

Breadfruit

by Elizabeth J. Colen

You choose any moment rather than this one. Listen to the cat hemmed in by dogs who won't do anything. "They tease," you say and still stare out at the sound. It's a few blocks over and still you stare. "You know that painting?" you say. "What one?" "Cezanne's Paysage." I have no idea what you're saying and so shrug like I don't care you've made another reference I can't latch to. "I want trees," you say. But we both know how we go to fresh air like fish, gasping. And the time we tried to make love in the back of the truck, which had filled partly with dropped plums, overripe and messy. Juice stained our skin and our clothes. We looked butchered. And then there were the ants. "You don't want that," I say. And you say, "sure I do," which is also what you said about living together and look how that's gone. "I think she got away," you say, face to pane, but then the mewling starts up again.

