

Nearly Whole

by Epiphany Ferrell

These are stolen moments, when I have my finger in someone else's pie. Always a warm pie, beckoning with delicate pastry crust, sticky-sweet filling, a pie that might otherwise grow cold and fly-specked on the windowsill.

I'm not a greedy man. I want that one, unnoticed taste.

I'll leave the pie nearly whole.

You won't even know I've been there.

