

Candy Dish Sonnet

Tacey M. Atsitty

Already the heart-shaped dish on my end table
 lies combed bare: long strips dug out
 ===== a cleaning out
 ===== a scratch in grain, table

scraps lain out so comely, meaning to love
 or hold cacao or almonds—those striae
 of protein. *A deep cut*, I tell the butcher,
I'll take the heart as soon as you can give it:

a gift to the first child I come across. Crows
 in trees lean in with every crumple the butcher
 paper makes in my hand—soon the branches
 will be as naked as bone china, and we, like

the skeletal sky, reach out for any sweet filling,
 each drip-drop chocolate kiss staining our fingers.

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