

Betsy Mars

Grapefruit

What night-ranging animal comes upon the thick skin,
pebbled, lined with bitter pith, and selects this
for its meal? This fruit evolved to spread seeds,
for another being with a taste for toughness,
for pulp, for cutting juice
running down the back of its throat.
I have found castoff peels on my grass –
shells, emptied, seeds soon to pass, to sprout
in another's yard, become tree-cousins of mine,
bearing fruit, acrid and disappointing
to those seeking only sweetness.

Betsy Mars is a poet, photographer, and occasional publisher. She founded Kingly Street Press and released her first anthology, *Unsheathed: 24 Contemporary Poets Take Up the Knife*, in October 2019. Her work has recently appeared in *The Blue Nib*, *Live Encounters*, and *The New Verse News*. Her chapbook, *Alinea*, was published in January 2019. *In the Muddle of the Night*, with Alan Walowitz, is coming soon from Arroyo Seco Press.