

Like an Apple

Audrey Zhang

I hang here,

Clinging to the branch.

The view a mesh of leaves, raindrops, and sky.

My brothers and sisters dangle beside me.

Some fair and plump,

Most wrinkly and blotched.

I watch as they plunge headfirst

One by one.

The ground bruising their red skin.

The flies swarming around their putrid core.

They reek of overly sweet syrup and sour milk.

I try my best not to look.

A meager few get chosen,

Carried away by tall figures.

Leaving an empty space of what once was.

They never look back.

Each rustle of leaves

A reminder

That we're missing out.

My siblings have a lot to say.

I hark to the whispers caught in the wind.

Many dream of paradise and luxury.

Many burn with envy and hunger.

I'm scared of where they really went.

After a while,

The asphyxiating smell goes away.

We all dream of it now.

It's in our nature

I suppose.

Not left to rot,

But taken somewhere warm.

They'd rather be picked

Than to fall down.

Than to bleed.

But,

I don't want to go anywhere.

It's getting colder and the days shorter.

The air is thick with dread.

My flesh is flaking off

It's all the stress.

No one comes,

No one goes.

The birds are moving north.

Why can't we?

I know all that waits beyond this tree is

Fierce, untamed land.

Still,

Maybe it's better than staying here.

I'm past my prime.

My skin has softened

The colour waned.

I can't ignore it anymore.

The need to know

If I will make or break.

The ground may be cruel,

But the chance to fly squashes my doubt.

So I close my eyes,

So I release my hold,

So I fall,

Like an apple.