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## Tantalus

No fruit was good enough for you.  
Oranges, grapes huddled in that place,  
All show, untasted.  
Now you sit among studied abundance,  
Convinced of your hunger.

O to know the horn of plenty,  
And blossoms borne.

But only pride would have you,  
That unyielding, gritty pear.  
Tortured by the very fruit that  
You longed for was there.

—Heidy Anne Steidlmayer

## Leeks

These leeks are stalking me.  
See them move unloved limbs  
through vacant refrigerator light.

In fact, I think they're witches.  
They hexed the milk.  
All night long I heard them muttering Beelzebub  
to the radishes.  
They've been fooling with the eggs.

Far cries from the lily,  
O shameless purity. Pollyannas  
fold their dresses in the dark.

Listen, weird sisters. Hold  
your tongues.

Tomorrow, I am making my father  
cockaleekie soup.  
Just the way he likes it.

—Heidy Anne Steidlmayer