By D. Gilson

Berkeley psychologists told Harold his anger was justified. What parents let their child go for a midnight walk under no moon? I couldn’t have been more than four, Harold told the doctor in her crisp beige office.

*Doctor, could it ever be OK for a four-year-old to eat nine different types of pie?* Harold asked her.

*Call me Lisa,* the doctor replied.

Everyone knew Harold could draw. By sophomore year, he was critiquing grad students. By twenty, Harold knew exactly when to quote Sontag. Standing in front of a professor’s latest pastel of Mojave succulents: *This just makes me think how in place of a hermeneutics, we need an erotics of art.* Harold’s professors would hum & nod their dragon heads (though none of them understood, exactly, what Harold said). By senior year, Harold became distant, his work increasingly angry: apple trees, their fruit rotting in monochrome purple, under the notable lack of a moon.

Source: *Poetry* (May 2017)