

Forbidden Fruit

Bent on one knee on a peach tree,
One day when I reached for its fruit,
Juicily enticing, Immaculate and red
Delight in my eye, dread inside
Fantasies filled my head
Then I remembered what my mother once said

“There once was a fruit people could see
But never touch on a forbidden fruit tree”
Desirable by design that seemed to freeze time
The divine fruit draws you in at its prime

The fruit gleamed,
Sun kissed, as it seemed
Luscious and blinding through sun beams
Pristine it hung mesmerizingly flawless
I suddenly awoke dauntless
My heart beating faster in chorus

Stepped on the trunk hands on the tree
Hair whipping wild and free
My lust for this fruit struck deeper roots
I was the jester in the court of her majesty

So with all my might I hoisted up high
Starting to rise, my eyes on the prize
Victory awaits me I pressed on in glee
Swallowed my pride with love as my guide
It became a need, a necessity
An obsession plagued with greed and sensuality

Then my hand lingered inches from the sphere
The crimson hue made my blush from ear to ear
Feeling over the moon even humming a tune
Holding the succulent at a loss for what to do

Suddenly, the moment was gone,
Something was wrong, just when I thought I had won
A gasp escaped and stopped my song
There was a slip, a trip and a fall down south
Mouth ajar, I plunged from the tree, I cut my knee,
The blood ran free and I fell in utter misery

Watching the supple shape fade farther away
The ground caved and gave me a shock,
Stiff like a rock, waves of pain amok
The hands restarted...Tik Tok

Efforts in vain, full of disdain
Emotions drain as it began to rain
Now pained into migraine as I lay lame
Was this destiny? Was my existence a bane?
Chastised without mercy? Held down by chains.
I will never know now and it'll drive me insane

Now I'm wiser though I walk with a cane
Not even a taste of heaven; such a shame
The wounds scarred and the ego stained
Heartbreak is part of the game

My heart lies in suspended animation of what could be
A beautiful fantasy of me, my love, on that peach tree
Heaven on earth and ambrosia as our wine
Dine till dusk and the end of time
Where love has no lines and lovers are divine,
Where affection shines bright even in the night sky

Swaying into older imagery of romantic poetry, Ending with scars over my heart
In my mind I dare dream of what could have been: serenity, serendipity
As the one that got away, became another needle in the hay of my memory
I will live eternally bound to my fate, in a lonely state in endless wait

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