

Naive Sweets
By
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Cotton candy is anything but artificial.
Cream puff is filled with cream that oozes out of her brain.
Vanilla thinks she's all that, but classic can be bland.
Rocky Road has anger issues.
Pistachio is a bit of a nut, a little zany.
Lollipop's a bit too tense, she's so stressed!
She tries too hard not to break.
Taffy is always getting into sticky situations.
Donut is always a bit doughy for my taste.
Gum drop is often sugarcoated.
Licorice is too bitter to play.
Gummy bear is always changing color like a chameleon.
It's like she's made of plastic.
The invisible, yet toxic smoke from candy cigarette suffocates my lungs.
Soda fizzes in my ear, dripping with gossip, and fills up my brain.
But all in all, these bloody knives are made of jelly.
Cause you don't want someone to take a bite of your heart-shaped cookie.
This candy eyeball watches you like a hawk.
Now, you can have your cake and eat it too.
Ice cream, bourbon; don't forget the spoilt crème brûlée.
Cupcakes and sprinkles, even porcupines have quills.
Fruit has natural sugar because unlike you it's sweet.
Better to not get so comfortable, cause what we've got is untouchable.
This game we're playing is no longer fair.
The scent of caramel corn, still lingers in the air.
But two can play some silly little games.
Now all the tables have turned.
You're gonna be a real fake, the next bubblegum bitch.
You'll weigh more than a pound-cake if you keep consuming all those calories.
Pastries can crumble cause they're so delicate, but if you're not careful,
your tower of sweets will fall.
Then all you have left is rubble from a gingerbread house.
At Christmas time, I'll make sure to crush you like a candy cane.
Like you did to me, white and red striped. Bloodied and pale as a ghost.
Better brush your teeth because it appears that you have more than one cavity.
Lemon juice is sour like you, so I'll squeeze a drop down your throat.
Take a bite of the strawberry pie. You accidently swallowed all your sins.
Tried to pretend like they went away, so you washed them down with poisoned milk.
Rose bushes may be filled with thorns.
But you bit off the stem of your chocolate rose.
Marshmallows are light and airy like a breeze,
but I hope you get a disease.

Froyo melts your heart in the sun,
but like a popsicle your frozen solid inside.
Macarons are made of meringue,
they'll eat your soul, bite by bite. Until your full.
On Halloween inside the Jack-O-Lantern is some rotten candy.
And I hope you'll eat it, so you'll puke out all your pumpkin guts.
Your mind has become Jello, there's nothing left anymore.
Even though real life has no appeal, some have got a few objections.
Some grow-up with fear of rejection or with tarnished discretion.
Teenage girls are like aspartame, naive sweets.
Far from perfect so they always act like their the best.
Unlike other cherries, I've got no bitter pit inside.
I'm not the icing on the saccharine cake.
The maraschino cherry always comes out on top of the sundae.
Still sweet, but can be sassy when she needs to be.
Surrounded by edible silver glitter,
wearing a gold crown made from tempered sugar.
Not afraid to face reality, and soaring above the bowl.
As any cherry should be, I'm still ruling like a queen!

-Cranberry