

# New Poetry from Laura King: “Orange”



MY ACIDIC PAST / *image by*  
*Amalie Flynn*

## ORANGE

It's June, and a few stubborn ones  
still hang on the trees.

We stand on the back of the pickup to pluck one—  
so easy to peel, this old girl the sun has sugared  
since December's sharp tang.

Now it's sweet as honey, sweet as candy,  
sweet as that boy child  
who wrapped himself up in his binkie,  
his raw thumb firm against his upper palette,  
who sat on the stairs facing the wall

because I'd snapped at him again.

Why was I upset all the time?

Though everyone forgives me, no one forgets  
my acidic past; bright orange, raw rage.