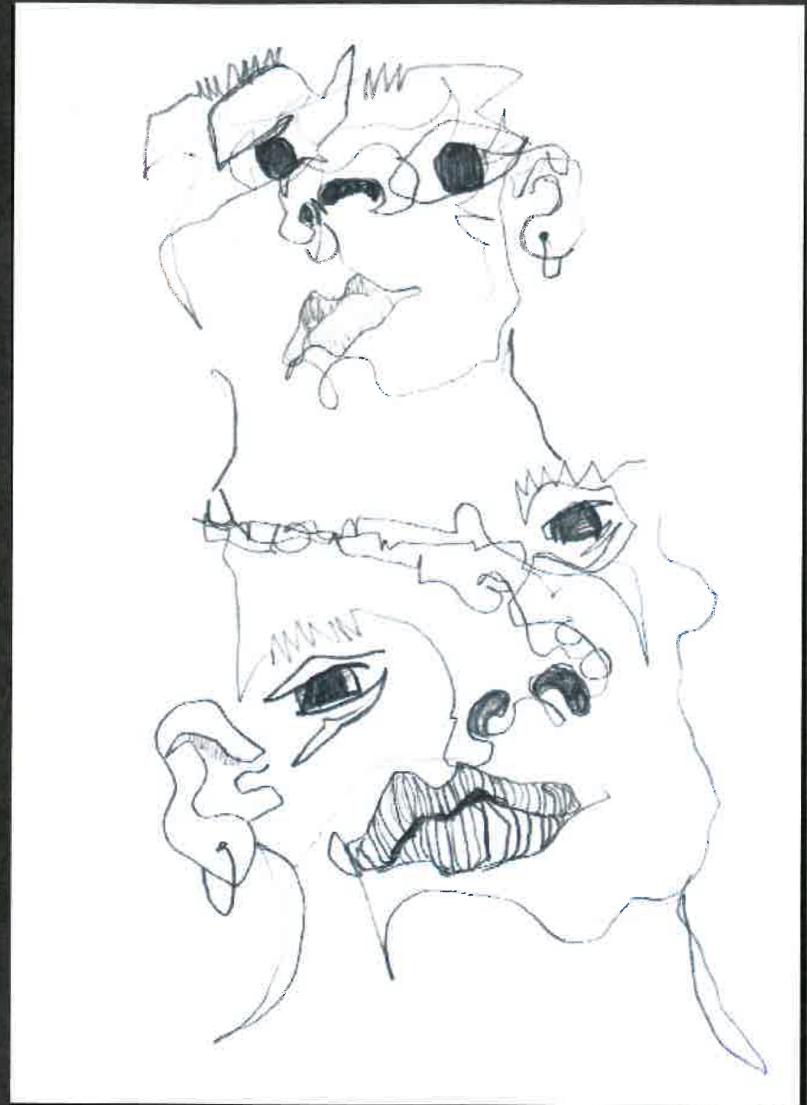


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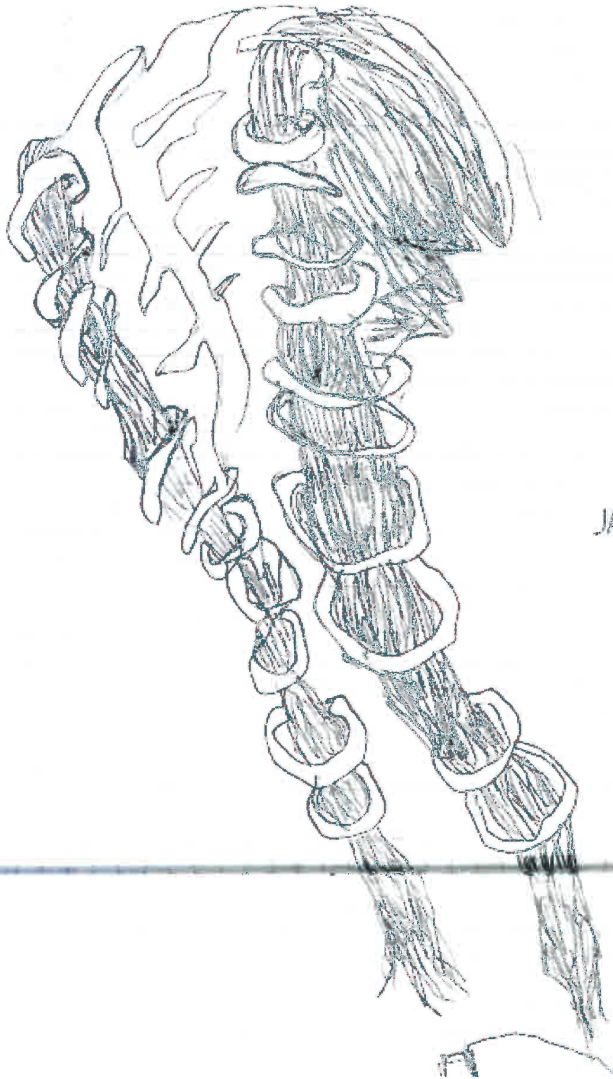
Sophia "Scout" Spralja



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Melkorka Ingibjargardottir



JAN. 3. 2017

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Melkorka Ingibjargdottir

i eat boys like you for breakfast

is this the last peach of the summer?
as it's purple juice drips, staining my lips
and the white cotton of my t-shirt
how can I be sure?
If i wake up tomorrow and see only nectarines
I'll pine for my sweet peach's soft skin
and those juicy insides of Mid-July.
when I pull back the rough cratered skin of a clementine,
oh my clementine scented cheap perfume
you loved to smell behind my ears,
on the soft skin of my wrists,
and all the places you loved to kiss,
it is like I can feel the December and January chill
living under my fingernails,
and if we are the lucky ones
the smell will survive the snow and linger until May.
and one afternoon on a late summer day
as i day dream about strawberries and raspberries
and the deep cherry red stain of my lips in June
I'll wake up and find you on my kitchen counter,
knowing exactly how you'll feel between my hands
and after that first sweet bite i will wonder,
how long will you stay this time?

Tessa Lucie Debole

