

Pink

by Terese Svoboda

In China I remembered you only once:
the restaurant's speciality, chosen
from a braid of live varieties,
spiraled to the floor while the waiter
flayed it with a knife flicked

from his wrist. The snake made your initial
over and over the black tile.
What pain? Love's all touch
was the ideogram it made as it crossed
the hot stones to the table.

