

## THE CONVERT'S HEART IS GOOD TO EAT

The girl and her mother are seekers  
of water. They catch drips from a broken  
aloe sword. A wide cactus mitt oozes

clear medicine. Tendril roots purify  
along blind channels hurtling toward  
blossom, toward the bright ovary  
picked for its blush.

What happens inside a body happens  
in darkness. Nothing to guide the cells'  
churning and dying, or tug blood on

its course. Nothing but scribbled echoes  
to expose an unborn face within the caul.

The convert's heart is a fruit cased in rind.  
Is it the kind with a ragged stone in its throat?  
Or with seeds woven in each wedge of flesh?

Is it the kind webbed with bitter pith and oil?  
The convert's heart hangs low for gathering  
and open to the animal bargain of sugar.

The daughter sees the heart, ever on display  
and swollen with light. Ever thirst and  
appetite ripened to sweetest grief.