

DAWN-MARIE ZAMPA

## Ripened Raspberries

My skin is moist with sweaty sweetness,  
my damp shirt clinging to breasts.

I should be working, being productive,  
but instead lay idly on the bed.  
The cat, too, lies about drowsily  
limbs out-stretched on ceramic tiles,  
trying to cool down.

But it is no use.  
It is the middle of the afternoon  
and I am overwhelmed by heat—an internal heat.  
A fire rages in my womb  
like a baker's oven.

You seem so indifferent to my internal fires.  
I chose you because you are wise. I respect  
your clean nails and crisp collars.

Yet sometimes I fantasize  
that you are not afraid to press fingers  
into my baked cunt, layered with cream,  
push your hands into burning flesh.

I need you to take me,  
to taste me.

Press traveling kisses past my collarbone,  
suck my nipples lightly, until they pucker  
like raspberries.

I persuade myself out of bed with a desire  
for overly ripe, moist berries. I should  
be writing or sweeping the floor,

but instead will bake.

*Pre-heat oven.*

*Mix raspberries, blueberries and mulberries  
with flour and sugar until evenly coated.*

*Lick juices from stained fingers.*

*Put berry mixture and eggs into baking dish and blend.*

*Drizzle with melted butter.*

*Bake until topping is lightly browned  
and filling bubbles.*

*Serve warm.*