

SILKSCREEN:  
POME IN A BOWL

It  
is  
a  
pear  
this is a pear  
in a bowl, real  
but not—ink you  
might think, clever  
shape on page but not  
a pear in the sense of a  
fruit you can eat. You  
could eat this page; it won't  
taste like a pear, but you can eat  
it more so than a wax or wooden pear.  
In fact wax, wood, even papier-mâché  
deceive more than the pear here on this page.  
They all look like pears down to the last russet  
fleck and stubby stem, saliva syrup on the tongue.  
Swallow in frustration. See through the plastic  
deception. Declivitous, but not a true pear,  
made of words, painted on canvas, photographed in shades of gray, so real as to pluck  
off the wall and deliver that first bite : dermis gives under incisor, canine, juice mixed  
with saliva, glistening white meat rimmed with the frilly edge of shredded skin.  
They are not real, despite what sight you will, what senses they arouse.  
Squint hard and you might see the real is not real and yet it is  
even if what it realizes is not.

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