Forbidden Fruit

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Victoria Reynolds

The forbidden fruit
is not an apple,
mimicking the ample bosom,
a red flush
right below the cheekbones.

The fruit that should be forbidden
is a pomegranate,
shaped like a
dismembered heart—
aorta cut short
into a splayed star.

To cut into it
is to separate
four chambers from each other,
and scrape them clean,
droplets of gem-like juice
into the waiting cavern
of a bowl.

Consuming the consummated
heart of the fruit
leaves only four empty chambers,
red like blood,
open and waiting to be filled, so long after
its own blood was spilled,
slowly into your
ripened mouth,
staining the edges
of lips with lust,
a simple, single
lipstick smudge
on the collar of a shirt.