My Side of Fruit

Apriled into May
devouring pools of rain
bringing blossoms
to a wooded wind.

Down the lane
you looked at me
as if I were waiting
to be climbed that spring
when young boys
ascended thighs
of apple trees.

I drink in sun
give you shade
you wanting my tree.

Now that wind sighs
in green shawls
my limbs touch
your field of skin,
you throw your arms
into my robe.

Summer rain
slides around
my side of fruit.

—Edith Van Beek