

Inheritance

This lemon hue of mine
is what makes my axis
different from others,
heiress in unexpected
expansions, reverberation
of imaginary fruits that want to know
nothing about my being
a green pome.

In this solid body, I extract
a juice full of bitterness,
unsuited in its uneven scales
and the twisting of the pulp,
which reveals the bagasse of my desire,
the flesh residue of other tastes,
sweet failures where I am nothing
other than a lemon.