

1996

Apple

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my father's guitar notes,
streaming in from the garden
to hold her singing,
his music, breathing,
lifting leaves
that would collect and stir
at his feet, my mother's
clapping hands, bells jingling
on her ankles.

APPLE

Father,
watching you peel the fruit,
knife flat against flesh,
your fingers taut, white at the knuckles,
strips of skin flayed and falling
to the ground,
I think I love you
as Eve must have loved her father
when He turned her out
with the man who only knew
how to follow,
while He sat in the garden,
eating the white meat
with the serpent