Matthew Hittinger

Frost Pear

Not mint not the tint
under ripe potato skin
too white for pistachio
too green to know true
frost its milky color lost
in hue possibilities
and “who” exhausted
in plaster cracks the surface
glass seals not the glint that acts
a glue but the fact
green turns blue and the spicules
burn ferns in thought frost voodoo