

Apple salvation

by [Anya Silver](#) in the [September 19, 2012](#) issue

There's a stranger in the field of apples.
Somebody's hands have left a blush
on the Staymans, have scattered half-
rotten fruit in which wasps will burrow.
Somebody's presence has spun the sugar,
banished bitterness from yellow cores.
Pips have polished themselves like beaks
of sparrows, Sweet Wines waxed tender.

Now is the time for us to climb ladders
and fill a crate for our family's pleasure.
To hear the ticktock of falling fruit.
To lighten the bearded branches.

Let husbands feel the round arms of their wives,
and wives laugh in voices rich as custard.

Let there be shouting like shaken tambourines!
Let the musician bring his fiddle!