

apricot

แอปเปิ้ล

We speak in memories.

“Dad, do you remember...”
“Yes, when you were a little girl, you loved...”

I loved you.
And apricots.

Not the real kind.

In Hollywood,
near the Thai book store,
you took me to a shop that sold
Armenian or Middle Eastern
goods.

We explored.
Row upon row
of spices I didn't understand,
although some must have been the same kind
we used at home.



Then you spied them
in clear rigid plastic—
strange looking apricots.

Sugar crystals glinted
from shortbread skin,
and the apricots blushed
from their own opulence.

You looked up at the shopkeeper,
a dark man in a white tunic.
Without words, you asked
and he gestured:

open.

A twist
of the two shortbread
apricot halves,
you held out a half
for me to taste—
the pit
the center,
a sweet imitation mixture
of walnut butter cream.

“Dad, do you remember
those cookies that looked
like apricots?”

“Yes,
yes when you were little,
you loved them.
You liked the cookie part
best.”

*so brittle
and so strong.*

Margaret Wang

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