

ROSE MARY PROSEN

from "Apples"

Worm, remind me.
What have I missed?
Earth, receive these
Seeds, ready to spit.

Not young enough
to burrow and bide,
Nor old enough.
What have I missed?

Reddest apples,
Straight from the tree.
No polishing,
I took what fell.

Once was a hillside.
All fell down.
Heavy with apple,
I housed no one.

A cellar loaded.
Sweet apples for life.
Peeling and storing
Cost everything.

What was a victory
But to lock the bin.
The years are a business.
I learned bookkeeping.

Apples are shifting.
Small, round, wine, red.
Worm, remind me.
How did you get in?