Avocado

The pit of a heart
is just as green as it seems:
that is to say, not.

A low sunken brown.
A small touch of earthen glow.
Evidence of ground.

The pear shaped green fruit,
around a palmful of pit,
impossibly snug.

A twist of a blade,
the familiar sucking split:
a bright emerald show.

There you humbly rest,
keeping grounded the rebel:
irresponsible.

Green is the body,
breaks bounds with reckless abandon.
brown is the mind.

The molestation;
the quick, short, sharp tap and twist.
Reaping is heartless.

Fate for things unused:
an endless pit of it’s own,
lost in the trash of waste.