

Megan Pieczonka

Creative Brain

Professor O'Neill

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The Onondaga Apple Jacket

September 1923. Central New York.

Smooth, fresh, crisp. You feel a chilled breath of air wash over the back of your neck, making your senses tingle with bliss. You zip up your thick wool-lined jacket. It used to be your father's jacket when he worked in the orchards before you. Wearing it makes you feel confident, safe, and warm.

The air smells of burning wood; you hear it crackle seductively nearby. The trees in the orchard surrounding you slowly sway in the breeze, whispering to each other. They're inviting you to join their fall jubilee. You've always enjoyed September but this year you've become enamored with autumn, intoxicated.

You take a breath of the sweet, sharp air and reach up into the blossoming bosom of a tree, plucking the rosiest red apple. It's a glossy mirror reflecting strength and peace.

The apple is plump, engorged, begging you to sink your teeth into it. You rub the apple on your sturdy olive-green canvas jacket and then crunch down on the flesh. You feel refreshed, reborn.

The Onondaga Apple Jacket. A jacket for blissful moments. Worn by working men to enjoy the fleeting pleasures of the day to day. Durable, comforting, powerful.