

Brown orange

I want to take you from the world
as one takes an orange from a fruit basket.

I want to clutch you in my hands
and squeeze the ellipses that shape you.

I want to turn you,
retrace you,
curving my fingers around you
converting your orangeness brown.

I want to seize you,
grasp you,
hold you without hesitation.

Then, I want to open you.
I want to peel away your garments
and admire your nudity.

A naked orange in my hands
which I, will then,
consume.