

YOUR FAULT

monologue

Shea Peters / junior

Hello, Shea.

It's me.

Your grapefruit.

I've been sitting in your fridge drawer for some time now, nearly a month by my count.

You were so enthusiastic when you bought me in that alpine grocery store. I imagined as you took me out of the plastic grocery bag and placed me in that cool fridge bottom that I would be there until the next morning, as you claimed.

I envisioned the scene: perhaps I would be peeled and consumed on the porch of your Asheville cabin. Hell, I even thought about being juiced.

I saw your sleep-fuzzed morning bed head peek into the refrigerator, my excitement growing as you reached toward me and exposed my golden rind to the scenic expanse of your AirBNB kitchenette. You held the knife and I was glad to share my tangy juices with you -- all part of a healthy breakfast!

I understood when you only ate one half of me. After all, there were eggs and toast cooking. I thought maybe you intended to share me; I know you offered me up, free dibs. I was only mildly offended. Had I not been tasty enough to warrant protection? But I shook it off.

I suspected something might be wrong when you tipped me upside down, still dripping juice, into that bowl. I remember how icy the porcelain felt against my exocarp, how dark the fridge was when you closed that fated door in my face. The next day, you took me out and I again had hope, but it was

squashed, as was I when you stored me in that tupperware container.

When that orange lid came down, toxic and synthetic against my natural colors, I felt the claustrophobia for the first time.

Have you ever felt that closed in?

I bet you haven't.

I came home with you, I felt the jostling of your car as you drove, felt the sway of the body around the corners, almost wished for the balance to shift.

For you to fall, to be exposed as I had.

Almost.

When we arrived at your home, you placed me back in to the fridge, and you forgot about me. But I didn't forget.

I trusted you. I gave you my body. My flesh and juice vesicles were ripe. I can't forgive you, though I long to, because damn it if that's not what I was designed for. My genes spliced unnaturally. I fault that infallible breeder for my lot.

Though truly, you're to blame.

I wanted my journey through life, but you've stalled it. Even now, I know I decay.

You are responsible for my life unlived.

You are to blame.

