

# UC Merced

## The Vernal Pool

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Peer reviewed|Undergraduate

red apple  
By Angel Freeze

he was never mine anyway,  
so i can't be bitter about the fact  
that we never touched.  
in truth,  
he wouldn't be the man i fell for if we had.  
and i can accept  
that i'll never know  
if he thought of me too,  
because even letting the words of confirmation  
graze his lips  
would be a sin.  
and you just can't sin  
when your heart is made of  
silk and sugar.

*i wish i were more like you.*

she is blessed  
in those moments,  
sharing the smallest intimacies with him;  
a brush of the hand,  
his fingertips grazing her skin  
as he clasps her necklace.  
shivering, sure,  
but never cold.  
he couldn't love someone cold.

the moments i wish i could sneak  
with him are breathless and quiet.  
i imagine his kiss  
would purge me of bitterness;

out of my throat,  
out of my stomach,  
out of my lungs,

and i'd become soft like him.

but i am not  
like him.  
my heart is not made of  
silk and sugar,  
but of sulfur and stone.

i can sin.

(a.f.)