

*Citrus in Angel Eyes*

orange juice poured on pages—  
it spills like my thoughts, like my prayers  
like their halos reflected off the rivers. my citron over angel scabs.

their life drizzles rain,  
of lime slices and ichored wings.  
strained; it seeps through lemon press, water filters  
hues buried in orange remains

angel trumpets sprout  
atop of grapevine halos  
and upon platters of aeon slices.  
for their lord's life lies within trees  
blessed life through branches  
stained citrus acid, and sour tears

but in each angel is a slice of mandarin  
paired best with a breakfast of clementines,  
and unsweetened lemonade.