

## The Weight of Lemons

Citrus and fresh wood, summer at seven;  
mmm, the smell of them. Lemons that cut  
through the heaviest, that bring the brightest,  
that will cut you--sting you, and also lift you  
on the right winter evening, when you're seven  
inches of snow away from your tropical home.  
Blizzards are deafeningly silent and

I miss the rustling palms of home, sometimes.  
Always lemons, the weight of lemons—on a silver  
scale, against a replica of a replica of a gleaming metal  
disc in France—the last uncalculated measure  
of love. The weight of lemons is

the distance between the end of abuela's cigarette  
and my cashmere lined gloves; between  
your front porch jungle of jasmine and the salted  
hem of my wool trousers; the two of us, who call  
(or don't) each day, despite the pithiness. The two of us,  
who love so brightly.