

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)