscan bowl of sex positions, and it rolled around and around, in orbit of an empty center, until I lifted it to my lips—oh tear-drop fruit!—bared my teeth, pierced skin and flesh—

And then I was awake, above me the haggard face of my wife, who in this light, was half-Venus, half-Medusa, which wasn’t fair. She’s fallen, she said. Fallen angels, Lucifer, light bringer, and his descent into darkness and that mythical world of heat.

And we found her mother collapsed and curled on the floor, fetal, her waking hours an unending dream, illness devouring her insides. How I wished I could take her to those figs, miracle fruit, free her from this bed that barely contained her. I hoisted her in my arms, heard her voice, syphoned as if from another land, telling me how sweet
it was going to be there, when she was finally done arriving.

Ira Sukrunruang is the author of the memoir *Talk Thai: The Adventures of Buddhist Boy* and the poetry collection *In Thailand It Is Night*. His work has appeared in many literary journals, including *Post Road, The Sun*, and *Creative Nonfiction*. He teaches in the MFA program at University of South Florida and the low-residency MFA program at City University in Hong Kong. For more information about him, please visit: www.sukrunruang.com.