

JANETTE FECTEAU
VEESTARS

She's gathered small fruit
in her lap, seedy tips jutting
every which way from the plastic cup
balanced where her pant legs meet.
You hang back; try not to stare
at the denim folds flaring from
that spot, the way the zipper

puckers. She offers
strawberries, the kind called Veestars, the ones on top
are good, she says, further down
they're mushy. In the sushi place

days later, she's figuring your half
of the cheque, slouched on the divan
with green, blue and purple bills
from both your wallets. She's counted them,
and now they lie together in the
midnight plane of her dress
where it stretches from thigh to thigh, legal
tender curled like shavings from the lathe,
the ones your father saved for kindling.