Apples and Oranges

Mary J. Iuppa

St. John Fisher College

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Waking to darkness and senseless cold makes us recoil on the edge of our beds until we make our leap to swipe the snooze button on the radio--

Dumbstruck, the numbers flip to 5:12 a.m. on the red dial, and we curse under our breath, the ungodly beauty of our creased faces, hair stuck flat to our heads...

Downstairs, under the kitchen light, we meet: My daughter, head-bent, snatches a green apple and bites--tartness puckers her lips; she chews thoughtfully her eyes open wide and wider--watching me watch toast--the slice she’ll filch off my plate and I’ll be left with one, and a minute to talk to her...

She disappears before light fills the sky; and I’m in the doorway, moving backwards in her steps to stand again in the kitchen before the basket:

I pick the orange, and peel open its bumpy-side; let it blossom slowly.

M.J. Iuppa

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