

Kitchen Fruit Fly Suicides

by Ed Higgins

How the hell do these 1/8 inch long red-eyed flying insects wind up in my kitchen anyway? And why are they forever committing suicide in the glass of wine I'm sipping while preparing dinner? Sometimes I delicately teaspoon out three or four downed or drowned floaters, losing the barest bit of my supper-prep indulgence, before taking another sip of a favorite pinot or merlot. But only if I remember to look for their floating corpse specks in what is to them an irresistible inviting lake of volatile fruit scent. So the little winged bastards come swarming from the kiwi fruit over-ripening on the window shelf above the kitchen counter or from hovering as nano-drones above the banana, clementines, and apple fruit basket sitting on the Hoosier cabinet's slide-out shelf. Sometimes I just say to-hell-with-you at drunken or dead drosophila floating in my wine. By now they're just wine-flavored protein after all. So it's bottoms-up on these suicide-prone fermented fruit connoisseurs. Down the hatch, I say--especially if I happen to be on my second or third glass of fermented fruit.

