

POMEGRANATE

This is the fruit I remember.

Not just the fruit but the tree, my childhood favourite,
with the furnace-red flare of its flowers that cool
and then, drained of their colour, mix grit with water
to spawn pink jewels, drops of blood packed tight inside
their protective, leathery carapace whose blush gives away
its cruel intention to split wide open, to expose the glistening
gobs of flesh. Take nothing here for granted: the bitter pith,
the gush of juice, the betrayal of Persephone
caught with the seeds in her mouth,
that stain on her dress.

Maggie Wadey

Highly Commended Award in the Open Poetry Category

2021 International Competitions - Wells Festival of Literature