

POETRY | FALL 2023

Papaya

By Alice Ranjan

In the kitchen, I gaze at the two papayas—one ripe and one unripe—and remember how you once wrestled a large, unripe papaya into your hands, dexterously peeling away the dark green exterior and shredding the light green interior into sinuous strands that you then toss with carrots, long beans, tomatoes, red chilies, garlic, and roasted peanuts ground up with a wooden pestle and clay mortar before adding lime juice, fish sauce, and palm sugar. *Som tum salad* you said in Thai as you placed the salad before me, neatly arranged on a platter like an offering to the gods.

I wish I could offer you som tum today because it's your birthday, but alas, I lack your culinary skills. So instead, I choose the ripe papaya for you, remember how you said papaya makes your skin look young. I grasp the kitchen knife and slice into its soft flesh, the red juice splattering onto the counter like blood, the way I imagine the surgeon had wielded her knife when she made an incision in your chest. The papaya's black seeds are haphazardly nestled in the large crevice of its body like the tumor cells packed in your tissues. I quickly scoop out all the seeds, visible and glistening, with a spoon, unlike the surgeon who painstakingly excavated the amorphous tumor from your body, praying there wasn't a single cell left.

I place the platter of papaya before you, and you smile at me from the faded photograph next to the urn of your ashes and incense sticks, your lips slightly parted as if you were

