

## Flashback Orange

by Allison Thorpe

The fruit is like yesterday  
when you think of him.  
Safest to roll it around  
in the palm for a while,  
ponder the unbroken circle,  
soften the waxy reality.  
Say it is easier to open that way.  
Slowly sink teeth to skin,  
shuddering the familiar rush.  
Pretend you are Hemingway in Paris,  
relishing hunger like Cézanne,  
rejoicing each small truth  
as layers exposed to air.  
Cast peels to fire,  
one by pungent one  
like a long list  
of forgotten dreams.  
Linger the remembered  
taste upon the tongue.  
Hallow the sweet flesh.  
Let all the wild juices  
baptize what is left of love.