

Adonia

The women grew lettuce
For poor lost Adonis, knowing it would spoil
In the summer heat. They mourned in a line
For his gentle
Beauty, struck down and sent to drain
As though it were but a dream.

Aphrodite used to dream
Of lettuce
That would last. In the morning, she poured her coffee down the drain
And let her salads spoil.
The foaming waves, so gentle
Were an un-re-crossable line.

Anemone, my enemy, wait your turn in line.
Don't you know? That a dream—
Though the kiss of your petals is gentle—
Is naught but tears on soil and wasted lettuce?
Colors drain
Away, eventually, and your flowers spoil.

Aphrodite and Persephone both would spoil
Him rotten, to win his love, to get the direct line
To his heart, the vein that will drain
Out when gored by a boar. Dream
All you want of unwilted lettuce,
But death is rarely gentle.

If love was ever gentle
It would be then, sobbing in the dirt, unafraid to spoil
Her skin with teary blotches, planting lettuce
Every year thereafter in funereal line
She dreamt a sweet dream
And it escaped down the drain.

In the bathtub, I let the final bubbles drain
And leave me cold, missing their gentle
Final caress. Later that night, I dream
Of the half-shell, and watch the clam inside spoil.
On my grocery list, I draw a line
Under lettuce.

The line of his body is beautiful, and his eyes are gentle.

He watches the lettuce (in his honor) spoil.
He feels his life drain away, as though it were a dream.