

More than one apricot.

by JSA Lowe

She said, simply: because I am soft & lovely. And I agreed: there is nothing wrong with you, a phrase your sponsor taught me. No this is not for you, she hiked back to her waist, shining skin & knowledge she does not need your contumely to fix or better what's always been fine to start with. Sets out every morning at seven on her loop path in these foothills to joy, sun purpling snow, a movement not exercise but communion, hiking as prayer or church with feet, remember my teacher hobbled gamely down from the ski basin with a shattered anklebone. Pain's made up of non-pain elements: heat, tension, weight, pressure, sharpness, twists. Like I can write our romance using just my mouth. "Like when you allow" she said "yourself, to have more than one apricot." Like it climbs up all alone. When you more nearly nestle, sift curious fingers through hair she'll show you fractures, fell colors that in all your long masochistic enslavement to the violence you keep calling *honesty* you may have likely (piñon pollen choirstall) not yet seen—