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From the Nook of the Fig Tree

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From the Nook of the Fig Tree

*“From the tip of every branch, like a fat purple fig, a wonderful
future beckoned and winked.”*

—Sylvia Plath, The Bell Jar

From the nook of the fig tree,
I watch myself split
by my life lines, branched paths on my hands

grow infant white buds
swell to scarlet and gold stars
into fruit as purple
as clotted blood.
Spring is just a shuffling of the tarot cards.

*(“A summer calm laid its soothing hand
over everything, like death.”)*

Countless people dangle
like figs from the branches:

A young up-and-coming writer
hangs green and impatient
for her words to be tasted,

Sun-soaked yellow splotches
dot an artist's body
with remnants of painted labor,

A cosmopolitan woman speaks
honeyed tongues:
figus carica, ich bin du.

In this balmy hollow I sit serene,
eye figs as they ripen

and wait,

and wait,

and wait.

I forgot no God can stop
the turn of the season.
Yellow leaves bury
a waste of fallen bodies,

a shallow grave filled
with fig wine, blood
red vinegar.
But still I wait

for the final card to flip,
for the sweetest fig to plop
into my outstretched palm.

*("Maybe forgetfulness, like a kind of
snow, should numb and cover them.")*

Between frostbitten branches
mocks the immortal moon.

Which fig do you illuminate?

ach du, The Fool.