

Pomegranate Love

he is truly at home now.
Her mother is getting on her nerves.
She never shudders any more,
not even when the days darken early
and the wings of the moths flicker across the door frames.
The melons are ripe now, and the grain lush and green.
She could be drunk on summer if only she could keep from remembering.

But there is something in the warm winds that hints of winter
And knowledge drags on her heavily, like grapes pulling down the vines.
She tangos with thoughts of pomegranate love and laughs

There is still time to be drunk on summer, memory or not.
These are her days of freedom, of being young again.
That is what her mother says.
I will never be young again," she thinks.
But I will be free."