

Nature's Masterpiece

If ever an apple as sweet as you
did exist,
it must have been the very one
that tempted Adam through Eve.

So luscious, so red, so sweet,
so wet—
you tempt, you taunt,
now resting in the palm of my hand.

No need to cover your coat.
Round and smooth you are. Perfect.

I can't help but bite into you
time and again, to your core,
till every last bit of you is gone
and satisfied I am.

Nature's masterpiece,
you are.