

"Untitled"

Sara Balabanlilar

Just. Take. A. Bite.

She says, leaning over you.

Apple in small, calloused hand.

You don't know how to react, and words,

Normally lush and multitudinous in your everyday life,

Remain tumbling in your sensitized brain.

Your heart beats faster and she pushes toward you.

Her pink lips mouth the words, twitching with the beginnings of a mischievous grin.

Come on.

She nears the apple to your lips.

The aroma finds its way to you and insinuates itself into your nostrils,

The heady scent taking over.

Breathe. Breath. Mouth. Open.

It happens before you realize it.

Your lips aren't used to what this fruit has to offer,

But there is so much time to learn.

And you find, draped in her warmth and the spicy sweet odor,

That you could so easily lose yourself in it

Time and time again.