

## Summer Watermelon

The heavy melon  
lies  
quietly at rest  
in camouflage garb  
a naughty veil  
to velvety delights  
within  
Its green skin splits  
ahead of the moving  
knife blade  
as if in eagerness  
for relief  
Its pink/red halves  
as nude temptresses  
lay side by side  
adding difficult decision  
in which one to scoop  
a center chunk from first.  
The chill of sweet memories  
dribble off the chin  
onto a protruding stomach  
as evidence of the joys  
experienced in youth  
It quenches everything  
except  
the loneliness  
of this old man.

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