

Ode to the Avocado

Crackled,
nubby, burnished green,
its skin as tough
as leather,
wraps around the life bearing seed
like an armadillo,
barring entry
to all but the undaunted.

Dare,
for once peeled back,
a paradise of succulent flesh
is revealed in a misty palette
of moss and watercress.
Yes, I say, yes.

Into my mouth it slips,
between my teeth it spreads,
caressing my cheeks,
massaging my gums
and engaging my tongue in transport.

Taste buds in frenzy
fire messages of exotic pleasure
until I, as a whole,
am wild for it,

as if this pick
were the fruit forbidden,
not the apple
nor the pomegranate,
but the avocado,
for all that lies within.