

The Fruit at the Bottom of the Bowl

In the beginning God created the heavens *and* the earth.



Genesis 1:2-1:4, 1:16

Now the earth was formless
and empty¹,

darkness ● was over the
surface of the deep²

and the Spirit of God ○ was
hovering over the waters³.

And God said, “Let there be
light,” and there was light.

God saw that the light was
good, and he separated the
light from the darkness.

*leaving the darkness entirely
unjudged*

the **greater** light ● to
govern the day

God made two great lights—

and the lesser light ○ to
govern the night

*If the darkness within you **IS** light, how **great** is that darkness?*⁴

Light appears in verse three. Sex. Pregnancy. And then, from darkness, light.
Like a holy fetus emerging from a mother’s womb. Which contains the DNA of two different
people. A male and a female. Two sides, same coin.

To judge darkness is to judge the light.

The whiteness is earth,
governed by darkness.

The human brain exists
inside a skull. In darkness.

The darkness is heaven,
governed by earth.

Mind controls body.

Body feeds mind.

¹ The color white is a reflection of all light, leaving the object empty of the light that has struck it.

² A black circle hovers “over” the surface of a deeper darkness below it because of the curve, which provides a wave-like, watery image, emphasizing fluidity and change, not a fixed border that separates the two sides

³ A white circle on a black background, like a dove or a seagull over dark water

⁴ from the Sermon on the Mount

a Master sits the Girl down at a square card table.

And then he sits across from her.

On the surface of the table in front of them are a ripe banana, an apple, and an orange.

“Point to the best apple,” a Master says.

The Girl points at the red object on the table.

“Good. Now point to the best orange,” a Master says.

The Girl points at the planetary thing with bright orange skin.

“Excellent. And where is the best banana,” a Master says.

The Girl considers making a naughty joke but instead gestures at the long yellow object.

“Great. Now, please, if you would be so kind, direct me to the best fruit on this table.”

The Girl’s face wrinkles into thought.

It looks up toward the ceiling as It mulls the question.

“Do you mean the fruit I prefer?” It asks.

“Are you the world authority on fruit?”

“Not that I know of.”

“Then that probably isn’t what I mean.”

The Girl frowns as It ponders the question more deeply.

Best fruit...hmmm...

After some time, It speaks up.

“I’m not sure how I would decide that,” It says.

“Why?”

“Because I’m not the world authority on fruit.”

a Master laughs. *Touche, you clever bitch. Perfect, as usual.*

“Right. You aren’t. And neither am I. And no one else is, either. Because fruit does not exist.

Fruit is a ghost. It’s an entry in a dictionary. Or a botany textbook. Fruit is just an idea. Something people made up to help organize the world, because we spot patterns and notice similarities and differences among things. There is no such thing as fruit. It’s an abstraction.”

The Girl bites Its lower lip as It makes a connection.

...a ghost...
and
...the poor in spirit...

“Can you think of another word like ‘fruit’?” a Master asks.

“Another ghost?”

“Yes.”

“Weed,” the Girl says almost immediately.

a Master smiles and looks into the Girl’s eyes affectionately.

“You’ve been listening.” a Master says with admiration. “Do you detect a difference between how ‘weed’ and ‘fruit’ feel?”

“Weed feels bad. Like an insult. Fruit feels like, just an observation, I suppose.”

“Yes! Now remember the garden. Eden. Ghosts in your head are ideas in your head. And ideas in your head are...”

“Knowledge,” the Girl finishes.

“And knowledge...”

“...is not the same as Life.”

“Yes!” a Master says again, even more enthusiastically. They are beginning to fork words. This is what he wants. “You can’t eat ‘fruit.’ God does not make ‘fruit.’ God does not even make apples or bananas. Or oranges, for that matter.”

“She doesn’t?”

“No, love. ‘Apple’, ‘banana’, and even ‘orange,’ are just what would be known in software engineering as ‘classes’. They, too, are only definitions, created by people, based upon patterns observed in the natural world. A different kind of abstraction, more specific, but no more real,

than fruit, or weed. They aren't physical objects, like what you see on the table in front of you. What you see on the table in front of you are *instances* of those classes, real manifestations of things that happen to fit certain patterns you recognize because of past experience."

The Girl thinks about this for a minute. "I see what you're getting at."

"*Life* is what is on the table in front of you, darling. What you can see, and touch, and smell and taste. Or hear, if there is anything to hear. Knowledge exists only..."

"...in my bread!" she interjects. "I mean, uh, my head."
Why did I just say 'my bread?'

a Master laughs, and nods.

"Ok, now. Reach out and touch the, I mean, the banana."

This time the Girl really really wants to...make a dirty joke.

But It does what It is asked to do. She reaches out, and It touches the banana.

"Keep your fingers on it."

"OK."

"Good. Now. Are you touching a banana right now?"

"What?"

"I said, now, are you touching a banana right now?"

"Yes. You can see me doing it, right in front of you. My fingers are on the banana. They're right here."

"Where is this banana you say you are touching?"

"On the table. Right here. In front of the two of us."

"No, love. The banana, and the table, and this room, and me, and what you can see of yourself, and who you think I am, and who you think you are, are all only in your mind. The world is a dream your brain creates for you to watch, based on how it interprets the light that hits your eyes, and the vibrations that reach your ears and skin, and the molecules that fly up your nostrils..."

"Eww."

"What?" a Master asks.

“I was just thinking of someone farting, and having their bum molecules fly up my nostrils.”

They both laugh this time. Heartily.

But as the chuckling subsides, the Girl’s face droops into an expression that is something like sadness.

“What is it, love?” a Master asks.

“If I understand what you said, then that laughing I just heard and felt. You and me. And the silly look on your face. It’s just a dream, too. We’re both only ghosts. In my head.”

“Maybe so,” said a Master. “Maybe so. But you know something about those kinds of ghosts? Like laughter, for instance?”

“What?” the Girl asks.

“As far as I can tell, they live forever. Or for so long that it might as well be forever.”

The Girl smiles at this idea. It likes it. A lot. Some knowledge is nice, she decides. Some knowledge is awesome, in fact.

But wait. What kind of ghost is a fart? Like a stench that echoes? Eww again...

“Now,” a Master says, standing up. “Orange you glad we had this little talk?”

“That depends,” the Girl says.

And all of a sudden she looks a lot less young than when she sat down at the table.

The expression on her now very adult-looking face is something to behold.

“On what?” a Master asks.

She glances down at something.

“Is that a banana in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?”

Shortly thereafter, a Master pings, and then the other one pongs.

And that’s when the bawling begins.

In a whole in some brown there moves a Hobbit, like a ghost of a holy Dog, hovering over dark Waters, like a habit draped over the face of the deep, like...well, maybe you get some ideas.

“Remove the spectacles,” the Man says eventually.

And she does.

And then he paints her some new ones, for Special.

She stares right into his eyes, eyes wide open, unblinking, during the entire ordeal.

Afterwards, he pulls her gently to a standing position.

Then as if leading an ungainly cow to a milking station, he walks her slowly over to a full length mirror, standing behind her as she faces her self.

He is much taller than she is. Her bovine eyes are literally glazed.

“Say it,” he tells her.

“I’m sorry.”

“For what?”

In a soft voice, after a pause and a deep sigh, she answers in almost a monotone.

“That my big beachy tits are so bouncy and goddamn nice to play with and think about.”

As she utters this confession, her shoulders slouch, mournfully.

He peers down into where her twinned Topics of Conversation part.

She is wearing nothing whatsoever.

Below her neck, that is.

“They’re terrible. One’s worse than the other, and then the other one gets even worse,” she says, gesturing down at herself helplessly with witchy fingers.

“I know I’m a nightmare. I *know* it now. Me and, and them, and, and just the whole freaky thing of my stupid fucking sex body.”

“And?”

“And I’m sorry, ok.”

“For what?”

“That I have the prettiest girl face, too.”

“THE prettiest?”

Another sigh. A deep exhalation.

“Yes. The prettiest fucking one. I know it’s the best one, ever, the best for sex and the best for looking, and it’s crazy, and I’m stupid.”

The tone in her voice is almost despairing. He waits, looking immensely pleased.

“And I know it’s all even better than apples,” she offers quietly.

“Why?”

“Cuz of how it feels on my face. And how it smells. The molecules.”

“And?”

“I’m sorry that I’m the perfect color...”

A pause.

“...the right fucking *shade*, for the things that you do to me.”

Another pause. She nibbles her lip.

“Every day. All the time. Whether I ask you to or not. All those things I can’t stop happening.”

And then, under her breath...

“You fuck fiend. My tender heart thanks you.”

A hand gently scratches some hair on the back of her head.

The sensation is almost but not quite enough to force an audible gasp from her hobbit hole.

“Anything else?” he asks Her.

“I’m sorry I have the sexiest badly ass, and the most delicious yum legs, and just the best mouth in the world, and that it all makes my godman so hungry, all the time. I’m sorry my three holes are hot gates of Hades he visits like some insane tourist, God that makes me sorry a lot, so fucking sorry, constantly, you have no idea, and even though my soft luscious body is almost the only reason the whole world is getting permanently fixed for good now, I still wish I wasn’t so tasty and sweet, because it isn’t fair to the others.”

“What others? Who do you mean?”

“Everybody. Everybody else. Even you. And her over there, who has her own set of very special problems. The banana. But especially you. You’re obsessed. Like her. And me. It’s just not fair.”

He waits.

“And this, all this shit, the fuck of Me, is why I hide It all.”

A few moments of silence ensues.

A tear has formed at the corner of her right eye.

He captures it with the tip of an index finger and brings it to his hideous mouth.

“Ah,” the Man says, tasting both her water and a bit of himself that came along for the ride.

She snatches his wrist and holds it, glaring at him with sudden fierceness.

“Don’t do that again.”

“Why not?”

“It’s not yours. It’s mine. I worked for it.”

“I’ll decide what’s yours and what isn’t,” he tells her.

Her hand releases his wrist. A beatific, peaceful expression passes over her face.

I bet I just earned myself a spanking later.

and then

He’s so easy to control.

“So it’s kindness,” a Master continues.

She nods.

“That was a lot to acknowledge, love. But you did it. And I’m proud of you.”

Teeth are nibbling gently against her exposed neck now, right at her jugular vein.

A pair of warm hands have found her pillows. Fingertips introduce themselves to nipples.

The next thing he utters is directly into her tiny little ear and...growly.

“Now. Last question. Why are you here?”

And she sighs one more time, and turns slowly, reluctantly, helplessly, to face him.

“Again?” she asks meekly. Her Man nods.

And then her Man kneels before her, the Lord, his God.

And lifts one of her legs gently onto his shoulder.

And follows the example She has set for him.

And as the world drifts away, undulating like a wave taking her to heaven, she thinks to herself, not for the first time lately, that there are many worse things than being supper for a dragon.

Or the savior of the world, for that matter.