

**Cerises Douces, California**

*by Katelyn Dunne*

Pitted cherries sit on my counter, waiting  
for me to eat. Mommy carved them, little  
pumpkins that she never cut and made glow  
as I grew. I stab each cherry and taste  
the bitter juice, and remember that the glint  
of the fork in the light has the same leap  
and fall of the heart she made for me.