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## Love Full of Loving

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Kathryn Parenti  
*It'll be okay*  
Gouache on  
Board

Love Full of Loving

Ayesha Khan

I sit at the kitchen table,  
Separating each pomegranate seed from the other.  
It's messy work, but you don't like spending too much time on it your-  
self.  
"Too much effort" (I wither away)  
You like the roses in the vase beside your bed,  
The ones I spent an hour cutting the thorns off from.  
I am good at separating and cleaning up,

The blood from my hands as I try to pry you away from my beating heart.  
The sunflowers we saw at the farmers market,  
were too big and obnoxious for our apartment.  
“I don’t even like sunflowers” (they’re my favorite)  
Today I went to return the lemons I bought and  
The sundress my mother gave me yesterday.  
Next month you are buying a new flat,  
One preferably without the sunroom I spend all my time in.

As the sky meets the grass around us,  
I feel like I might just say it, on this picnic I dragged you to.  
“Can we go home?” (the words die in my throat)  
On the way back, I stare down at my hands,  
The blue green veins criss crossing their way to my heart.  
I look up, free falling into your green eyes,  
the ones that sparkled when I showed you my blue nails.  
You love it when I do as you demand ask.

The traffic cones narrow the roads a bit too much,  
Cars getting stuck and us being late to your game.  
“Pass me something to eat” (I speed up peeling an already half-peeled orange)  
As the sun sets and the traffic grows,  
I can sense an incoming early dinner row.  
News of California fires burst out of the car radio,  
And somehow I can feel the heat close.

Doves fly above us as we walk through the city,  
Window shopping is one of my favorite things to do.  
“We’re not stopping for anything” (but I already knew that)  
A wedding dress catches my eye, too pretty, too much,  
Almost as soon as you pull me through the parking lot.

Peace and death. Love is truly blind.  
Colors, emotions, people and patterns,  
They whirl around me as I get dizzy.  
Love (please call an ambulance), I want to say.  
The alarms scream from inside,  
And all I can see is you as I blackout.