

Ode to the Veiled Tomato

Summertime
Picked fresh
Salubrious and Scarlet
A juicy jamboree
Sitting
Ripened
On a shelf
Waiting
For blades
To pierce into
"Its living pulp"
To be chopped
Sliced
Diced
Halved
Tossed along
With "blonde onions"
Blended in oil
Surged into the salads
But it sits
Waiting
Behind a mountain of kitchenware
Skin gets spongy
Insides weepy
From plump it deflates
Flatter
And flatter
It deteriorates
Red fuses to brown
Brown blends black
Crimson blood leaks from its core
Gasping for a last breath
Collapsed
In a sealed fate
Of ruin.
In December
All long passed
A soft touch,
A hand
Stumbles upon
The blackened mush
That reached to discover
A tomato long gone
A rush of fumes

And faces cringe
While the pulp on the counter is removed
And is tossed away
Into a sea of rubbish
And waste
Left to be buried
Under a salad of rot.