

FRUIT CUP

I stole a fruit cup — to see if I was still alive
I won't lie, I don't lie
I couldn't hide the syrupy-sweet truth
of my fruit cup

The bits were right, but didn't excite me
They were soft yet firm
They weren't too small but weren't too large
Could I have chosen from
All the fruit cups in the world, These —
Are the bits I would have chosen

But perfection is consistent
"You can't perfect perfection."
Sometimes, less than perfect, is more

My girlfriend hides a razor in a book
Beneath her bed, where her parents won't find it
The pain and the imperfection
Trigger a chemical release
Free her from a false reality, Allow —
An escape to the true imagination that we
share

Her ticket is the throbbing, pulsing pain
Flowing from her razor

Mine, the repulsive, sticky joy
dripping sweetly
from a stolen fruit cup