

PEACHES

Clustered in a walled garden, nude Persian houri bending over a well.

All pink and yellow and dimpled and juicily cleft as Renoir's dappled baigneuses, oeils-de-boeuf d'or.

Or aspiring odoriferously, they lie heaped in pyramids like sun-warmed Aztec temples.

To eat one: cunnilingus with pubescent cherubim.

And then the gardener's grandmother in the wrinkled pit.

CELERY

Parading with queenly aplomb under acres of gauze, these pale Islamic ladies stalk in serried rows in their dim seraglio, blanched, elegantly ribbed, straight limbed, bottoms delicately flaring, heads capped in brightest green.

Crisply responsive as Pope's Belinda, there is no better youth than their fresh dignity, no cooler heart on which to prey. Older, stringiness sets in: Mme. de Stael to Virginia Woolf; wild green eyes and flaccid flesh, a string of dental floss between the teeth. Pablo Neruda's "crack-bodied" guest, striding like turbulent scissors.

In autumn there are clouds of tiny seeds, fragrant black sperm of the stalk's ribbed lightning.

TOMATOES

On fire escape even, where they will grow in a coffee can.

Sprawled in the sun, they bulge irregularly, ungirdled, decorating the vine like pregnant women on tenement steps.

How they cleave from the knife in great disks, spilling yellow tears in shimmering gouts.

Smooth as the inner flesh of thighs and fingerable,
they must be twisted from the tough stem. In the
mouth, a melting firmness, resisting penetration like
convent bred whores.

The color of Giacomo Puccini's dreams.

BROCCOLI

Bright green sprouts just in from the country,
stretching ridgy adolescent limbs in their first silken
covers. Coquettes pubere de province lying between
great golden wedges of grinning lemon.

Brassica oleracea italica: Colette's wild Italian
progeny, arms akimbo, nodding vivid heads.

Ahh ... green Roman candles, rising to ... ahh ...
pretty extinction in the black cave of the mouth.

-- William A. Fahey

Northport NY

DODGER FANTASY

Someone mentions a bar where
there are, "whores so old
they remember the Brooklyn Dodgers."

My skin prickles with excitement
when I ponder paying a price
for my peculiar fetish.

While I swing for the fences,
she will chant the line-up
of the 1955 champions:

Campanella, Newcombe, Hodges;
Gilliam, Reese, Robinson;
Amoros, Snider, Furillo.