

The New Pile

By Charlette Hwang

A large apple, a small strawberry, a juicy tomato, a hard pomegranate, a spicy chili pepper.

A large orange, a small orange, a juicy orange, a hard orange, a spicy orange.

Just then, a red object falls into your hand.

It smells like an orange, it feels like an orange, it bounces like an orange, it sounds like an orange

But it's red like an apple, red like a strawberry, red like a tomato, a pomegranate, a chili pepper.

Still, you are sure that this object is in fact a red orange.

You poke, you prod, trying to see how this orange became to be red.

Perhaps there's a layer of paint covering it? Perhaps it was soaked in red food dye?

Perhaps it's a rare mutation of an orange? Considering your knowledge of oranges,

You judged that such a mutation is simply too rare. You begin to doubt

That this orange is in fact an orange. You have never seen or heard of such a thing.

What is this thing? You ask. What do should I do with it?

Curious, you rip open this object and see an orange interior.

It has a peel, it separates into pieces, orange juice covers your hands.

Yes, this is in fact an orange. This is a red orange.

Amused, you start a new pile for red oranges.

The orange bleeds its orange juice from its orange interior.

This is the new pile with a lone, broken, red orange covered in orange juice