**Valentine**

Not a red rose or a satin heart.

 I give you an onion.

 It is a moon wrapped in brown paper.

 It promises light

 like the careful undressing of love.

 Here.

 It will blind you with tears

 like a lover.

 It will make your reflection

 A wobbling photo of grief.

 I am trying to be truthful.

 Not a cute card or kissogram.

 I give you an onion.

 Its fierce kiss will stay on your lips,

 Possessive and faithful

 as we are,

 for as long as we are.

 Take it.

 Its platinum loops shrink to a wedding-ring,

 if you like.

 Lethal.

 Its scent will cling to your fingers,

 cling to your knife.