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Peeling an Orange

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Peeling an Orange

Beth T. Ayers

I watched you peel an orange this morning, observed the way you sliced into it with a knife, just deep enough to get it started, then you dug fingertips between the peel and the juice-filled pulp, pressing with just enough pressure to separate the two. You pulled away a piece of the bright orange protection to reveal a glimpse of sweet fruit. My mouth watered in anticipation. I knew you would share.

We share everything: greatest joys, deepest sorrows, fears (founded and unfounded fears). We share our hope for tomorrows and appreciation for today, and as I wait to reach my hand across the table to meet yours, to lightly brush your sticky fingers with mine when I accept the freshly peeled, dripping slice of sweetness, I have gratitude knowing we share this moment of seclusion from a viral, now virtual, world and if that microscopic enemy breaches our defenses, we'll be together. We share everything.



Cherries • Shea Ameen

We share

everything:

greatest joys, deepest sorrows, fears (founded and unfounded fears).