Anatomy of an orange eater

Madeleine Hart
After long weeks when the bar doesn't sound good, we find comfort staying inside listening to vinyl records. It's my record player but I let her choose the record. She decides to choose from her own collection.

“What are we listening to?”

“Just listen. You’ll know.”

And after the first verse I do know and wonder why I even asked. Listening to Bob Seger sing “Hollywood Nights,” I think about my favorite story of Allison. When she was young she used to have one of those diaries with a voice-activated lock. Her password was “Bob Seger.” It’s funny to think about all the things we keep to ourselves and how they’re hidden in our memories, between the words of our favorite songs. Looking at her, I smile. She smiles back and we both keep quiet.

Madeleine Hart

Anatomy of an orange eater

Translucent and
Sticky like orange flesh
With big citrus tears
And sweet fibrous fingers
Swollen with care and contempt
She's paled by winter's breath
And burnt sienna in sun-heat
Designed exterior keeps her safe
But inch inside
Peel back to where
She's all sinews and sincerity
And sweetness with a sting
She lingers on your lips
Saturates your fingertips
Colors the air a shade of delicacy
Your beamy faced orange eater