

Dear Apple

My dear, dear Apple
I love you a lot
As I cut you in slices
and throw you in the pot

You've always been there
and like a trusted old friend
you crunch at the outset
but you're soft in the end

Your seeds, I collect them
to cover in soil
your flesh, I sever
destined to boil

You know, as I write this
I'm left wondering
what you'd write for me
If you had arms
and opposable thumbs
and written language

Anyways!
Thank you,
and thank you once more.
I hope that you know
it's you,
I adore.