

At The Vineyard

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The unborn holds her to the ground,
like a fallen gourd.

She is closer to it –
the deep tremors, the sudden shifts,

The room will bury her –
cedarwood chairs, a malachite vase,

a flagon of wine from their finest year.
She thinks of that summer –

soft showers in the morning, sun until 10.
They had sailed to Sicily.

Now, the air is glass-thin.
She is prepared -

shoes, lamp, coin of gold,
the milk in her breasts, molten.