

“Who Could be Sweeter? (A Conversation.)”

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Who could be sweeter? Sweeter than a big fruit. Sweeter than a fruit that was much larger than the average fruit. Sweeter than a sofa sized banana. Sweeter than any sofa sized fruits. Even an extra large sofa sized fruit is not sweeter.

“Sweeter than a sofa sized fruit?” you might say. “Sweeter than a sofa sized banana?” you might say. “Sofa” you might say. So predictable. It is so easy to guess what you might say. Easy for me at least. Maybe not for you. That’s fine. I’m not saying it makes me better than you. That is not what I’m saying. So. We cool? Or are you going to beat me up? Fucking try. I’ll call the police on you bitch. I’m not saying anything that isn’t true. “But this is salamander!” you might say. Well this isn’t slander and it’s also not salamander, get the lizards out of your legal lexicon and try to answer my question. Who could be sweeter?

I don’t know, maybe like a planet sized fruit.

What planet?

It doesn’t matter they are all bigger than a sofa.

All of them?

Yeah.

Which one isn’t?

That isn’t one.

And that’s a true?

Speak normal.

Also that is a true?

It is.

How many are smaller than a sofa?

How many what?

Planets.

None of them are.

Huh.

Yeah they are all bigger than a sofa.

A house then.

A house what?

A house sized fruit.

What about it?

Well.

Well what?

What could be sweeter?

What could be sweeter than a house sized fruit?

Yeah I was thinking about it. Sofas are pretty big right?

Yeah I guess.

Like it takes two people at least to move it anywhere substantial.

Yeah I guess.

So think about this. You can't even move a house.

And you couldn't think of anything sweeter than a fruit the size of one of those.

Any one.

Any one?

Anybody.

I can't think of anybody.