Sky Citrus

Yeah the fallen sky citron
Seeps like rain upon the earth
To the fractures and cracks
My love has caused for you;
For not a single breath of air
Or lick of an orange sweet
Could e'er be as heavenly fair
As the one comely upon my soul;
For great is the fallen citron so,
Who bathes in the tearing sky
Helpless, sightless: a bountiful yolk,
O! Citron,
Sing your soursome song!

By William Yeamans, graduate, Suffolk County Community College