



Look at her, dripping drip dripping me. She's smiling stone. She's sapphire love with a flaw in the making, a shard misplaced. Look at her, sapphire blue, blue as me, blue as the ocean, blue as real love, blue as the great big sky, blue blue blue as . . . oranges. Tastes like oranges, bitter, dripping drip dripping like bitter blood dripping drip dripping. Naked as an orange, devoured naked taken clothed but wanted naked in its bitter drip.

Dripping

Stone

Sapphire

Blue

Orange

Orange as faded red, the real red. Faded orange, like blood, also blue, like a great circle of blood. That's what she is. She's a dripping circle of blood. That's what she is now. What I've made her: Faded oranges. I like the taste of oranges. Dripping drip dripping down you chin sticky sticky icky icky sweat like batted breath down your throat down your chest down down down down catch the drop! Catch the DROP! DROP! DROP! Dropped. Missed, you missed gone now with an anticlimactic splash oops oops oops what a mess. Take taken take the next orange not as good as the first can't be the first because it's the next too sour too sweat too bad so sad can't have the first back you ate it. Oops oops oops all gone like water down the well like Timmy, Timmy the orange and Lassie's dead. Oops, ate him too. He's dripping drip dripping like smiling stone.

There's that sapphire, love, sapphire love with a flaw in the making, and a shard misplaced.

By Jennifer Embree