

## How to Eat A Poem

Eve Merriam

Don't be polite.

Bite in.

Pick it up with your fingers and lick the juice that

may run down your chin.

It is ready and ripe now, whenever you are.

You do not need a knife or fork or spoon

or plate or napkin or tablecloth.

For there is no core

or stem

or rind

or pit

or seed

or skin

to throw away.

## **This Is Just to Say**

William Carlos Williams

I have eaten  
the plums  
that were in  
the icebox

and which  
you were probably  
saving  
for breakfast

Forgive me  
they were delicious  
so sweet  
and so cold

## Two Hands

Anne Sexton

From the sea came a hand,  
ignorant as a penny,  
troubled with the salt of its mother,  
mute with the silence of the fishes,  
quick with the altars of its tides,  
and God reached out of His mouth  
and called it man.

Up came the other hand  
and God called it woman.

The hands applauded.

And this was no sin.

It was as it was meant to be.

I see them roaming the streets:

Levi complaining about his mattress,

Sarah studying a beetle,

Mandrake holding his coffee mug,

Sally playing the drum at a football game,

John closing the eyes of the dying woman,

and some who are in prison,

even the prison of their bodies,

as Christ was prisoned in His body

until the triumph came.

Unwind, hands,  
your angel webs,  
unwind like the coil of a jumping jack,  
cup together and let yourselves fill up with sun  
and applaud, world,  
applaud.