Apple Orchard

Kim Paul*

*Iowa State University

Copyright ©2012 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
shriveled thing. It was probably a rose, weeks ago, but it’s dead now. I stare
at his lopsided bowtie, his bloodstained tuxedo shirt. It might have been his
wedding day, save for the gaping shotgun wound in his chest where his heart
should have been.

I survey his face: the slackened jaw, the sinewy cheeks. Boldly, I meet his eyes.
Beneath their murky white depths, I see a look of hunger I know far too
well.

He lets out a moan and throws himself weakly against the window, barely
making a thump--but that thump attracts the attention of another, and an-
other, all limping in unison, an army driven by hunger, and hunger alone.

I can hear a pulse, and it takes me a moment to realize that it’s my own. I am
afraid.

“Hold me?” she says, her voice tiny and faint. I curl up behind her, relishing
the warmth of her body pressed against my own. Her skin burns with fever,
but I can hear her teeth chattering. Nuzzling her neck, I squeeze her tight
with whatever comfort can be found in my arms.

“I love you,” she tells me, her breath slowing. As the sun dips below the hori-
zon and the shadows of the dead grow longer, I reach for my pistol, thinking
about love and what it really means.

Jessica Yehle is a sophomore in English. She likes coffee, passive-aggressive
pop-punk, and red lipstick. She exists primarily in black t-shirts, because she
has no fashion sense. Despite her extreme social anxieties, she still hopes that
all of this makes you think she’s really edgy and cool.