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He Asked What My Sigh Meant

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Busby: He Asked What My Sigh Meant
HE ASKED WHAT MY SIGH MEANT

Christina Busby

my love is
ovular,
a succulent fruit
dangling within.
my fingers

tear at the skin.
fruit falls,
juices and seeds
bleed.

i was ripe,
ready to be picked and
devoured by his lips.

he said
no

i rotted instead.