

Fruit

I used to select my sex from the supermarket shelves. Browse the pallets of identi-fruit which had passed their Hollywood screen tests, packed straight from the conveyor belt of mass production. Looking for the right shade of Rimmel's Sunkissed Cherry blush on their apple cheeks. The buttocks of a pair of pears nestled together allowing for the perfect gap underneath. Who decided this is what sex should look like? I look at the adverts, an exhibition of the contemporary school of still-life. Lipstick strawberries and emulsion cream, a spritz of WD-40 to make us shine. Perfectly framed fakery, the Art of Trickery to whet the appetite.

But our fruit comes fresh from the earth, beauty marked and covered in dirt. A consummate crop delivered straight from the source, no need of a sticker to tell me it's Golden, or Delicious. A Hidden Rose to please the palette, our desire is fruitful and multiplies, spreading out, peeling back imperfect skin to ripe flesh within. Juices running over lips, teased by the saccharine tang of our wild Ambrosia. It's messy and it's glorious, a candid shot, #nofilter. So, swallow the ideal and consume the lie, but leave me to feast on my flawed fruit and be satisfied.