

Kiwifruit

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We used to drive around aimlessly,
your hand in mine, wrists twisted uncomfortably over the worn
middle counsel that held all of my music. Time would bleed away,
lost in the spaces between our words.

We would lay our seats flat in parking lots.
The passers by thought that we were up to no good, teenage
hormones exploding in the cab of my little green car.

We found each other once; it was in your basement,
our hands shook and our fingertips pulsed. Our jeans were too
tight so we took them off. Our shirts were too conservative so we
opened them.

I touched you for hours, do you remember?
Sprawled on the floor, before we had a bed, our skin was
indistinguishable from the nude carpet.

Your cheeks were flushed, red against your white skin.

That night you taught me how to peel a kiwi.
I watched you cut off the round ends and separate the fruit from
its thin brown casing. You cut it into segments and we shared it on
your lawn.

The dark air was crisp and wet; when I closed my eyes I thought I
was swimming.