

Mouths

Nathan Robison

We've left your mother to sleep alone,
no mouth or hand at breast,
free to dream and sleep alone

this early Sunday and walk you
into the mouth of the woods
for a taste of wild plum.

I skin the fruit with my teeth
and take the freshly plucked flesh
from my mouth, unboiled and solid

and place the yellow meat
on your pilgrim's tongue,
lips closing clean as a wound.

You're finally feeding him, your mother would say.
Yesterday she asked, "Are your hands
dry enough to open a bottle of plums?"

No, I confessed, hands to the wrist
in the sink, and you stayed hungry
until my shaving was done.

But not today. Today I'll
walk you, naked as Adam,
through the jaws of the woods
breaking our fast on lost fruit trees.