

Little Peach

by Samantha Budd

2016 IUSB English Department Writing Award, Third Place, Poetry

Midway between the
cardboard box and mansion
there was a rotting peach
You leaned in quick
to pick it up,
bending your arms
like a crescent moon.
I watched the sunrise
from your eyes that morning,
knowing I might never
see it again—

 everything feels okay.
I touch your intricate lips
with my velvet fingertip.
Shoving my frail body
into your kitchen drawer
compressing myself
against a rusted spoon,
decaying
 orange.