

Valencia

by Banjo Weathald

Today I picked an orange from my backyard tree. The orange was sour. Picked too soon I suppose. Last time you were here the oranges were little green balls like those that hang on Christmas Trees or from the ears of your friend who wore that black dinner dress. That was summer, and there is a photograph of us squinting and eating watermelon. Now it is autumn and the fruit hang like yellow festoon globes. It is cold outside and I wear a plum scarf that you gave me for my birthday when the orange tree was just in blossom. I don't hear from you anymore and in a few weeks the oranges will be sweet. I suppose I will have to eat them all myself.



This text is reproduced with permission of the author for use in the SF3/Spineless Wonders Microlit Film Award 2022. Not for distribution. Copyright held by the author.