Dear E &C,

We were locked inside like animals

Clinging with untrimmed nails to grocery store trips

Only looking forward to a carton of ice cream and 123movies

We learned about zoom class, cooking, and each other’s deepest fears

You told me to read Wendy Cope

Because I bought bags of oranges and ate one every day, holding up a slice to you when I didn’t know what to say.

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Our youth unravels before us

Bitter mundanity on my tongue

We pick away at responsibility with our teeth

Until there's only sweet juice

Tender is Sunday morning

When I have nothing left to give

But a slice of orange

As you leave

A citrus letter to our friendship

Two rams

Alive and grown

As I run forever chasing our tangerines