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A Sickness

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MICHAEL LIEBERMAN

A Sickness

Goldin didn't know what he knew or how to ask the proper questions. He thought of bilateral symmetryinsects of polished chitin, himself clean-shaven. Of the radial symmetry of flowers. Of bottom heavy pears, simply pears. Pears, his incisors breaking through the sweetness, the closing of his mandible forcing the ivory slab against his hard palate, his teeth grinding the flesh and releasing aromas which ascended through the cribriform plate and into his brain. The sheer pleasure of it. He let all arguments slide away, stood in the symmetry of flowers, cast aside parity, the overthrow of parity, and devoured the color and the light. Why did it matters—symmetry—so much and so little? What is there to understand beyond the instruction of pears and flowers? Why must there be questions beyond fragrance? Are there questions beyond fragrance? *Must there be questions beyond fragrance?* What if there are no questions beyond fragrance?