

Sometimes I Feel Like a Bruised Piece of Fruit
Brenna Koenig

sometimes i feel like
a bruised piece of fruit.
bursting with outward vibrancy
yet tainted by inward decay.
sometimes i feel like
a bruised piece of fruit.
those who touch me
recoil their fingers,
the moment a flaw is perceived.
sometimes i feel like
a bruised piece of fruit.
an unwanted,
discarded,
remnant of life's tenderness
that will never cease
to be seen.
sometimes i feel like
a bruised piece of fruit.
when will someone
choose me?