



“Fruit” by Abigail Woodward
1st Place, Poetry 10-12

Fruit

I crave the tang of an orange, the sour of a lemon, the sweet relief
of the liquid forest.

I fall into a painting of autumn leaves, of sugary forests, of a
misty day, the air tangy sweet and pure

The texture of the ground, soft and cool

I crave to fall into a world like fruit

Soft and welcoming

Hiding in the deepest reaches of my mind

Waiting for me to taste the tang of an orange, the sour of a lemon,
the innocence I arbored when I wrote my first poems

I didn't know what it was like to ripen, to rot

To feel something changing inside you

From sour to tangy

From joyous to melancholy

A new, unripe fruit falling into the steady flow, the subtle passion
of words for the first time

I crave the fruit of words, of pictures, of the subtly sweet taste of
life, of death, of sugary skies and colorful rivers

I am sitting under a tree

Biting into the fruit of life

Suddenly, I can taste the ground below me
Earthy and sweet like blueberries on my lips
I can feel the tang of an orange, the sour of a lemon, the sweet of
an unripe girl, and I lay down and appreciate the wonderful tastes of
life.