

## Poem

# Fresh for 24 hours

The Halloween design  
made me choose it: cantaloupe pumpkins  
pineapple haystacks, coconut ghosts —  
an edible bouquet.

Guaranteed fresh for 24 hours, the ad boasted  
just right for the afternoon shift  
in the delivery room at the far end  
of the hall, late night nurses  
who whispered, knowing how quietly labor would end  
the morning shift who cried.

*No rush leaving.*

Flowers wouldn't do. Fruit  
a perfect gift, so ripe  
juice bursting with each bite  
like a promise

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