

simple topological operations,
do this in memory of me.

the apex pulls up its base
loving a body, that rare special thing;

as far as the nose is concerned,
or the neck of a vase.

Why would I wash the yellow
dot
of yolk
or the mush of raspberry
jam
against a
buttonhole—beautiful blue linen
traced
with caked
on flour—pistachios rattling
in
the pocket?

Edna!