

The blank stares of rotting fruit

Molly Campbell

My kitchen counters are hosts for rotting fruit. They join me every other week for a gathering, and have no choice in staying until their skin starts to peel. They sit so long on the counter that they slowly begin to form to it. It's when the fridge begins to smell that I open it. Check the drawers—see the stains—close the drawer and shut the fridge. I then light a candle to cover the smell.

Existential dread washes over me like the shower I should have taken two days ago. I can't seem to find the time to pull out the cutting board. The fruit must understand, right? My couch encompasses me to the point that each step to the fridge feels like a mile. The drawers can wait, right?

Each day I can see the girl I am tomorrow accomplishing these tasks, so I continue to push it off.