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Crabapples

Megan Sexton

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Megan Sexton

Crabapples

I haven't thought of you in years, Patricia Kowalski, but I just read something and remembered the crabapple tree in your backyard. Those nubby green globes littering the grass, small and rotten, you made me bite—how I hated you most of the time. Remember my father pummeling my brothers, the five of them running in circles, like tramps in a silent film? We pulled each other's hair until it clumped—fistfuls of red for you, yellow for me. Those strange plants growing beside your carport—pink sacs dangling in the sun. We held them up to our lobes like earrings, and laughed when old Miss Wist called them bleeding hearts. Your mother smacked you for squishing them on the driveway. Bright red stains lined the way from your house to mine. Where are you, oldest friend, almost double? Thinking now of that place is like peering out a plane ascending to 30,000 feet: the higher we rise, the harder I squint to see.