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Arsenic, Not Aspic

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WILL KENYON

Arsenic, Not Aspic

They are of course, red
Like distempered blood
Embalmers drain in
Man-shaped pans that rest
Beneath their patients.

Like small, severed eyes
Ultimate bloodshot
They stare up at me
Glossy. Expectant.
I stare back wide-eyed.

In paintings and sketches
The tree in the garden
Bore apples or bore plums—
But I know better,
And now I have to eat.

This fruit I've stolen
Altogether sweeter.