

## Apricot Season

Around the tenth of May, she comes out of her hiding spot, which is an Old Victorian with yellow trim and a side porch perfect for this Time of year, perfect for her pop-up shade and old rusty radio that plays static Half the time. Her arms overflow with jars of fragrant honey and when she Sets them on plastic folding tables the warm breeze smells of citronella Three blocks away. You can stop by anytime and squeeze, or buy, or just Look at the apricots she sells in crates and crates and crates. And If you ask nicely she might give you one for free with a wink like the Sunshine you've craved all year. One bite will make a river of sugary-orange Juice run down your wrist and lodge itself deep in the folds of your t-shirt, a Stain you'll find months later and miss more than anything. Because when the Sweetness has left your tongue but not the your sticky skin, and when you Ask for a paper towel, please, she is already gone. Gone with her plastic tables and Apricots in crates and crates, gone with her soft radio static and Summer citronella breeze. The screen door closes, and there she waits, the Sunshine waiting with her, till next May rolls around.