

FIRST BITE

When she nips the skin
of the blood-russet apple,
the aroma of an entire
orchard in bloom
seizes her with delight
so deep she closes her eyes
to everything ordinary.

She sees petals of white,
like small specks of snow,
descend with tremulous
shimmers and coalesce
into drifts and walls
until only white
appears everywhere.

In her ears, a harmony
of high notes hovers
like angels sailing
out of their own imprints
in the placid snow.
She longs to soar,
to break into light

but that first bite,
still in her throat,
restrains her,
one foot in this world
and one advancing
toward the apple
orchards of paradise.