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Pomum Granatum

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When I was eight,
I ate six of those crimson seeds,
pressing each one with my tongue
to the roof of my mouth,
one by one, crushing them
and letting the juices run.
Sharp acidic tartness
intertwined with stinging sweetness
while I listened to the bitterness
soaked in the words my parents flung
like fists as they broke
each other's hearts in the next room.
Separation coupled with Anxiety
made me assume that it was my doing
that led to him shooing
me away to her in the heat of June
and she hurrying me back to him
on the cold howling winds of December.
And soon it was a given that I would receive
scorching hot words like burning ember
from my mother in the suffocating, smoldering summer
and nothing but ice, frigid, raw and freezing
from the empty stare of my father
who could hardly bear to be near me.
And I wished to be swept off into a fairytale,
away from the pockmarked empty shell
that used to hold more than six
shinning seeds, colored deep like blood,
that glistened like gems
when I pulled the fruit apart at the stem.
Now with each change of season
I have enough reason to believe
I should never have tasted a single seed, because I’m not at all like Persephone.
Because nobody ever really wanted me.