

ODE TO WATERMELON

I bite into you
and relish the burst of wild flavor
I haven't tasted all winter.
Your sweet juice
floods my mouth—
buries my tongue
in fresh pinkish flesh.
I swallow your cold fruitiness
and my taste buds smile
with excitement.
Oh, watermelon,
the scent of June wind
mixed with the heat of August sun
washes over me
as I take another bite
of summer.

—Marnie Briggs