

AFTER DINNER HERE

SUSY CHO

After dinner here

father goes upstairs
and closes his door.

Kitchen light on
 my neck, at the counter.
Your arms of oranges
 emerge first;
 refrigerator shuts in garage.

Rice warmth
 out open door and windows,
while peels fall
heavily on their backs.
across eye circles
 and hair of a woman in work.

Shadow

Listen tasting,
 and arranging
sections in a flower pattern on the plate.

Gold miniature
forks two-pronged
picked out of drawer.

You carry these
on a tray to him
 who is waiting orange scaled palms
sugar on knife.