

Mary R. Spiro

Solar Husk

I taste the golden corn
Of our separation, piled high beside the
Brittle husks. Salty sweet and fat, rounded
Kernels cling, zealously,
Within my greedy mouth.

From my table of recollection I catch your image
Striding through the fields;
You ripen your grains in the impetuous sunlight,
Deftly distributing
Your plucked offerings of fallen goddesses
Among the Earth

I well remember germinating.
Deep in damp soil,
My woman's breast rose, frantic
Beneath its cornsilk blouse
To ripen, even as red shadows lengthened,
And fingers drew near to harvest.

Harvested, I rest on the table
Opposite myself, beside the
Brittle husks which eventually lift into the wind.
I taste of my own offerings,
And, circumspect,
Cease worship of the sun.