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Pluot
(In Memoriam)

Since everything will someday
come by what we call accident, plum and
apricot would have tied the knot without our consent.

But our genetic impatience just had to enlist a lab coat and
a pipette, so après the scare last year an iridescent label was
publicly affixed charging GMO. OMG how the Safewayers fled in
shock and dread to the aisle of Pop-Tarts and Eggos. You may re-
member where this led—banishment of a favorite nourishment to the
rack of frutoids, like its once-planetary anagram redefined as sidelined,
now among the X-Men of edibles, as though bitten by a radioactive spi-
der, its superpower no longer in vogue of gaining sweetness in the cold.
O scion of miscegenation, can't we all just get along? I confess to miss-
ing the Flavor Heart—cordate, dark perse skin, xanthous flesh—though
I have been told my mood swings and the mole bulging my earlobe may
be a product of having overindulged. Inevitably, on another someday
in a grove where the wind, the root soil and the habits of honeybees
have been just right for centuries, a schoolgirl, bred the old way
in the underground, will on her drift home pluck from a long
branch in her ingenuous genes a creation equally unusual
yet no less natural than the fish which first bellied onto
gleaming sand, and she will taste with her unpropri-
etious lizard tongue the wild type coincidence of
p and a, thinking what she would never
dare to say, how deviantly
delicious.

Ken Haas

Ken Haas lives in San Francisco where he works in healthcare and sponsors a poetry writing program at the UCSF Children's Hospital. His poems have appeared in *Cottonwood*, *Forge*, *Freshwater*, *Helix*, *Lullwater Review*, *Natural Bridge*, *Nimrod*, *Pennsylvania English*, *Quiddity*, *Sanskrit*, *Soundings East*, and others. You can visit him at <http://kenhaas.org/>.