

Apples

For two weeks now at intervals I've heard
the surprisingly heavy thwack of apples
hitting the ground below my neighbour's tree.
Trees, I should say, three of them, fine ones
that he plays with all summer, making here
a green concert among gardens of cement.

I've got used to the sound of falling fruit.
Anticipation keeps me by the window,
hearing the August streetgames of the kids
whose voices I now recognize, and names,
and their mothers, and the barking of their dogs.
These apples tune my summer meditation —
clash at intervals to call me to the world.

The discipline of such small things is sweet;
the rewards sweet too. From time to time
I saunter out to gather what's come down,
shoo off the wasps, drunken on split fruit,
leave them what's too sodden, carrying home
a skirtful of red drums to sit and eat
by the window, hearing the music of the day.

Susan Glickman