

AZB

Apple Sunday

Dog-days in autumn—what other days were there, really?
All three removed their clothes, as seemed appropriate,
The boys scrambled up, toecurling-wise and like two young
Eves, in a flurry of speckled limbs lobbed apples her way.
She spat the pips, for they could choke you, yet
She imagined swallowing them, and her tongue,
Thinking of what she'd have given—anything but her dignity
To be there in the crook of the crown of the tree.