Iowan and Avocado

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Grocery stores, Iowan, super markets super! are such spectacular things:

leveled light, concision, spectacles of illumination,
testaments of disinfection. Pregnant woman, just as clean and heavy. Daily stocked. Like the

reliable presentation of avocados. Have you, Iowan, perceived

the avocado? I would want you to say they are a food most earthy, dense fat, Iowan, fat

un-fractured, without that pesky fractal. Alligator pears. Fruit and flesh.

Though neither and, biologically, a berry. Did I did I, remind me

Iowan, did I tell you of my friend, of her hands? She said they in every sense
were changed: structurally, heft, even their exterior moisture; she said
they were no longer

hands. Then what could they have been, Iowan? She couldn’t
postulate but instead

negate, say what wasn’t. When I was younger, I peeled baseballs.
Fibrous wool and rubber. Also cotton followed by center, corked cherry pit. I’m certain you, Iowan, did not.

You tossed baseballs and caught them, your hands extensions of strength, all bicep and scapula. Hands are either this, extensions of the carnal of lift, or of prodding, thought:

sequestered curiosity. Like have you, Iowan, held, ever, the shell of an avocado against the husk of a baseball? Are there similarities?

Such are the questions, Iowan, like would you dismantle me? Can you? I would like it if you could take me apart, Iowan. I would love you more. You’ve been
always only a bed,

place to settle in, clasped palm. Brightly
dismember me, Iowan,
piece by piece. Lay my

fractures on a table, Iowan. Then
poke my components. Splintering which
makes us, Iowan, reminds

that examination is
an obligation
required; even in a bed don’t

be such a bed, Iowan, an aisle
in the market after
close, the fruit bin

teemed by avocados, too
tenebrous, too broad.
Just show me, in single

functions, Iowan, functionality
spectacular for
its terminals.

And light. For example, Iowan,
show something indexed, clean,
Iowan, in logic:

the butter fruit, palta, and explicitly
its interior, skins of pale, inside:
a sand-papered egg.