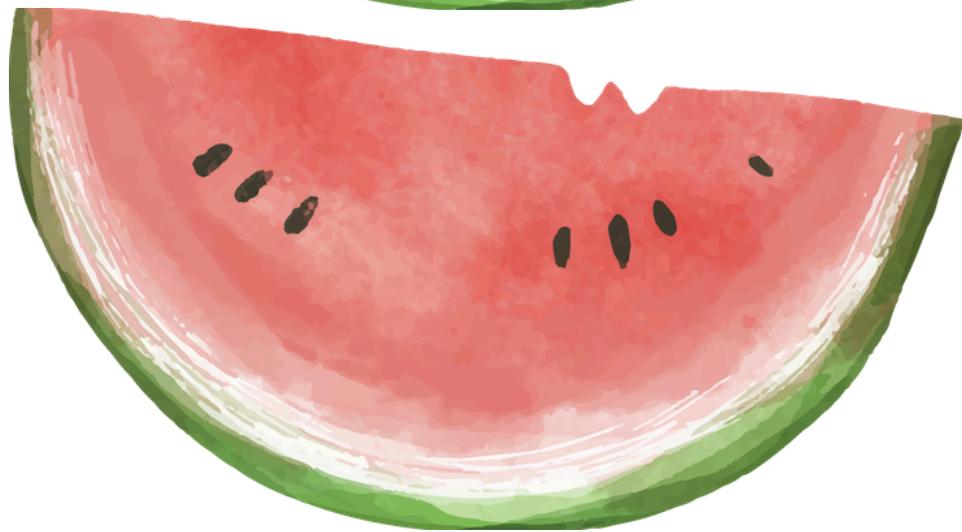
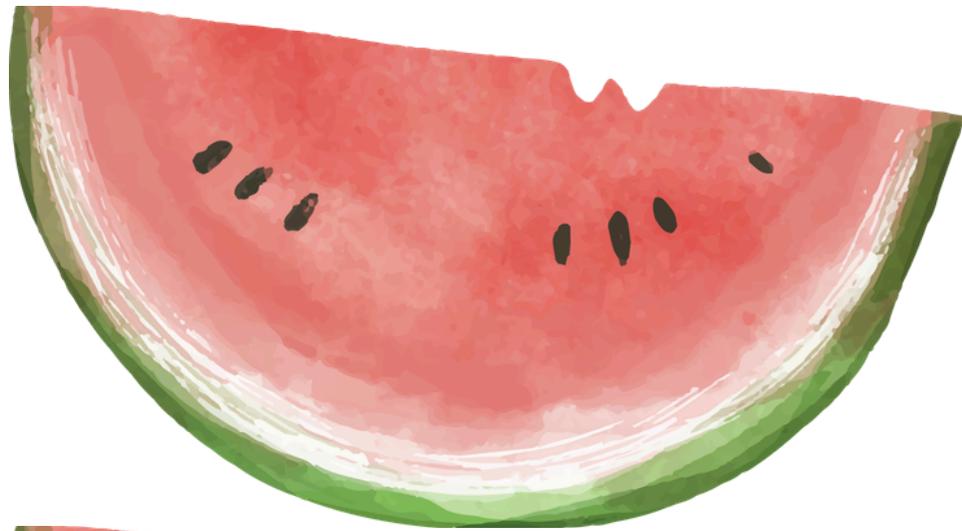
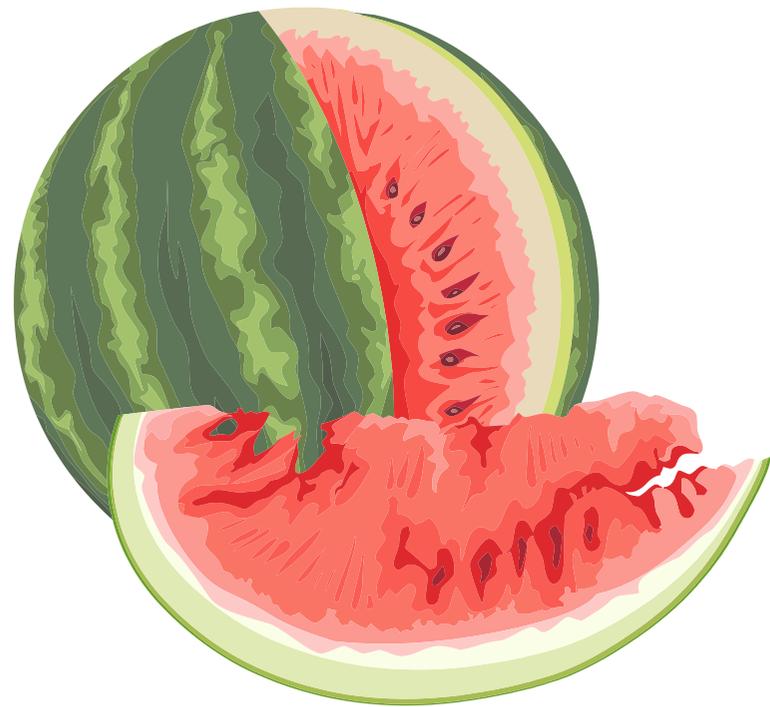


an anatomy
of watermelon



km rowe



there is something eternal about the watermelon—we cut it into smiles—we rub it like a bald little head for luck—we knock on it to test its ripeness—it gives us everything it has—nourishing us—drawing our saliva out towards its sweetness—as a child i dropped a watermelon at the market, it rolled effortlessly down the aisle before breaking in two against the white wall—it bled out onto the tile floor spilling its seeds—tiny black specks floating on a lazy pink lake—a thousand flamingoes took flight.

paper watermelon—watermelon on canvas—a study
—an investigation—a pink and green slice painted on
a black animal skin hat—we followed it up the
mountain—blessings to the tree—we threw kernels of
corn into the fire—red, yellow, blue—to appease the
gods—taunt me tamayo—paint it again—te
comemos después del temazcal—after we've bathed
in your juices to cool off—we spit your seeds out like
a boxer's teeth—worn out but renewed—skin that
glows—we wait again for you in hot dark places.

no need to remind me of rinds or you—i had a picture of you i kept in a jar—pickled watermelon skin—sandía con limón, tajín y chamoy—watermelon popsicle if possible—i buried the jar with your picture—in the melon field—i imagined you might grow big and healthy—i imagined the bees kissing at your flowers—i am string beans with garlic—incomparable to your sweetness—i waited two years before digging you up—all that was left was a photo of you walking away and a note saying 'i miss you'.

sense me sandía—small ball of green tiger stripes—
carne roja—carne amarilla—sweet sangre—
transfigurative metamorphosis—triangles on sticks—
if symbols mean anything anymore, you must mean
youth—pretty playful thing—out on your belly under
the jaguar sun—count on calvino to forget the
metaphysics of watermelon—rightly ritual we cut
male melons lengthwise—to delicately dissect,
devour, & digest their pink wet innards—sandía on
the altar—the dead arrive tomorrow so we wait
we wait.

watermelon wine & other fermentations divine—a
touch of honey & we commune with the tiny
bumblebee—butter on toast—yoghurt—huevos al
comal—memelas de hígado—morning ritual—
stretch me sandía—i harvest your hydration—the sun
is a watermelon cut in half—this might express the
jealousy of the moon—that dusty white creature of
the night.

equally equinox says the wise watermelon—i grow here year round—so save me a spot on the old wooden table—tempting to taste me—not so forbidden fruit, yet lusty & libidinal—watermelon sugar—slice me up liminal—i am fruit to share—carve me up as a cathedral—catedral de los pecados—but i pleasure pleasantly as fruit & peasantry, it's probably proletariat making me mean something—maybe just monetary—but be assured that abuela makes me magnificent—proudly a centrepiece to her marvellous market display.

amar bien watermelon—charleston grey, rattlesnake,
quetzali, yellow doll, i ain't got no sugar baby now—
fulfill your flowering habit—luxury is found within—
without proper cultivation, we cut our lives short—
flimsy floral filaments—all tied together—braided
rope of pollen—pulling us close to the land—we
share here you see—but you says—we gotta be poly
poly polyamory—but just you is for me—and if there
is an ism for the watermelon it must be cosmic
cosmopolitanism—green watermelons bobbing
together in the deep blue sea.

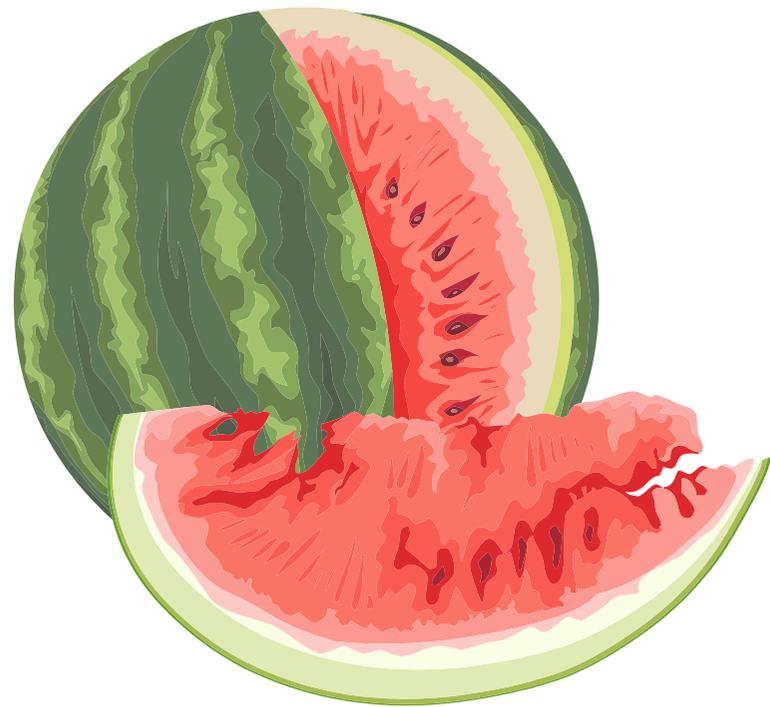
little bit like me—or like me a little bit—or like me
like me like me—emoji me a watermelon—agua de
sandía—phosphorescent melons lay low—mother
took a hatchet through the rind—splitting sandía—
dripping sweat in the humid morning—children used
to play games here—but now it is just selfies amongst
the cempasúchil—selfies in the fields of maguey—
posturing in front of neon the colour of farmers
watermelon—a colour you don't wear well—but we
still play here—hatchet & juniper—sandía y ginebra.

trust in the thistle—guardia del campo—oxen work
the fields—families tend to their livestock—the
watermelons are smaller this year, but they are
sweeter than ever—pyramids of watermelon in the
beds of trucks—winter winds as we deliberate the
dust—birds paused in the sky—i think to myself the
long journey of the watermelon—i think to myself a
picture of you—white shirt stained pink, mouth full of
watermelon, juice coming out from your teeth as you
smile—back in the jar you go—canned
laughter.

winterless watermelon—you taste as if you had no shadow—bright bursts of light on a cloudy day—the sun reaching through the grey sky—to kiss me on the face.

simple sandía—sovereign and free might we call the
rains of tlaloc away—might we fly away in the
morning—maybe might we walk without worry—
mouse in melon—made herself a home—ain't no
anatomy without body—the heart is a watermelon—
seventy-three percent water—perchance you might
you may maybe you will put your ear on my chest—a
creek or a river—i'm all a flutter water breaching my
banks—i cry pink tears—wash me in watermelon—
bring me back to the land.

nope—ain't no anatomy without body and you can
trace the shape of mine—wherever watermelon—
wayfind me a new home—or wayward and onward
we find another patch—sandías gritando—sandías
riendo—we dance under the pepper tree—pink
peppercorns crunching beneath our heavy feet—little
lullabies—we sing the pink skies—welcome
watermelon into house into home—we divide you we
share you—you bring us together—weave us
watermelon—you won't leave us alone—sandía suave
y sigilosa.



invisible city press

