

Little Red's Apothecary

Anything tastes better with paprika.

So, he hollows out the bell
peppers the ground with the silly
seeds, hawks up spittle
and makes a circle out of his body
for the ultraviolet rays
to sift and seep through.

And as it does do,
he offers a pre-pubescent desire
to sweeten the eventual harvest.

Everything's technicolor with saffron.

But, she isn't sure of the use:
the spice or the pill / the supplement or the meal.

So, at a standstill, she grinds them
all with her mindless molars
and therein, the three strips escape
her parted lips as penny-a-price-paste.

Perhaps the spice / antidepressant
will screen her long acre, John Deere
as he was: Marlboro tongue, Midwestern Shangri-La.

The crimson shrills wrap her veins
as they pump / churn / release at will.

Better things come with pink peppercorn
strung on horsehair 'round the alpine
Spruce. But the little red fox took them
for credible cranberries, imagine
Little Red's surprise and shock at the tart
which shot across her tongue.

Missing the saccharine burst
sold on the telly to mind her matter,
she fashions herself an Apothecary for the blood
sisters: paprika, saffron, and pink peppercorn.