

Fructophobia.

By Katherine Parra – Paint Branch High School

A fear of fruit.

If I was a fruit, I'd have trouble choosing just one.
I'd want to be a strawberry: sweet and always reliable.
I'd want to be a banana: always the superior fruit.
Each fruit you lay eyes on has unique characteristics.
Each person you encounter is like a fruit.
It defines who you are.

If a singular fruit was able to represent the way I am,
I'd choose a pomegranate: messy, staining, difficult.
A protective shell that's complex to unfold,
One created to protect what's on the inside, away from the harm of others around it.

When handled by the wrong soul, the pomegranate starts to seep.
It begins to bleed, staining everything and everyone around it unwittingly.
Its issues become a mess for others to handle.
Once they notice the mess, they give up and abandon the pomegranate.
They discard it: Tossing it away and deeming it a hassle not worth cherishing.

It wasn't the pomegranate's fault it turned out that way, it didn't intend to be difficult.
All the pomegranate desired was to be cared for, it sought out a gentle heart.
For those delicate enough to pick apart every flaw and admire what it's truly destined for.
A fruit worth the mess that comes with it,
Surely in another lifetime I'm worth the mess I bring upon as-well.