

VEGETABLE SONNET

Robyn Schiff

Arugula skirts left in a bowl;
someone's laundry? Who went to a ball
wearing iridescence reserved for lettuce leaves?
Bitter and wet, curly-endive
is the fabric I elect to wear to bed.
Wrapped like an hors d'oeuvre beside you tucked
into the salad-down, we are best kept.
Affixing its wet light on my pages,
I want peeled cucumber beaming
white enough to read by.
Red of Pepper, is it you who woke me?
Stop announcing the hollowness
in which a cluster of seeds hangs inside.
To whom do I apologize?