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Goodbye My Fruit

Wren Roe

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GOODBYE MY FRUIT

Wren Roe

I strut down the crowded streets as I do,
my arms are weighed down by bags of produce—
throbbing,
vulnerable.

Our eyes lock—
it's not love simmering through my spine
 making butterflies reform into cannons,
 it's a much too familiar vibe.

His gaze drifts to my bags of produce—

Bingo

I know your game.
My eyes glare him down,
laser beams shoot out and burn his skin.

 That was a lie.

 I am a woman,
 no real superpowers.

He saunters towards me,
passersby's remain blissfully unaware
 to the man planning to steal
 my lemons,
 my onions,
 my carrots.

Not today.

I run through the maze of people,
but wait—

a lighter bag indicates...

I turn, a banana has fallen and he has grabbed it, he is gone.

That banana stealing thief.

I am left with a little bit less trust,
 a little bit less produce.