

This poem is an orange.

Chloe Piekkola

The one your stomach aches for,
there, nestled in that bowl.

You could pick me, fingers
tickling at my dimpled skin as you
find an edge. My disadvantage.
Digging your nail into the softest
part of me. A riot of juice sprays onto
your face, speckling your clothes. Pausing
quietly, you remain, with nothing more to say.

You could pluck me from a tree,
pretending I am riper than you see.
Pop me into your backpack and forget all about me.
Behind the rind, sweetness fades, and bitterness turns to rage.
Blind to the thought of me, remind yourself to hide from me.
I'll bruise the skin where you hold me confined,
a quiet pressure, relentless, with no escape in mind.

You could get a knife, slice through my skin,
cutting me into halves, then into quarters.

Juice flooding onto the counter,
a mess you don't clean up, yet
so graciously leave for the next.
You chuckle with your tangerine
smile while I sit and wait a while.

You could ravage, ripping skin from flesh
as the spiderwebs reveal themselves.
Peeling each partition apart until you find
meaning, then devour only the
good parts of me. That is, until you
choke on a seed, my last reminder
you won't take me down so easily.

You'll smell hints of me now and again.
When you nervously bite your nails
and taste my bitter rind,
you'll remember what I was,
what I have been,
and what I will become.



Chloe Piekkola is a senior at UND who thrives in her chaos. Some say she's a walking whirlwind—she would call it being creative. With a talent for blending structure and mess, Chloe uses words and design to let her art do the talking.