

Dear Maraschino Cherry

SARAH B. PUSCHMANN

You are a hit of joy on a chunky monkey mound and do your old fashioned death float when you think no one sees. I see

you, who smack of the world's sugar supply compacted with a large construction machine. In your presence I am a bee staring into nectar's

white face, a bear in a tunnel barreling toward the Supreme Honeyed Hive. In comparison to you, a sweet potato

may well just be a potato, a nectarine, a very soft baseball. And while pregnant women dunk you in relish and go wild,

you are not everyone's jam. Some find you sickly, cloying, crude. My mother would not eat you with a ten foot pole. And yet, it is

your unadulterated sweetness the rest of us hold so dear. Scratch that, it is exactly the adulation — the brining, the pitting,

the red-beyond-red dye — that makes you so beloved. You are mancrafted to the nth degree, you slick creation, dangerous

POETRY

to those of us with chutes where floors
should be. What do you dream of at night
in your jar, nestled in with the other brains?

Do you dream of the man in the whale? Do you
dream of jail break? I hate to say it, but
here goes: a bear at a hive eats the bees, too.

And I'd hate even more to tell you what
you've spent your whole life hurtling toward.
So I don't. Besides, they say that just before

the Great Spoon descends, you know.
It's the feeling that makes dogs disappear
into woods, sends balloons to the sun.