

The Smoking Orange

By Joshua Bauer

Every now and then
An orange will start to smoke
The tiny cells inside
Over time begin to choke

The fruit is left there helpless
Dying slowly in the sand
While the guiding force above
Says that all of it is planned

Its color turns to grey
And the orange is out of time
The darkness turns to day
And the sun begins to shine

The only thing remaining
Is a tiny little seed
Sitting lonely in the sand
But it finally was freed

Although it had potential
It would have to see through smoke
For the desert had surprises
As the little seed awoke