

Life Gave Me a Lemon

By Teg Park

While my mind was cut open.

Bleeding out, it s q u e e z e d into every wound.

Acid. In. My. Flesh.

I smiled and said, "Thank you."

WASTED! On this bloodied body.

I can't turn it into lemonade now.

There would be no...

ignoring

...the red colour.

No matter how much I'd **bleed**

to release this lemon.

It too

is ~~already~~

cut open.