

MARIANNE BORUCH

In the hospital parking lot

In the hospital parking lot,
the huge perspiring priest opened
his trunk and gave me
such lemons: enormous, absurd.

Everyone said I was mistaken.
Everyone later, not believing—*you've*
got to be kidding—then, *really*,
lemons! when I held one

closer, the driving scent of it, proof.
You know we all die,
he said from the car, from
the open window, almost

an afterthought. In fact, it was
a cool day for Florida, even
in winter. A little coolish—that's how
my mother would put it.