

## ***Surfeit***

Wasps walk the fruit  
Fallen into grass.  
The same variety  
Planted in valleys a hundred years ago  
By farmers in dirt-stiffened dungarees.

Or so I wish to believe. I am drunk  
On the words of summer:  
*Brandywine, Celeste, Anise Swallowtail, Cloudless Sulfur.*

Outside the window,  
Figs sag on their branches,  
swooning with heat.

I am barefoot in the kitchen  
Halving and handing them over,  
Their tender flesh close to jellied.

I can never have enough.

Of the delicate, violet husk of evening in summer, of  
Walking hand in hand  
With my eight-year-old daughter  
To deliver our surfeit bartered  
To the neighbor, figs  
For tomatoes.

Of the shimmer of the swimming pool  
Laying atop the surface  
Of my days; and the way  
The woman my daughter will someday become  
Is already housed  
In her narrow-hipped body.

The cup of summer is so full it almost overflows its lip.