

# 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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