

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.