

Kim Andrews

Love's Varietal

: a smooth Noblesse, the way
you keep saying that every time you write

about fruit
you mean *father*

bowl of father: skin of father
the nectarine's pale flesh, changeling peel

the matte of it
a bunch of father: father tree

his love of stone fruits, their gathering
sugars, such that

you wish every month were June, in all
the sun's enormity, no

matter that
a nectarine is pink ovary swollen

no matter this
hollow pit this pocket of seed only this:

this singular
ripening sweetness, the pleasure and

the horror of it
like a tree so globe-laden

its branches snap
under the weight of it