## 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  $\frac{1}{2}$ 

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,

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The power of a diesel, The humor of a truck, And the tenderness of a donkey, A Kephallonian Giathoorakee, So rare. Feb 6, 2015 [196]