

## CHOPPING FRUIT

This nectarine does not wish  
To be sliced. The fruit clings  
To the stone, much as men like me  
Cling to our obstinate habits

Of thought, word and deed. I'll need  
To be firm, handle the sharp knife  
Like a pen cutting its way through words  
To reach inexpressible truths.

My woman is down. Birds sing  
As I chop this New Zealand kiwi  
Whose green flesh drops into the bowl  
Sweeping the agro from my soul.

27<sup>th</sup> July 06