

## **Watermelon**

I imagine watermelon would taste like water. I imagine sinking my teeth into that soft solid would feel like sinking into bedsheets, suspended in gluttonous, indulgent comfort. I imagine picking the seeds from my teeth with careful fingers would be like picking and prying piercing aches from stubborn muscles, working at it until irritation falls slack. I imagine pondering the rise and fall of nervous bite marks along the rind would be like pondering each crevice and curve, each freckle and scar, each eyelash as they flutter and each crack on a pair of liquid lips as they float into a smile. I imagine swallowing the seeds would only awaken the butterflies fast asleep within, quick, delicate wings erupting a cacophony of fervor. I imagine the sticky sweetness it would leave on my fingers would be as tantalizing as a reverent kiss. I imagine watermelon would taste like you.