

Yellow Peach

By Arianne Amparo

At the break of red purple yellow dawn
kids pile into their parents' pickups,
lie flat down and folded into each other's limbs
like their plastic bags and sometimes gloves.
Summer faces are low, languid, and en route
to test their willpower against our ruling gleam.

Golden hour globes of light, we reign powerful
Moreso than those navel oranges of Bakersfield,
or those grapes of Napa Valley.
Even better than those apples of Eden.

Parents warn them not to touch us with bare hands
Porque los ahuates te lastimaran,
but armies of brown bodies attack our towering trees
anyway, unafraid of stick and burn.
They take the best of us, suffocate us in bags
that they will take once full with our fruit.
They scrub us clean of divinity, of our potential
to grow, pierce their careless parts with our spiky down.

All raids end when we are skinned, cut, crushed
mashed into soft lumpy pastes, reduced
to a sticky and violent currency.