

Hey, Adam

by [Muriel Nelson](#) in the [February 3, 2016](#) issue

Give me the green side of that apple,  
the tree side, puckery, crisp.  
And your mouth, stop sunning it.

Here! Give me a kiss.  
On second thought, take it back! When you  
domineered the animals, your fingers

useless in fists, I looked the given  
in the mouth (your horsing and naming,  
your curses). The gist: We've both had our due.

The worm's in us. Yum. And we're in this  
together. The risk: Come. Whet wit  
with me. Defy! Deify.

I'm a northerner, shade-grown, tall. I can reach  
the top fruit, but no higher. See that Winesap,  
King—you name it—up there? Catch

and imagine them huge—logo balloons,  
image parades snaking the earth,  
peopling the sky.