

# Honey Crisp

BY MOLLY PEACOCK

Hello wizenface, hello apple,  
understudy in the fridge  
since March (it's September).  
Hello wrinkly red cheeks,  
I'll bet you're almost a year old,  
born last autumn,  
kept in the fruit storage built  
half-underground on the farm,  
then, in the snow, sold to me.  
Hello my honey crisp (well,  
my honey, no longer crisp...)  
are you asking why you  
haven't been eaten by now?

Because that man hewed to his routines:  
an apple for lunch every day,  
the same red punctuation.  
You were earmarked for the date  
he slipped from my arms & we both  
slid to the floor, red angel, are you  
listening? 911, hospital, hospice,  
and ten days later (you were  
about six months old then),  
he died and was carried  
to a cold shelf.

Hello smiley stem, hello days  
moving you from spot to spot.  
Hello week where I forgot  
and left you at the back and  
went about my new life.  
Greetings new groceries!  
Their jumble causes a re-  
arrangement of your bin,  
so I have to pick you up  
—would you rather  
have been eaten and  
lived on as energy?  
*Not yet, not yet, my pomme.*  
Hello soft wrinkled  
face in my palms.