

# Funny Word

Jay Bernard

Tonight I eat from the memory fruit.  
The gardener planted old time trees,  
heavy with light and black with air,  
these kidneys drip their brownsauce sap,  
the ground is peaty with memory fruit.

I have barely begun, I can never be through.

Between glass and video where  
black declines to forest green, in those leaves  
the memory fruit. I skin it like a fatso orange  
and split the parts by voice. One is young,  
two are dead, four are men, one is sweet,  
one was older then.

I chew my last when they fall silent, swallow  
and note how each one spoke of each,  
the younger peach of what it is to be  
an aftertaste, or blown seed  
that takes to muck and propagates  
something like an apple crossed with mango.