Still Life with Sacred Heart

by <u>Michael Shewmaker</u> in the <u>April 2024</u> issue Published on March 25, 2024

You haven't started sketching but you've arranged the scene:

a broken loaf, a glass of noir, the pomegranate, bruised, crowned with a blackberry vine.

Tomorrow, we celebrate another year together.

Lord, have mercy on us, you say. Should we save the seeds? For the champagne?

The moon stalls in the glass behind you. You turn the fruit to catch its light—

rearrange the flowering vine. Soon, you'll draw its likeness.

Where is the flame? I ask. You pause above the heart, pour a little more wine.

Oh, it's there—you say, offering me your hands:

Pricked by the vine, they blush with hives. Even my palms are burning.