

Grapefruit

There is that delicate period where dreams ripen
Depleting in the chlorophyll which keep them
Green and clustered

They muster the audacity to subdue some acidity
Drooping branches in their teeming weight, emerging
Faintly colored and rounded

Inevitably one swells with saccharine certainty
And plummets through the subtropical terrain

Descending exhilaration meets the earth
Only to land with an expected bruising

Yet each time feels like the first
 The pink flesh of fruit laid bare in the rubble
 The orange-tinted skin too mangled to cover

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Like a grapefruit broken open
Or squeezed by the hand

So the heart is juiced with astringent bittersweetness
At the falling of a dream