

Zoe Polach

## The Materialist

I admit that, like many men of my acquaintance,  
I am susceptible to the charms

of a clean sharp edge. I sliced a mango  
because my knife was new and gleaming—

standing over the juice-slick cutting board,  
carving the flesh off the broad sternum

of the pit—furious  
with the rank sweetness, the perfume of it.

Don't squint at me. I'm not "heartless."  
I am exact:

what lies beneath matter  
is bruised matter.

Everything I know  
I tore off the bone with my teeth.

