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)