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)