

# Rotting apple (Inspired by Sour Milk by Diane Wakoski)

Tracy

You are sweat with jealousy  
 Red with greed  
 Crunchy texture  
 Bite with a crisp crack  
 Fantastic smell  
 Arouse their deep desire

And now  
 You  
 Are the same you,  
 gradually  
 Turning dark and black  
 No one  
 Could ever suffer  
 Such an epic fact

You  
 The rotting apple, turning dark and pray  
 But water flows that never back  
 Victims imagine their beautiful dreams

Tournament  
 Inside your body  
 Deeping along  
 the dripping sands  
 The dark dot  
 Is sinking  
 With extremely sour smells

You  
 The rotting apple, turning black and still  
 Pray  
 But wind blows that never back  
 Victims imagine their beautiful dreams

Compassion  
 Fading through the time  
 Juicy skins  
 are shrinking  
 Wrinkles mark the time you pass

Women are those apples  
 They are trembling with hope  
 Hoping someone will pick them up  
 For their saliva and bite  
 Even it can destroy them  
 better than throwing  
 Into the garbage can

Women are those apples  
 When it is your turn  
 Remember,  
 Time passes  
 That never comes back

