

# **Fruit Market**

**Laura Mayron**

All their mouths like ripe peaches  
upturned,  
silent murmur in glistening red.  
Passing by the stands of bruised and aching fruits,  
I want to harvest  
their sour pits,  
unleashing a river of honey  
and recreate the glaze of tender saliva  
that their tongues left on my neck.  
Thumbing the harvest,  
I can only think of those lips,  
teeth wet with old moonlight.