

Portrait of Grandma

A peach sits on a
plate on a table
in her breakfast room
full of light.

two slices
eaten
one cut,
waiting.

framed by a window
with pigeons and parrots
tangled between
cage and fern.

She carries the slice
a row boat,
on the hump of a
wave

it sways
with the
stead of her
voice

Pauses, takes
a bite,
then
another

she cuts
again
from her
peach

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