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## Les Pommes et les Poires

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# 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.