

## **June in January**

*Lauren Nolan*

I can't remember the last time I had fresh fruit—something really good, like peaches in July or apples in September.

The next time I go home, I'll be sure to dig into the biggest carton of strawberries I can find, slice up a strawberry in half, then in quarters, throw the top away.

Toss a quarter to my dog, endlessly shaggy, endlessly joyous,  
eat the rest. Guilt-free.

The point of the strawberry  
crushing juice running red rivulets around my teeth,  
flattening against my tongue— oh, I can taste it.  
Delicate like the way sunlight filters through the tree  
leaves out front.

Take a moment to savor it, I mean, really, really savor it.

Then maybe I'll cut into another strawberry, then another. Heck, maybe even the whole carton. Maybe even another quarter for my dog. Or a little bowl for my dad left out at room temperature, just the way he likes it.

And the last one, the reddest, roundest, plumpest strawberry?

Maybe it's for my sister. She's picky, and so's my mom.  
But I'm pickier, so I guess it's mine. Guilt-free.