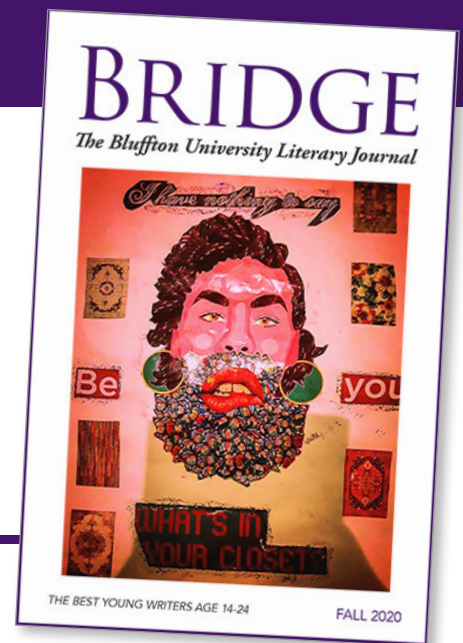


# BRIDGE

*The Bluffton University Literary Journal*



## THE FRUIT

**Omais Hasan**

There was nothing wrong  
with the fruit.  
The act of eating a piece of heaven,  
holding the firm flesh of fruit  
between fingers,  
tasting the ripeness  
of its origin beneath  
the shade of the reaching branches  
painted with birdsong and mist,  
the action itself,  
the taste on tongue,  
carried the weight.  
*A seed is caught in my throat.*

But the snake must be evil,  
scraping across caked bark  
that lines the aged trunk.  
It is easy to blame another,  
to point a finger wet with juice  
and call sin his fault.  
*I ask for a glass of water.*

Maybe the Devil arrives  
in a pleasing form.  
Maybe he arrives scaled and sallow,  
aching with pulse

that drowns the heartbeat,  
wrapping a lone limb over leaves.  
Maybe he whispers in honeyed tones  
and reveals the beauty of fruit in  
sunlight.  
Maybe he smiles  
as he takes your hand in his.  
*I swallow liquid hungrily  
as the water trickles down my chin.*

Fruit in one palm,  
doubt in the other.  
Maybe the worst deeds  
are done with a grin.  
*A tree begins to grow in my stomach.  
My jaw expands and a branch  
sprouts from my reddened mouth.*

Maybe the earth  
does not realize how loud  
the sound of evil is,  
the way it hisses  
from between the branches  
of a tree laden with fruit.

**OMAIR HASAN** is an undergraduate student at The Ohio State University who deeply enjoys reading and writing poetry. He has work published and forthcoming in *Oberon Poetry Magazine*, *Encore Prize Poems*, *The Merrimack Review*, as well as other publications.