Planetary Peach

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He stands at the edge of an overlook with the round weight of a peach in his palm. The peach skin mirrors the panoply of sunset colors bleeding from the sky, pinks and oranges and reds swirling and mixing. He thinks, with utter certainty, that the sky isn’t really the sky, it’s the skin of another peach. Some gigantic, planetary peach.

If the sky is a peach skin, the Earth must be a peach pit.

He turns his peach over and wonders at the tiny people whose world he rotates. His stomach growls. He thinks of God growing hungry and biting through the sky with two titanic front teeth, the juice of sunset dribbling upwards and outwards as he too, clutching his smaller fruit, liquifies and drips into space.

Dread blossoms in his chest, squeezing him until his breath comes in wheezes and he sweats against the chill air. He watches the sky, muscles clenched, neck tensed hard enough that a ligament twangs out of place. A vein on his temple bulges like a worm. Darkness wells up about the edges of his vision and consumes all but the sky’s kaleidoscope of peach colors.

He holds this tension and waits painfully. God will get hungry eventually, and the weight of such an inevitability is crushing.

In an act of mercy, He bites into His peach with apocalyptic fervor, two titanic front teeth tearing into the tiny people’s world and sparing them the dread of waiting. Juice dribbles down and sticks on His chin.