

“For the Love of These Oranges” (Mary Pratt)

*Maybe women are turned on by objects, the things around them. The stuff
that women collect speaks to women and women give it to men.*

Mary Pratt

Something as simple as an orange
exposed

one curlicue strip
tease of peel

voluptuous fruit, flamboyant on foil
chrome light soaked with this disrobing

Even the crystal goblet sweats
dazzled with citrus

Your mouth juices up

You try to calm yourself
nestle into the placid background
maroon infused with phantoms
a radiant passage
Your eyes drink deeply of
this warm afterglow to the passion
of oranges

As if they know communion cannot hold
the tingle, the ache
these apparitions laugh and dance and clap
when you dash back
to the bright fandangle

on the display in a public gallery

grasp again for the one undressing
greedily drain the glass and beg
for more

Sandy Shreve