

THE
SPOON
RIVER Poetry Review

Linda Schneider

Tomato

Red, round, ripe-
Full of the sun's heat
Familiar in my hand
Like a newborn's head

Little pumpkins
Of pleasure
Dressed in
Six leaves

Leaves that held
The flowers
That needed
The bees

To start
The seeds
In these
Red ovaries.

Sometimes,
There is
So much sex
In my sink

I need
To turn away
And quickly brown
The bulbous onions.