

Lemonade

She is lemonade.

Bitter, sour fruit

Saturated with sugar,

Sickeningly sweet

To hide the pallid yellowness.

Syrup coated sarcasm

Edges in like a sharp razor,

Tart truth bleeds

From disingenuous veins.

Ice cubes of animosity

Chill her shallow waters,

Diluting perfection as they melt.

Gulp it fast,

Be oblivious.

She is lemonade.