

B.L.M.I.A.

by Anders Porter

Placing blade of knife against tomato skin, I am shocked when penetration is averted. My concentration dissipates.

One unfocused thrust and the captive tomato escapes, dashing across the counter, onto the floor, under the buffet table. My cheek pressed against hardwood, I ascertain its hideout: nestled in a dust bunny, behind a table leg.

Sleeves rolled up, I boldly insert my arm into this unkempt netherworld. A search party of elongated fingers is just... able... to... negotiate... with... tomato.

In custody again, the fugitive tomato is re-washed and prepared for execution.

Anticipating company, bacon and lettuce rejoice with toasted bread!