

Exile

Volume 66 | Number 1

Article 11

2020

Pears

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Recommended Citation

Quinn, Maeve (2020) "Pears," *Exile*: Vol. 66: No. 1, Article 11.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol66/iss1/11>

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Pears

Maeve Quinn

with small bruises the size of fingertips
under their skin, spread beneath the vendor's tent.
Passerby press to feel the stick of dried syrup.
If I count each speckle, connect them, I
imagine the trail would wind across taut flesh
like the maps of ancient Rome, roving walls
punctuated by fortresses and temples.

Only part of the Colosseum wall is still standing. What
makes sense now, as I stare at the crumbled stone,
is the way you used your hands: intent, and angry.
I fall asleep with my hotel door locked, murmuring
soles in the hall. I dream of floating at the bottom
of the Trevi fountain, raking coins through my toes
and fingers, their slimy coats loosening, freeing.