**Sour Patch Kids**

Sour Patch Kids: Berries

My mouth fills with saliva at the thought of them.

I wait patiently in line, behind the bearded man who reeks of stale cigarette smoke.

Which is what he’s buying… Coincidence? I think not…!

His beard down to his chest, white with flecks of black.

Classic blue jeans hang on his narrow hips, a tattered T-shirt, and worker boots.

When my turn arises, I place the yellow bag on the counter—exact change in hand, and wait.

Swiping the bag across the scanner, I can hear them rattle and sway.

Now they’re all mine!

The sweet fragrance wafts into my face, reminding me of late summer nights on the lake.

I pick up a single body, lifting it to my mouth.

Loose sugar falls, landing on my legs.

I wave it away.

Sinking my teeth into the chewy goodness

I feel the grains between my teeth as I chew each delectable piece.

Eventually dissolving—I swallow.

Although each piece is better than the last I try to savor every last one

Side note: “not saying that they lasted very long.. Don’t judge me okay???”….

Then Sour, Sweet, GONE!!