Stonefruit

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STONEFRUIT

Dear groom, gravity
is a weird glue. It goes, as we do, from grievance
to grave and though I cling to our bedspread’s
centripetal weft, the more I practice my loneliness drills
the better I mimic your heart-scar’s
raised armor. We are not all equally done for,
some of us more than others
and if you tell me why we still need friction,

I’ll tell you gravid is another story.
Forget peach pits rucked in fuzzy rows—
dust is what settled our desert. Dust in the eyeducts,
in the lungholes, a blight in every laryngeal fold
and yet I planted that grab bag of dud bulbs—
glottal iris, fisted tulip, hyacinth blue
as a crushed thumb.
You knew better. The outlook
was ozone, would end in off-white sheets
over our throats and slag heaps and mantle shifts—

Still: the thirsty, purblind roots. Skins puckered and crimped
over starchy moons. Dear time bomb
I suck my comfort from:
sometimes I wish you’d just rob me at gunpoint,
but see how the heatclouds unspool themselves
and slink off each evening in gauzy strips?
In the distance I hear a ticking, ticking and think,
couldn’t a stunted crocus purple
absent all things that wanted it open?
Couldn’t you last
at least through digging season?
Fellow doomed species member,
what could I do.
Like chucking a dead grenade in the dark,
I kissed each tuber and buried it deep.