

## **Manzanita**

Warm grass massages her swollen feet.

Sun kisses her on those round rosy cheeks and

On her forehead, like a father would a daughter.

A gust of wind rushes through her skirt and

Up her shirt, like a crooked, twisted man would.

She lays in the moist earth making love to the flowers.

And finally, after hours and hours

Her cheeks are flushed.

And on her brow, slides gracefully a drop

Down her face to her plump lips.

Salty and sweet.

She rolls to the edge of the river,

Naked.

Her curves are delicious.

Her white soul is radiant through her skin.

She tenderly dips her thin legs.

A hungry bee sucks her beautiful blossoms,

Flirting with his fuzzy striped blanket.

The wise tree is waving to her.

Its strong limbs carry her to the leanest branch,

Way high, riding the woody sea.

The birds chirp their melody.

God's fruit,

Abused by the slithery Devil.

Intoxicated,

By the beastly Grimhilde.

Just a bite

of her juicy flesh would smite.

A poisonous perfection is she,

The apple from the tree.