

*Grapefruit [Nostalgia]*

Your soft crusted rind

Hiding

Your

F

L

E

S

H.

Your smell is a brine

So

Very

F

R

E

S

H.

Your peel reveals the colourful

Inside

To

M

E,

Your pulp bursts with

Tension

Encapsulating

Y

O

U

Your combination of flavours dance

Within

My

M

I

N

D

Your sour sensations run along my

Teeth

And

G

R

I

N

D

Your juices trickle down my fingers

And

Then

D

R

I

P

S.

Your bittersweet aftertaste lingers

On

My

L

I

P

S.