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Sushi

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Sushi

Like a girl's first taste of a boy,
she learns the tradition.
Rice cooled with a hand fan.
Pink and red blossoms winging
back and forth over sculpted mounds.
Young, virgin, obedient.
Each pearly grain trained to face the divine.
A dab of wasabi's green flame.
Then the slippery crowns—
the eel, the shrimp, the sea urchin roe—
supine, dug out from the depths;
their most vulnerable parts,
all of them hers from the first bite.

Easter Egg

For a week on this Caribbean island
I nestle inside a sugary shell, sleep
in the edible shadows lining mint-green walls,
open my eyes to a kitchen's
pink and white peppermint.
All afternoon salt-washed sheets
gather the taste of ocean
to my chin and lips, my fingertips,
air, thick as white icing, pressing down
on eyelids where dreams write themselves
in pastels, the deeper shades of sea-change,
then start from the bottom and dissolve.
Even the cemetery down the street,
with its cheery blue-and-white checked homes
for the dead, the bottles of white flowers,
broken mirrors licking the sky,
swallows blue, and the blue behind blue,
to keep the young girl in the photograph,
the orange blossoms, her pink striped dress,
from following the brown-winged butterfly
with his iridescent tattoos back to the sea.