

BY MARIA FERNANDA OSORIO ARREDONDO

## *Eve's Apple Pie Recipe*

My favourite apple  
comes from the highest branch  
not forgotten by apple-pickers;  
simply unreachable.  
The glossy fruit wears a blushing gown,  
a brownish sun expands from the stem, and I  
long to bite into its core to taste the beginning.  
I carry an apple's dream of transformation.  
Sliced—  
I can only exist through multitudes.  
Let me use the weaved dough as my blanket  
and wait for my crunchy flesh to turn moist.  
The sugar varnishing my pieces;  
I am deliciously broken.  
Take a spoonful of my inner world;  
Love, love,  
burn your tongue with my sweetness.



**Consumables**  
by Yooná Charland