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## Gold-Vermillion Fruits

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Adelle Graham

## Gold-Vermillion Fruits

A season. Dogs and pigs trained  
to differentiate between chanterelles,  
princes and God's death cap. But,

it is the truffle the men from Corsica  
want for their mistresses. I know women  
with throaty, swelling laughs. Lying,

overlapping like organs gutted from  
a deer, the truffle steams. They are  
so close, beside the blue spruce

where the horse grazes. Look on the side  
of the tree moss grows on. Alee.  
Subterranean. As a child I found

a padded bra near the stone circle  
where Indians danced. I visited it  
every day. Garlic, virgin oil, Mouton

Cadet, a cast iron skillet, la viande  
de veau, la truffe. Some will leave  
the room when the smell gets overwhelming.

Nut, musk, ozone. I find some old  
photos. That is me at the picnic table.  
My hair is short. I remember now.

I'd been cooking earlier. We ate  
together. My hands still smell like  
sweet basil leaf. Spreading my fingers

out, I wipe dirt and moisture from  
the curve of the truffle. I let him  
sleep.