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Her Filthy Plums

Laura Johnson

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Johnson: Her Filthy Plums

HER FILTHY PLUMS

Laura Johnson

I am not ashamed of it despite the cold
greenish gold color made natural
by their habitat in alcohol—the way I eat them

as the dregs of a communion
with the goddess Ume
and her sweet slit, drunk in the thicket

of a boon companion's tender skin
breaking under my teeth,
split flesh mirrored by the curve

of plums pouring forward from the jar,
her breasts like a stunted fruit held away
a hand's reach for the forward branch

unpresent in a situation
I suck pleasure from in reminiscence,
the world and its encounters

bereft of their vehemence
in the unbreachable gap
between love and distance.