



# There Are Mornings When I Want

*by Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer*

to serve you tree-ripened apricots,  
a bold stream of golden juice  
trailing from my fingers to your lips,  
from your lips to my neck, from my neck  
to your thigh. I want to serve you  
the sunshine that blushes red in the cheek  
of apricot skin and begin the meal again,  
and again I want to serve you  
the walls of the stone, cast them open  
to reveal soft-skinned seeds  
where roots amuse themselves  
wondering where they might be planted  
if they ever reach soil at all. I want  
to serve you white memory of blossom  
betrayed by frost, memory of limb  
castrated by saw, memory of soil  
that battled beetles, memory of rain  
that would not fall. And I want to banish  
all memory and serve you apricots,  
rouse you, suggest you devour  
this flesh, the only present there is.

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