

# Eggplant

by Nettie Farris

What are you thinking?  
Myself, I just keep seeing an eggplant.  
It's been stalking me since that day  
at the market. Seedy as a pomegranate,

it was sitting there in the bin,  
waiting for the next customer  
to pick it up, admire  
its thin purplish black skin,

its graceful curves. Now it haunts me  
in dreams. It's taken up residence in my brain.  
One by one, I'm throwing out everything  
else to make room for its weight:

the grocery list in progress,  
notes on Italo Cavino,  
Goethe's first name.  
I'm throwing out the little boy

who tore up my valentine in fourth grade,  
his cello also, the loss of two dogs.  
Soon I'll have thrown out  
every thing I've ever hated or loved, even you.