GRANADAS: KATHERINE TO HER DAUGHTER

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As a toddler, stumble-stepping
in the palace, I sought quince jelly—
the fruit hard and sour until bletted
or stewed. I adored *azúcar rosado*,
almost as sweet the pomegranate,
my badge. In Greece, it meant
ambition; in Egypt, fruit of the dead.
To the Spanish Jews my mother
expelled, killed, or converted—
productivity. The first time I took
one whole, I sliced open its leathery
skin and ripped. Seeds burst, juice
streaking white marble magenta.
I plucked seventeen seeds and sucked
one at a time, then chewed, bitter
splinters on my tongue. The King,
your father, planted the first
pomegranate in England. The taste
takes me home to the Alhambra's
glistening pools, green gardens,
hibiscus hedges of hot pink
blossoms. In Hampton Court's
Great Hall, look for my Coat of Arms
and the branch carved to decorate
the doorway. How prescient I was;
granadas taken for weapons. Consider
mine launched and rolled through
time. See? The golden ovals are slit
open to look like watching eyes.