tomato

i am so fond of orange lights.
not the color per se but the
exquisite weirdness of its radiance
from a cheap bulb. in that pseudo-diner
it molested your blonde mess and
all you did was pick out that
tomato slice with your pink fingers.
only god knows what you missed but
he never tells me because i don’t
buy the bright white light that is so
much more expensive at home depot.
so i was told to love you by the
tiger that does speak to me, but
it was hard, you know. you could have
just ordered it without the fucking
tomato. if it were bright and white
it could have lit the room up. worse,
you would be less beautiful, and
i even less than you. and then
what could i do? the bible says
nothing about tomatoes.

anna joo