

A Professional Woman Loves Her Body

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She folds long fingers carefully
over a flat belly,
feel for softness,
loosens her dress to touch hips, thighs
on her 30 year old body.
Poppies shake on the table;
she notices the refrigerator hums—
the apartment is not lonely.
She has remained here too long.

That night during sex
she wants him to play with a watermelon.
He comes into coolness, crisp red meat.
She remembers a biology class in junior high—
all females carry from birth
a limited number of eggs.
She cleans up the melon seeds
wraps them in newspaper
and sends her love home.

She calls her mother
to tell her she will move to France,
quit the firm, the profitable career.
She wants to hear again about her habits
as a child, a little girl.
Later, she waters plants in the unglazed pots,
slips in three melon seeds,
worries about their dryness,
the urgent rush of ready earth.