



bloody fruit between us  
rijaa khan

We're drinking wine from the bottle  
in the middle of an unnamed lake  
on a boat that should not hold us.

I stare at the shattered stemware,  
you stare at the seed,  
which you cannot swallow

because a pomegranate tree will  
grow through your throat.

A bowl of bloody fruit sits  
between us, red and angry  
from not being eaten.

*Oh*, the monster is lurking  
'cause the sun bathes in the lake.

And your eyes glisten,  
'cause you can see it coming.

I take a seed,  
and throw it in the water.

*Bait*, I say.  
To call it faster.