

## Three Hour Glucose Test

I have wished to be silent, to sleep deeply,  
my body grown large again. Craving  
only the juices – no pulp, no bone.  
Before, my prayers were always *thy will not mine*.  
Now I want only this small life  
inside. Not in return for anything.  
The arc of a small arm in blackness,  
texture of spine. Five vials of drawn blood.  
I have eaten sugar and it turned to poison.  
Always the balance of bitter and sweet –  
the ruby pomegranate encased in its well-meaning  
but impossible shell. Or any ripening –  
apple, summer, the body thickening – each moment  
of fullness is already tinged with regret or decay.