

Revenge

by Fran Duffield

Revenge is best
served cold,
and sweeter than ripe figs

and so, the ice creeps
numbness into your bones,
and makes a splinter
in your heart

all delicious fruit decays,
sliding into ferment
and deliquescence,
while the carrion birds
and flies, lovers
of dead things,
hover rejoicing around the corpse

as you wonder why
you shiver, and cannot get warm,
you find
only a bitter kernel remains
on the empty platter