

Obligatory persimmon

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like cinnamon, your sugar rectifies, spreads across pores of my tongue, seeps into veins, as you remain continental, experimental.

I bite through your flesh

I bite through your flesh that expels the scent of nothingness.

Simmering, the soup of you finally fills with proof of texture, Persian sun—
no seeds, all bitter rind melted—all mother to sharpened teeth.

I felt obliged to write an ode to oriental fruit, even though

I'm only vaguely Asian—

