

I Don't Even Like Citrus Fruit

Hannah Stephings

Pith underneath your fingernails
raggedy white crescents,
The room is filled with scent
Bright, sticky, somehow vaguely
bourgeois.

Only you could make peeling a clementine
seem like a sex act.
Thumbing away, digging in, letting the skin spiral and fall to the floor
nonchalantly, wantonly
exposing those plump, fleshy segments.

Watching you I want to write something
muscular and startling
Something whip-sharp and filthy
but all I can think about is crunchy peanut butter
and whether I have enough bleach and
what I could name a future cat
and how when you leave I'll need to
tidy up the mess.

Hannah Stephings is a University of Edinburgh graduate and freelance writer, hailing from the southeast coast. Her work has appeared in *Heroica*, *YWCA Scotland*, *The City Girl Network*, and *Nixie Magazine*. When her nose isn't in a book, she's often running or three coffees deep dismantling the patriarchy.