

Baggy Skinned Tangerine

Gifted a Tangerine
the size of a fat orange
plump dimples presaging
juicy tumescent sacs
an inviting nipple of peel –
motherly not loverly –
offers itself as the gateway.

The less than gifted, gifter
waits, expectant eyes
eager to vicariously consume
the exotic prandial pleasure –
emotional onanism
masquerading as altruism.

The pliant peel
willingly succumbs to
impatient digits sliding between
firm, but supple
fruit purses and velvety pith.

As luscious skin is shed
loose gaps between pipless portions
selflessly present themselves
for immolation: evolution, designed
for reproduction, de-engineered
for impotent consumerism.

The giftee
carefully separates the eight
segments, laying them
as a smiling face on a
1968 Penguin edition of *Nausea*.

The gifter
ogles this dismemberment
and post a shameful
pre-prandial completion
nods and walks away
satiated but empty.

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HM Prison and Young Offender Institution Parc
Platinum Award for Poem
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