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The Jar

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The Jar

Dominique Cottrell

Like a fool, blinded by my own hubris, I
Bought a jar of olives.
And now they sit, judgmentally,
As I eat. They watch me from their
Little jar, every tiny
Pepper in the center a pupil.

They roll back and forth in that glass,
Pickled like, well, olives. And here I sit
With no martinis
And no sandwiches
And no fancy cheese parties.

Why do they stare at me like that?
They press in, their weight on my shoulders.
I am pressed down in the moment,
Alone.
Behind me, the lights buzz.

Such a simple motion, to open
A jar.
I breathe through my mouth.
If I was at home, I could open them.
If I was with someone, I could
Open them.

Here I am.
Watching the olives.
And as I sit,
The olives watch me.

Breathe in.
Breathe out.
I grasp at the jar, the

Green speckled cap smooth
Under my fingers.

My hand tightens as I grasp
The lid, applying pressure.
They've had their last
Stare. There's only one
Winner here.

But then I retreat.
The olives can have
One more day. And so I
Put them back on their shelf.

The topmost one looks at
Me. I look back.

Tomorrow.

