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,
JESS YUAN

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.