

The Best Banana Bread

by Bill Yarrow

Ed Raglan was a spoiled banana no one wanted to touch. Inexcusably bruised, the kid turned rotten, descending into dice and mash and reds and chew.

I couldn't understand anything he said. Like "My car has acne." He means rust, my father explained. Like "I want surgery for dinner." He means takeout said my mom.

I flexed my ego. I dismissed him as unlettered, a no account, a rube. My arrogance was raging and rancid.

The condescension of a thirteen-year-old punk has no peer.

Thank God we don't stay thirteen forever.

I thought my neighbor—drug addict, alcoholic, tobacco addict, gambling addict—a total failure.

What of my own addictions? Who am I to judge him?

I thought my neighbor unsophisticated. No acquaintance with literature or art, ignorant of any kind of culture or class.

Turns out he thought in metaphor, which Aristotle calls genius.

I thought that a banana that had turned black from age was garbage.

Turns out that sour milk and black bananas make the best banana bread.

