

# Onion

Katie Hartsock

The shanks are braising  
and the west sets,  
sunning the window flushed  
with a little stovetop sweat,  
the palest red residue  
of flame's exhalations,  
of the kiln in the clouds,  
of the lamb's blood on hands  
I bring to my chest.  
The lurid star  
I stare at, too straight ahead,  
averts my gaze  
to how it renames  
the remains behind me,

how mercy works.  
It lights up the vine,  
tomatoes' insides  
through a blue glass bowl  
and fills with glints  
the wedding crystal  
goblets in the pantry,  
wanting wine with dinner.  
I hum, return to knife  
and cutting board.  
The Lord knows the tender  
love songs I sing to him,  
but you, my emerald-  
eyed onion, never.

