

# Adam's Delight

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Tanner Léon

I love a slice  
in my mouth  
your pulsing red—  
stem poised

tender flesh  
beneath the surface,

a hard core  
full of seed.

I scrub you clean  
before I feast

I could churn you  
into butter

bathe your body  
in caramel—

kiss your colors  
& caress your curves

split you open  
on the table—

eager fingers  
on your Fuji

oh great gift  
your Grannysmith—

horndoggin'  
for Honeycrisp.

I could munch you  
in a pie

taste your flavors  
in my chai

put an arrow  
through your heart

in a tree  
is where we start

grace your bottom  
with my hand

I've become  
the apple man.