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Blood Orange

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BLOOD ORANGE

CHRISTINE VINEY

He peels the blood orange with slender fingers that caress the sweet rind with rhythmic precision.

A dark, musky scent, like warm earth when it meets the summer sun, desirous life and drowsy heat, tangled.

Fragments of peel rest languidly about his feet where I once shed my own trembling skin to move inside his consciousness

in a smooth choreography of vowels, like the firm, fertile shape of the blood orange. Decadent flesh, it drips juice as he breaks

it open, as he once split into me, only to find words spilling from every hollow, restrained by gasping commas and the

bracketing parenthesis of fear, so contradictory, like the blood orange cupped in his hands: saccharine flesh and bitter, smoky surprise.

WOMAN IN WATER

KAILA MUNSON

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