Lemonade

Stephanie Adams*
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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.