

David Meischen

Beside the Bloodred Table

Vogue Cover, October 15, 1918, Giclee Print by Georges Lepape

Her brooch is darkest onyx—
molten liquid cooled, condensed,
weighted with grief—her own, her mother's,
her mother's mother's grief absorbed
into the stone's dark heart, its weight bending
her as she leans, her back an exquisite curve,
offering fruit to the child who feels
this weight already, head bent,
silent, waiting for the men who will not
return, twenty million dead
and still the child will have an apple.