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## Cutting Peaches in the Snow

I hunger not for casseroles and chowders  
as I survey the blankets of snow on the fields,  
I hunger for fresh fruit.  
The farms of my childhood are empty,  
but the supermarkets —  
fed by factory farms —  
burst with food that Nature would  
forbid us to feast on come winter.  
*Would if she could,*  
but she has been overpowered.  
That is why I scurry into the supermarket  
like a ravenous beast.  
I paw at peaches and stuff them down my blouse.  
There is no sense in paying what should be free.  
Am I not already a woman who pays for so much?  
Making 77 cents for every dollar that a man earns,  
I am the big-breasted underdog.  
I just want to eat peaches.  
The supermarket owner wants to eat my breasts.  
My breasts are mine, but are the peaches really his?  
This is the logic that leads me to cut peaches in the snow.  
I whip out my pocketknife and sever two peaches  
before deciding to eat the rest whole.  
I am the woman gulping down peaches in the parking lot.  
I just want to have something natural;  
it doesn't have to be normal.

— Christine Sloan Stoddard,  
from [\*Belladonna Magic: Spells in the Form  
of Poetry and Photography\*](#) (Shanti Arts, 2019)