

Junior Division (16-20), Poetry

Emily Pike, St. John's

On the Intimacy of a Clementine

It is my greatest pleasure

And perhaps a fault of character

To want to share my orange

A mandarin, or a clementine preferably

It is my quietest act of intimacy

To portion my segments

Like the pizza pie on the chalkboard of fifth grade

And hand out the pieces of my heart

In little orange bundles

I could peel a clementine and share it with you anywhere

I will start at the top

And in one winding motion it will fall

Reassembling itself as it falls to my lap

We shared one in the library

Droplets of juice staining like tears on my assignment

I wonder if my professor thought I the distraught student, or

If just for a moment

As the paper passed through his hands

The faint waft of oranges reached his nose

Transporting him back to the days when splitting yourself into pieces

And handing the biggest serving to the one you love most, was an acceptable form of art

I will share my clementine with you always

In the roar of the engine, the middle seat of economy class

In the dark of the taxi, I will offer a slice (only one) to the driver

Maybe two, if he asks where we are traveling from

But I will offer you five.

I will wake up early to go to the market, my bag is now full of clementines

I will peel and share part of myself with you

As my love language, here is citrus, I want you to live forever and ever

Full of vitamins, hands ripe with the scent of orange

Fresh as summer, well known as childhood

No love is ever wasted, no act of sharing is ever too small

And I will ask you everytime, would you like a slice?