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Strawberries

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Garnering a myriad of colors from the sunlight
 and sparkles from the silvery moon
 She embraces nature in her wide bosom
 and embellishes the cerulean sky.

No God can be born without a womb
 nor the devil without being first
 conceived in the mind;
 Her loin spawns the firmament
 as she breathes the universe into motion:
 Her tears form the streams, the lakes,
 the flowing rivers and the vast oceans,
 Her milk forms the rolling clouds
 and nourishes the flora and fauna.
 She rides upon the wings of the wind
 and heralds the sun-god each day
 in its burning chariot.

When she shuts her eyes
 she causes icy wilderness.
 When she opens them
 she blossoms into the Elysian Fields.

STRAWBERRIES
Teri Lavelle

Rejoice fertile fruit!
 Your summer opulence,
 perfumed and shapely,
 still sparks romantic interludes.
 Sun drenched and idle,
 your wanton hue whets lips.
 Your rosy fragrance joins hands,
 sweet and pinkened from a picnic's tattoo.
 You— whose innards are outward,
 whose freckles on rich soft flesh
 fix your immortality,
 you— whose humble title
 humbles your lustrous legacy.
 You taste of memories ripe and passionate.