

What a Thing a Pineapple Is

It sits there
peeking out from behind the white fridge edge
the spikes of its hair
slender spears shooting upward and out, piercing the air
a crescent of its rounded body
bulging
like a solid, juicy vase
like the chest of a he-man
like the seductive contour of a beautiful, rounded bottom

It calls to me
from now and from ancient times
Tendrils of other lives
connect us and tickle my nose
My heart turns slowly
like a perfectly balanced ballerina
It shouts out 'Home!'
one I truly loved
truly had
truly lived

It patiently sits there
content in its place
enriching my spartan digs
awaiting the appointed day
I subsume it
and we
become
one