

The Watermelon King

by Frankie Saxx

In the garden where all the watermelons
lie in silent regiments waiting for the
sun to rise, the King of the Watermelons
stalks soft on savage

feet among the rows and the watermelons
tremble. Vines anticipate hurt; her harvest
cannot come without the exchange of pain, an
ache for her pleasure.

Gentle fingers, probing her subjects, testing
each for ripeness, succulence. Which will please the
Watermelon King? And they hope, each melon,
adoring: pick me.

