



*PEACH
MELBA*

*They squeeze the tubes and skin between their fingers feels pliable
They could be anything still
As everything around them paces forward unequivocally
This is how it goes _____.*

*Looking in rear mirrors and keen to move, they try face pulling
and get pins and needles.
Cherubs laugh it off, not noticing the trajectory
as their asses sag prettily behind them into plucked leather pants
with full pockets.
Eye sockets agog in groggy repeats all hazed and confused.
Faces slapped into submission -wet like fishes, plumped into
glistening ridges, contoured.*

*'Bring the pan to the boil and let it bubble for about 5 minutes, then
turn the heat down to a fast simmer.
Cut the peaches in half... poach in syrup for 2-3 minutes depending
on the ripeness of the fruit...'*

*They all do the dishes.
Thinning skins on fingers clap and slap around porcelain memo-
ries
swirling amongst nectarine dream flavour suds.
Fleshy.*

*She slugs out more cream.
Luxe.
The foundation is slippery and the end goal feels backwards and
forward.
Ping-Pong with beige in-between.
Tired of playing the game, she turns to the server, brows crinkling
she Sneezes stretching out like a folded suedette
She bites the ripe peach.*