**Devour**

Devin Buie

My heart is a flower grown ripe into a stone fruit

and there are so many slices taken out,

pit exposed to honey-golden blood.

Take my heart, pull it out from behind my silk-curtain sternum

and take a bite,

see my soft flesh dissolving into the mouths of those ready to spit it out.

 Just give them the chance.

Maybe someone will find my leftovers,

stringy pieces of peach left clinging to a hard-stone pit.

They will hold me,

my devoured fruit heart

in their hands.

This person’s heart will be a garden,

and they will dig me a little hole in there,

plant me so my heart can grow back in theirs.

Bruised fruit to blossoming tree.

Growing back a hundred-fold.

Or maybe

this person will pick up what is left of my fruit heart

and bake me into a pie.

Take tender fingers and press into my skin,

smush me up inside,

lick the juice off their hands for fear of waste.

 They will turn me soft again.

Wrap me meticulously in arms of soft pastry

hold me in golden brown heat

carry me home to the family and say,

 Here,

 this is her.

 Her heart all used up and bruised,

 but now it is new, and she has given it to me!

 She came to me delicate and trusted me,

and now her heart can be yours, too;

dig in.