

MAYA JEWELL ZELLER

The Filling

I didn't think you were that good
but how could I say that
when you asked me, your eyes full
of what you believed to be love,
your lips still against my shoulder?
Instead, I began to speak of the crow,
disembodying the fast-food bag
to get to the fries, how its neck
seemed to have no boundaries,
its body jerking not like pain
but like bliss, the black wings
against white paper, torn
chunks flying. I didn't tell you
there were only a few fries
when it finally reached that box,
how it dropped them as it flew,
its whole form dejected
so flight was a retreat and not
a comedown from somewhere
higher. It always looks like
there is more filling
than there really is. You end up
crusty mouthed, wishing for water.
And that pie. It was fruity, red, just
what my tongue had been looking for
all my life. At least I thought
so. It was my own fault. It was lying
there, and I wanted it.