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## Angiospermaphrodite

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## **ANGIOSPERMAPHRODITE**

I pulled an unripe fruit down, pressed the puckered bottom against my lips. *How predictable, blue was my first love, now I can't get past green.* 

Before hope for wings settled for seeds, after the trees found their faces, lidded and lashed, we lay down together in our dirt nests. The world

began and there were two genders with no common language, only squirrels and bees. After, even the bees took sides: honey or sweat? Why

salt the vegetables, it won't bring them back. But memory reeks up from under the rhubarb. Once I lost my fear of the yellow jackets,

plums ripened. What disappointing flesh. The bitter skin, complicating—the first and last of what's in my mouth.