

Clementine

When first I peeled
a clementine,
burned I was
by juice in eye.

My nerve I'd seared,
my sight I'd lost,
and so my tongue
I put on pause.

When sight returned,
what luck!, behold!,
for citrus flesh
wrought green with mold.

Yet next I peel
a clementine,
my tongue I'll trust
for peace of mind.