On Love

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On Love

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Apples and Oranges

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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