

Lunatic Fruit

by Chris Stafford

wild eyes open
your iris sunrise;
dusty rays flit
past smoking lids.
witchcraft glamorous,
sweet cackle rasps
succulent and jagged.
yawn... stretch;
an old jungle cat
too lazy to prowl.
we were lustrous apples;
now jostled and bruised.
our rot spreading
through the crate.
lunatic fruit rebellion
against the day.

