

Persea Americana

This Alligator fruit in the palm of my hand, its pear shaped body, pebbled of coppery purple, hides a single seed within. I squeeze gently, pressing my fingers against the flesh to check for ripeness.

The sounds of the Avocado farm buzz and hiss with whistles.
The sun sneaks peaks while I feel the bark between my toes.

Buttery Avocado Gelato is upon the rusted horizon, and I can almost feel the cool spoon in an effort to escape the humidity that sticks to the sweet Magnoliids during the harvest season.