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.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/gary-hardaway/ordinary-fruit»*
Copyright © 2014 Gary Hardaway. All rights reserved.