

LYNNE KNIGHT
HONORABLE MENTION

Sex

Reality was hard to see, the artist insisted.
So she painted alligator pears against pure white
to make sure there would be no mistaking them.

But people saw sex. Breasts, balls, the firm halves
of an ass—alligator pears were as far from mind
as the invisible part of the universe, harder to see

than reality although people see a reality
of their own making, and given the chance
for sex, will seize it wherever they can.

So a cock in a jack-in-the-pulpit, apple breasts,
the slim rump of a golden pear—no end to
the body's presence in the things of the world.

Soon landscapes opened like thighs, made way
for the thrust, the blissful union of color and form.
Flowers yielded their wet thick lips to reveal

their pliable core. The world, the artist said:
the world in a flower. And at night the lovers
remember the world of the body is the world

of the flower is the world of the pear of the apple
of the moon pulling its silver through the hair
of the birches at the edge of the lake's dark shore.