Meditation on a Grapefruit

By Craig Arnold

To wake when all is possible
before the agitations of the day
have gripped you
    To come to the kitchen
and peel a little basketball
for breakfast
    To tear the husk
like cotton padding     a cloud of oil
misting out of its pinprick pores
clean and sharp as pepper
    To ease
each pale pink section out of its case
so carefully     without breaking
a single pearly cell
    To slide each piece
into a cold blue china bowl
the juice pooling     until the whole
fruit is divided from its skin
and only then to eat
    so sweet
    a discipline
precisely pointless     a devout
involvement of the hands and senses
a pause     a little emptiness

each year harder to live within
each year harder to live without

Source: Poetry (October 2009)