**Plum**

Lorrie Ness

More of a slippage than a hiss —

like one wet leaf cleaving from another.

Strip. After. Strip.

 Skinning a plum with your teeth

is to be equally resigned to sound

and patience. The peel

is an endless turning.

Remnant warmth,

where it rested in your palm is the only landmark.

The bruise is a palimpsest of your thumb

 pressing. Its softness.

rises up around your teeth. Snapping

as its membrane breaks —

more of a felt thing than a noise. Inside

the puncture, juice wells. This is how the body gives in

to violence. Strip. After. Strip.

 Raw flesh conjures

a color we cannot name. *Dwindling Fire. Predawn Glow.*

*Kaleidoscope Turning.*

Bite. After. Bite.