

the staling of pomegranate seeds
By Berenice Limeta Jimenez

on my fourteenth winter
dad apologetically appeared
touching cold pomegranate seeds

licking lime-tongued salts
he peeled and piled
seeds
near mom's legs

overlooking
dad's sharp eyes
i
listened

they took uncle
down sepulveda and wilshire
rallied and attacked
spilled and toiled
his dignity somewhere west of LA
cutting right to the pomegranate's core
just to

rinse
rinse
rinse

red stained hands
like those officers did
our pomegranate seeds
spilled
and
spoiled
like those officers did

and
by early march uncle called from
villa hidalgo,
mom's rundown state

with him gone
spring staled
like shriveled
pomegranate seeds