Momon Eats an Apple in Summer

She keeps each sliver
to herself. Her fingers draw

the blade through the flesh
up to the bed of her thumb,

and stop
and there is no blood—she knows

not the day or my name, but this,
how to slice through

safely, understands
still the realm of pain.

Her face, old fruit
left in a bowl

washed with sun.
Her name is the echo

of apple—t̪aʃaраб, T̪eʃi̱da.
She sings it

like a chant,
calls through each room of the house

T̪eʃi̱da, T̪eʃi̱da, T̪eʃi̱da
searching for herself.

She pares the fruit
down to its tough spine,
the apple dismantled, the skin
stripped into green half-moons
placed in a shallow dish, their bellies
the color of teeth, of bone.