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Still Life

Annie Free

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her mouth
you discover life,
a bowl of cherries -

and she spits
staining pips
at your shirt sleeves.

You peel off

a salted cloth,
your arm-our embrace -

red raw - she lets loose an astringent tongue,

and out fly fruit bats

to suckle the wounds

whilst teeth search for sweetness

you bruise with such ease, and hope

she cannot reach

the core - the matter's

grinding

still -

you're

pure`ed -

reborn in-durian intoxication.

Protection comes
but once removed -

a physical humour,
and you - the frightened banana

to laugh when she slips
but never let her fall.