

Cherry Pit-Spitting

Imani Congdon

the whistle of under-trees in the golden bath of early eve,
when the clouds are chewy marigold and cavity sweet
and I swirl a thumb atop
to reach the crystalline amalgamation of sugar beneath

to feel the drip beneath my lower lip,
the cold syrup that escorts the wind and briny fruit,
to bite towards my chin and, unseen and brash, sip

to stick myself together with Allura Red AC,
and relish in my unearthly redness,
my new glazy sheen

I am candy-apple Lazarus,
sprung from dirt-dull earth
to taste the open-mouthed,
artificial kiss
of God.