

Mango

Sunset skin, mottled with black flecks
Sucked breath and knife slams down
Right side cleaved, cut into squares
 See, mom once said
 handed this cupped gold to me, *then you can bite them off one by one*

Left side severed, bleeding juice
Stinging my hardened hands
Two halves gone
The middle stays
 The worst part always for me, she winked,
 my mouth in want,
 barely any fruit left hanging off of the seed

Skin taken off in three quick flicks
I look at the core
Its gaunt orange looks back
Sick saliva pooling in my mouth

A flash of bone, teeth trembling
Under seedy weight, tenders
Devouring my tongue

I am slapped
I swallow
The yellow pulp into my throat
Head underwater, fall back
A staring child, an eager mother
Tear inside my chest
Bodies that burn in a blur

In
moments,
I am finished.

I wipe off the board,
Rinse the knife