

## FIRST MEETING

*for Curtis*

Slicing bananas should be easy.  
Peel the yellow protection away  
revealing white tender flesh  
to chop in pieces.  
But he stands so close.

You're bleeding, he says,  
eyes color of cloudy evenings.  
He cradles my wounded finger  
between his warm hands,  
brushing my blood over his lips—  
color of ripe raspberries.

We will marry.  
I know this even as my sister—  
banana speared upon her fork—  
leans against the fireplace  
flirting with him.  
For, he has tasted me first.



TERESA NELSON