

## The Love of a Pineapple

Just one more bite of that sticky yellow fruit,  
Those sweet golden chunks - beautifully crowned jewel.

You burn my cheeks and my tongue with your fireless heat  
And you scorch down my throat like s m o o t h *sharp* acid;

But you're sweet and you're yellow, so I don't mind the sting.  
I've devoured each morsel without guilt or restraint, and I'll

Gladly spear another bite on my silver tongued fork  
As I gobble up more of your succulent fruit.

I look down at the final piece left in my bowl, and take a moment  
To admire your glow as you glisten in the morning sunlight.

Clutched between the pads of my fingers, I vow silently to savor  
This final piece, and take a small bite, barely half of a mouthful.

I close my eyes, smile, and let the juice run in rivers down  
my chin as it slowly drips and puddles into golden pools on my shirt.

Let the nectar of your ambrosia be my natural perfume,  
and I'll walk with my head held high, full of you and you of me.

I pop the last bit in my mouth and swipe the back of my hand  
Across my dripping face, and I remember the gleam of each

Tasty berry and the bite of its tongue on mine, and how the light  
Struck the tips of your crown in a green spiked halo.