

JESS YUAN

Basking in Monsanto Pond

in this new country with its prickly
pesticide blanket, its millennium grapples,
transformations, and deft sortings
of the perfect and the juiced—
who is so bruiseless and
with peach fuzz intact, that deft
and knowing, or unknowing, hand
grinding the useful bone,
scattering its meal through the orchard,
gnashing its juice in jaw and jaw.
Apples the size of my head,
when I would dream like a child
of house-sized fruit, noodle lake,
every surface asking for tongue—

how you avoid the pith, flavor.
How you decide where
in the cow is the meat. Flavor,
I am thinking pink and crystalline,
Miracle-Gro I spoon in
to the circle of hard plastic
around my yellow spotted leaves.
What do you feed that body
which outgrows her father
by eleven, finds blood
on Bratz undies, finds personhood
like the elastic hen
bloated spherical this last century,
dredges of pancreas bucket,
abattoir hook, gland to vial
to blooming seated flesh above
the loose atrophy of their feet,

becoming the useful part only—
banana shrinking pearly seeds
out of its pudding tube.
The receding pith, compacted rind.
A matter of taste.
Brussel sprouts breeding
their bitterness out,

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clinging to bitterness
in each waxen thumbprint leaf,
innumerable, each palate
bites off its apportionment,
chews all the way through.
Ripening plastic taste of the world,
I am not breeding my bitterness out.