

In the kitchen with lemons

each time she pulls the bright plastic
citrus press from its upside down
twists halves on a spiral, draws essence
from seeds and pulp,
she is desirable—
a movie starlet on a steamy set,
tart droplets trace her forearms, exposed
breasts suck some,
her slim wrist lifts damp wisps,
sirens the darkened breeze

but for the half apron strung at her waist,
a half-hearted husband in the next room
she might blink blue eyes Yes to a tall stranger
should one stand at her screen door, touch
a calloused hand to the brim
of his buffalo wool Stetson, willing
to rope her away