

## ORANGE

By Julian Matthews

Today is a good day  
I select an orange  
Sit down to savour it  
It's a mandarin  
Even maybe of Chinese origin  
But an orange does know better  
It does not claim a nationality  
Or a race, or a religion, or a gender  
It's humanity's orange

I peel the orange, slowly  
And it feels like I am tearing down a wall  
I pull a segment from the whole  
It's cool and firm and real  
Not fragile like the egos of some men

I place it in my mouth and it is good  
It's tangy and succulent and sweet  
Its juice swirls in my mouth  
Like gushing nectar  
Like pure joy  
Like poetry

This is my mouth—and I am free to eat with it  
And to speak my mind with it  
And to sing my joy with it  
And to read poetry with it  
My mouth is not a swamp to drain

This orange feels authentic  
And I feel a piece of my soul return in some way  
And the pain of loss of a million souls slips away  
Momentarily

And the one known as the Orange One is gone  
And the orange that I now savour Is real and true and good  
And today, yes today, is a good day