

Oranges

By Alana Hall

We will suck at the flesh
of overripe cheeks
let the excess drip
from the bend
of our mouths

Spot our skins rot
in the overgrown grass
rancid and tart
on the afternoon zephyr
to the tune of the trees

Peel our tops off
yoghurt pots, and
bring them to our tongues
to lick and leave
a circle of cream
on the end of our noses

Drink the juices of tomorrow
and reason ways
to rule the world
while lying in dirt and
picking at sores

Smack our lips at
the smell of bacon
spitting its scorn
and let the sun burn
kaleidoscope patterns
against our rose bitten backs

We will waste our potential
and take it while we can get it
we will fade with the sun
and remember it all
sometime after
it's all gone.