

The Blue Pear

by Nora Nadjarian

The air smells of damage. If you consider cooking as a life then somebody is alive and kicking. Things are happening in this kitchen. Neutrally speaking the sizzling in the oven, hot dripping in the pan, two egg yolks oozing. Free fruit arranged freely still life wise and if you can, then do help. But only if you can. Her finger along the skin of the apple, that smooth green, green-er and -est going round and round. The meaning is nowhere but hidden. Nobody can see her face. Yet.

The apple has a slight tinge of red skin. We have moved it, we have moved it to the edge of the table, somewhere. It will fall into the depths of yellow core with black pips. Green hides yellow, black. Colours shift, kitchen, a place for dizzy meals, her head hurts. She will fall. They do not really smell, these apples have no real scent. Pine trees, pine trees...

The pear is a bruise. Feels like desperation in the light, it looks soft and blue. She wants to touch it and doesn't want to. How the blood gathers under the blue and the body grows tender. Swells. Slowly. A greasy kitchen surface she surveys it with her eyes out of place and a bead of sweat on her forehead and a knife. The knife is exact. Exactly a knife, perfectly and sharply, pick, rip and use as uses of knives are many.

She knits her brows into a single dark line, then halves it with the knife. As if she is misunderstood like punched dough. Most of all her husband. Short, fat fingers, loud mouth. She bites her nails greedily, swallows them. Her food is nails. No need to cook anything from anywhere into anything. Change your life, exchange those bad eggs, sprinkle some flour to cover the smell of damaged sickly. She is hungry. She knits more brows, handmade brows, more than she can count. Home-cooking of hatred. Cuts it into chunks the meat sizzling

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spices throws the dice into the pan. Six and two. One and six. Do you really know me. Do you know, I married my first man. Take a chance. The one and the two marriage arranged and a couple of nothing throws.

A pain on one side of her face. How the blood gathers under the moon one giant leap and he doesn't know she eats her own nails, half moons. Under his nail his thumb if she could escape if you can help, please do help yourself to the food. He doesn't know anything personal about her face. His name is a large grainy enlargement when he comes near her and the knife stares at her brows. She stares back at forgetting to eat last night. Again, the knife reminds her. Hot water emitted from tap like the sound of a siren while she rinses blood-stained glasses, dishes.

I need scales to measure what I'm missing. One gram of love and some
things I can't buy see that much of the world is clear but I've cut myself
off and preparing all this for the pig in my bedsty. The knife stares at her and
she touches the blue pear on the side of her face. Things are happening in
this kitchen and things are going on and help me. One small step. If you can.

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