

Apple Poem

Brenya Gommel

When you spit on my cunt it is like you've dug your teeth in
Granny Smith, the spray of nectar... Your tongue

is an inchworm. This body,
humming at your touch like rubber
can be peeled. I think you know
that now, where the center
hides...

... There are no flowers
here. This body is
a wasps' nest. As it closes

in you press your palms to the outside of my womb and
from the inside rise millions of pricks, like bread to
heat, or grass to stormclouds. You come

back red and gasping.

There is honey here.
I think you know that, too...



Brenya Gommel (she/her) lives in the Philly suburbs with her dog, Faye Valentine. She has previously been published in MUSES and Red Between the Lines. In her spare time she enjoys watching Dr. Katz, ideally for several hours at a time.

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