Lunatic Fruit

by Chris Stafford

wild eyes open
your iris sunrise;
dusty rays flit
past smoking lids.
witchcraft glamourous,
sweet cackle rasps
succulent and jagged.
yawn... stretch;
an old jungle cat
too lazy to prowl.
we were lustrous apples;
now jostled and bruised.
our rot spreading
through the crate.
lunatic fruit rebellion
against the day.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/chris-stafford/lunatic-fruit»*
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