

Ordinary Fruit

by Gary Hardaway

I was insufficiently abused as a child. The bud of my genius never received the pathological stimulation it needed to blossom, set, and bear extraordinary, savage fruit. I have but the fact I was a Wednesday child and consequently full of woe. But woe without abrading trauma yields but sad little figs, barely bellied, of insufficient sour or sweet to linger long in epicurean memory.

