

Discarding the Plum

I wonder whether it fell,
lost and forgotten on the ground
When someone was peeling the succulent plum.
Leaving the fibrous meat
showing in all its juicy ecstasy,
unmasked to the world.
Or did it get tossed,
thrown,
spit out with a disgusted vehemence.
It's bruised, softened center
choking
gagging,
the distracted chewer.
Or lastly and most disheartening,
was the luscious fibrous fruit,
with it's juicy contents unknown,
an altogether unwanted lapse of nutrition.
Was the squashed and sodden purpled
skin, saturated from the damp ground,
just an afterthought.
Or could this bruised skin,
lying on the soggy sidewalk
be a beloved piece of the perfect plum.
Was it accidentally dropped,
and with a gasp
looked upon with adoration and sadness
at that piece of perfect plum,
left alone and stepped over on the moistened cement.