

## Orchard

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [October 2024](#) issue

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The strong air of winter, my old friend  
of many years, sighed against the house  
  
all last night, a cold music—that icy wind,  
blowing like a regret through the neighbor's  
  
old apple orchard, a reminder of mortality  
along with sharp memories of fall, long ago,  
  
when those overburdened branches,  
like tired gymnasts, bent low to the ground,  
  
obesant, as if awaiting our applause. Years,  
now, since the trees bore any edible apples,  
  
but this fall, as always, the rosy fruit are falling,  
each with a soft thunk—one, and one, and another,  
  
with a slow leak of juices, a rich fermentation  
sinking into the soil, turning the deer tipsy  
  
as they root and nibble. Each apple so splendid  
to look at, so full of worms at the heart.