

Fruits and Fertility

The midsummer kitchen
is sticky with flavours of jam.
Thoughts slow down to a crawl,
caught like unwary flies
on ribbons of afternoon heat.
On the scrubbed pine table
a line of empty jars
waits for summer to be spooned
into them slowly.
I slump, an over-ripe apricot
tossed to one side,
irrelevant, a discarded stone,
not yet insisting on my female rights
to fertile ground.

— *Alice MacKenzie Swaim*