

DISPLACED WATERMELONS

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Early this morning
on the beach
with wandering canines
joggers and hungry seagulls,
fifty feet from the crashing waves,
round and untouched
on the ivory sand
were three whole watermelons;
one-hundred feet apart,
as my dog and I wonder
from where came
these titanic fruits
so out of place, so bizarre,
so begging to be sliced open,
and starved for attention.
We pivot and resume our walk
towards the espresso stand
and order two shots but decide
not to aim them at those melons.