

The Woman You Love Kisses Your Pomegranate Heart

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and soaks up the juice with a tea towel
She sucks the sticky skin off her thumb and

eases again though the muscle
and the arrow stops just short

of grazing her thumb
but it still pecks your aorta

You sweat the blood from your
pomegranate heart And because

there is the woman you love kissing
your pomegranate heart and soaking up the

juice with a hydrangea print tea towel
reminding you of an evening when *nyanya*

poured the first pomegranate seeds into
a small basin on the breakfast table

And she'd press firmly to set free
the sweet and stickiness And *nyanya*

lifts the basin to your lips - empty except for the
splattered liquid dancing on the sides of the bowl

splashing to paint a picture of
two flamingos drinking the pools

You'd just sift the seeds out first but soon
you give up to gulp lungs of that tart

and supple juice until your nose crinkles
the shivers that send down your spine

when your lips go numb You won't tell a
soul you've learned to love the taste of the

sticky splattering art until the woman you love
kisses your pomegranate heart

and the sticky art sprays to create a
tapestry on your face, the flamingos

She will dab your art with the tea towel
and she will lift a small basin to drink

and she'll crinkle her nose and offer it to you
and you will drink together and crinkle your noses

and smile and giggle and then you'll drink again
She will lick your thumbs of the juice and

kiss the sweet muscle around your
pomegranate heart She'll kiss your neck and

the valves that breathe and drown
in the sticky tapestry And you

and your cupid hold each other
like this- unwashed and syrupy- breathing through

your thick skin.