

An Apricot the Size of a Heart

by Lucinda Kempe

I dreamt, said the Donkey, of an apricot.
An apricot the size of a heart.
A special one, a Royal Blenheim, so rare.
And so sweet the second your teeth sunk into its flesh
Your mouth filled with thyme-scented honey.

I dreamt, said the Truck, of a donkey.
A donkey the size of an apricot.
A special one, a Kephallonian Giathoorakee, so rare.
The second you sat on its ass you shrunk into a tiny copy of
Genghis Khan.
And rode around the island being bossy.

I dreamt, said the King, of a truck.
A truck the size of a donkey.
A special D13A engine Volvo, 12.8-litre in-line 6-cylinder diesel
with
turbocharger and intercooler in miniature.
In the driver's seat, you became Olympian.

I dreamt, said the Heart, of a king.
A king the size of a truck.
A modest king who melted the darkest hearts.
And the Dead rose from the underworld,
And returned to their families.

I dreamt, said the Apricot, of a heart.
A heart with the scope of a modest king,

The power of a diesel,
The humor of a truck,
And the tenderness of a donkey,
A Kephallonian Giathoorakee,
So rare.
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