

# Shamala Gallagher

## Untitled (Blue Blackfruit)

home pressing  
on yourself  
so you'll  
become full  
press full on  
the boredom  
of you

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red flicker of ants  
scared wet eyes of the  
blue blackfruit you ate in the crazier dark

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two fingers you steep in yourself

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but why can't I  
shake until splitting,  
junebug shell  
elated mumbler  
through thighs

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. .  
blinds pulled up  
to see the drenched yard  
waste of evening  
but I just wanted  
to open a door in my unsobbed chest  
and walk out

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. .  
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