

The Scent of Fresh Lemon Lingers

Shed something, I say,
unravel the rind
like a slow drag of spliff
like the skin, ready
to rip—rarely do we need
all this flesh

With trill and alveolar
peel the please
from it; lick the leftovers
rimming the finger like an average
night of baptism

Sip the scent—
experimental from this position—
we should try it
while trusting this hand
to work the blade

Let it linger
like a pulpy moon,
a lith of citrus
erupting ready-ripe,
succulent.