

# Southern Sweet

*Eris Hembree*

A pitcher of black tea  
Bitter but refreshing  
Six spoons of sugar  
Tastes so saccharine

I drank so deeply  
Of that Southern sweet tea  
The sugar laced my lips  
And the caffeine filled my blood

It feels so sweet  
Warm like the blazing summer sun  
Ever present on my back  
Seen as the heat of the Southern God's gaze

My skin burns a sinner's red  
A carcinogenic weight of judgment  
Spreads beneath my peeling shell  
It's corruption has long since set in

Mold creeps across the pitcher's surface  
My lips sparkle sweet  
My tongue rots  
My blood runs thick with bile