

Plate of Plums

Annika Le

Grandpa said to
plant a plum pit and
it will split the soil to
sprout high

Each evening, she
cracks the blemished skin,
gnaws away at yellow meat,
and suckles the seed
with her tongue

till every pocket clears of flesh
and it lays white like
human bone in her palm

With a toss, she whispers wishes
and the ferns tuck the pit away
into their pockets

In early mornings, she checks
her plot of land as though
it's a wristwatch

but all that's new are
dabs of dew on grass blades
from the sleeptalk of clouds.