

# Lunatic Fruit

*by* Chris Stafford

wild eyes open  
your iris sunrise;  
dusty rays flit  
past smoking lids.  
witchcraft glamorous,  
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.

