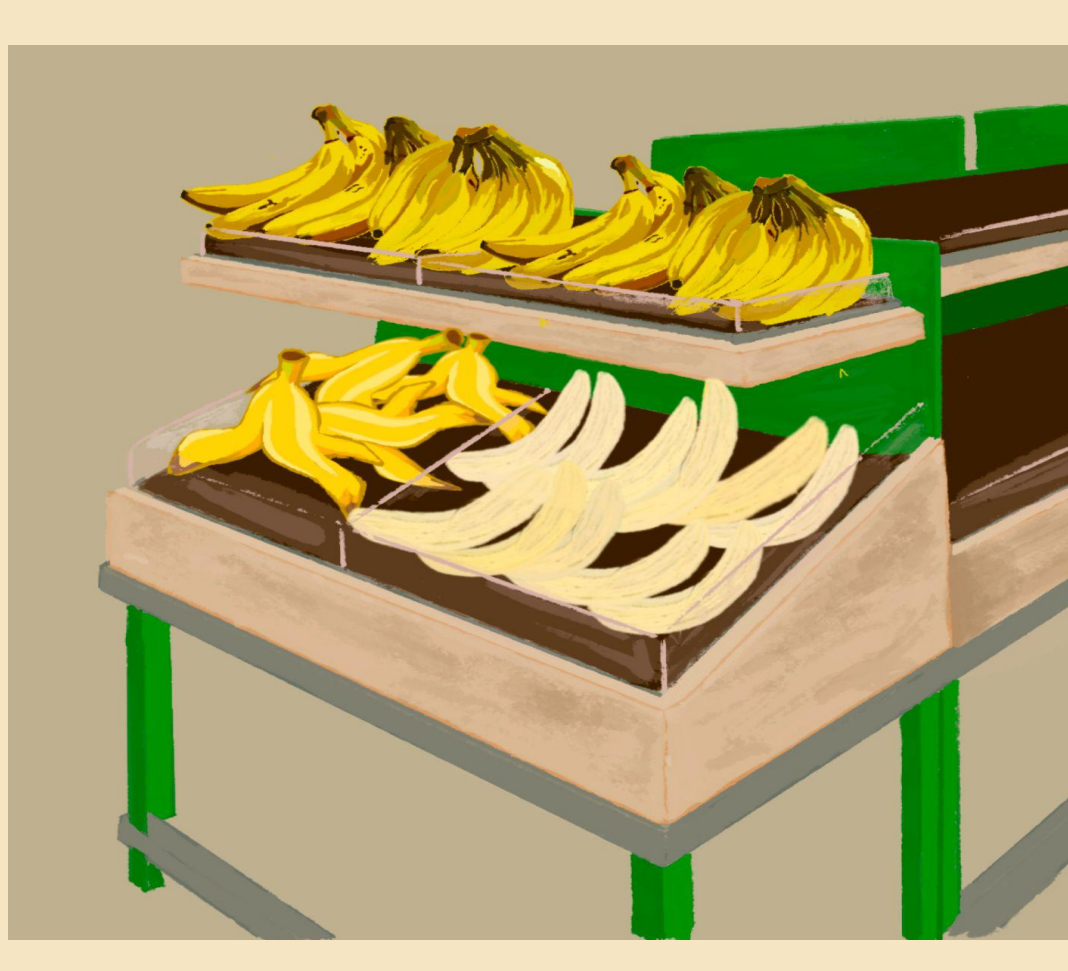




Mom eats a banana at breakfast, so my family always had bananas around.

When I moved out, I kept bananas on my grocery list every week.



Bananas appeal to me on an aesthetic level— *thanks for having me over! Your apartment feels all homey. That cluster of bananas over there really seals the deal.*

I don't eat bananas at breakfast though. Or lunch or dinner or as a midnight snack.

*... oh your bananas are really brown.*



Not to worry. Overripe bananas are perfect for making banana bread. (Everyone likes banana bread.) Frozen bananas last a long time and contribute well to smoothies. Banana peels make good plant fertilizer water.

You can go get bananas without any pre-consideration!



Ah, the lightness of bananas. I continue to avail myself of their silent browning companionship, and carry no weight of responsibility, commitment, or desire.

I don't know how much Mom cares about bananas either. One day she probably just gave it a slot in her morning routine, and it humbly delivers on performance every day.

