

Preserved Lemons

I cut deep. Halfway down from the top
halfway up from the bottom, turned
by ninety degrees.

Smash in salt, as much as can be fit, and wedge each
into a quart jar. One after another,
twisted on their axis to make room for the next.

Lemon juice squeezed over the top to cover, they sit untouched
for months. When I remember to open the cap,
the juice has turned to gelatin, the meat nothing
but membrane, the skin soft and forgiving.

A piece on my tongue is so not-lemon
that it makes a void, one that fills with salt and saliva
before a flash of flavor streaks across my tongue.

When I am dying, put a little in my mouth
when no one is looking.
Let me taste the sun.

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