

Les Pommés et Les Poires

Jennifer C. Cormack

I.

Where a student and I paint portraits
Juicy light spills on the table,
Strikes a composition: her nude pear
Next to my perky pomegranate couple.

II.

Sunlight glints off the smooth
Shiny surfaces in patches
Of brilliant white light,
Ornamenting wonder.

III.

Fleshy substances are tucked inside
Empurpled, chartreused skins.
Mine boasts a rosy-red, deep magenta
Adamic apple countenance.

IV.

Brown specks and scars dot the surface
Haphazardly, while cadmium orange,
Venetian red, and burnt sienna streak
The mysteriously impenetrable peel.

V.

The tight uniform ball, not perfectly
Spherical, feels leathery and lumpy.
It fits my palm, baseball weight,
And is utterly odorless.

VI.

The crown protrudes, separates
Into six sepals, narrows to a point,
Like a flower. Feathery stamens
Emanate from inside the sepals.

VII.

My pair rest against one another,

Husband and wife: where one
Is weak, the other is strong. They weep
Separately. Mourn collectively.

VIII.

Color explodes our night in Pear-is.
We cut dense globes pole to pole.
They bleed. Fall apart into aril
Patterns, like a honeycomb puzzle.

IX.

Pulp, separated by translucent
Membranes, holds aril clusters.
Crimson casings, pine nut size,
Seal each teardrop.

X.

I taste an aril, slowly puncturing
The fleshy seed. Tart juices
My palette, and I crunch
It like a cashew.