

Lemons Like to Live

Dustin Smith

A lemon
plucked from the crisper,
a breast, rests on the cutting board, full of sour milk.
Hands caress the skin, reading
gardens of California,
the pressure of other lemons.
A knife,
a baby's first
tooth, carves a path of pulp.

Inside, a web without the spider;
a pie cold past Thanksgiving;
a cloud of acid rain;
a sun leaking light;

a lemon split in two.
Squeezed over the stove, it squishes as its mucus
rains down.
A sizzle warns the other half,
watching with a wide eye.
Seeds ping the pan, children singing nursery rhymes
at a funeral.

Now, a stained sponge wrung out;
a car with forgotten head lights;
a dog, panting its black tongue, under the deck;
a sick black hole;

a lemon thrown away, quaking at the touch of flies.