

**Into the Orchard**

Stooping for an apple,  
I see the shadow of a horse;  
in his mane, angels.  
Fruit, limb, tree: a trinity.  
It is time to taste  
the ripened body.

In every fruit I see angels,  
food for my mortal body,  
communion with trinity.  
I shine the ripest apple,  
leave the core for a horse.  
His body is what I taste.

In the cider heap, Christ's body,  
Eve's sin, the apple.  
What I desire I cannot taste:  
to be Mary, on a horse,  
voice lifted to the trinity,  
praising the bruise-free skin of angels.

I have a taste  
for angels.  
I see a child on a horse,  
the limbs of his body  
curl up into stem and apple,  
one with the trinity.

In my hand, the smallest trinity:  
peel, stem, seed, taste  
of a newly fallen apple,  
food and drink of angels.  
I eat the fruit's white body,  
hear the whinny of a horse.

A pale woman on a white horse  
is filled with the trinity;  
the child within her, a body  
feeding on the taste  
of Eden, the sound of angels  
among branches, seeds in the apple.

My body, too, feeds on that taste.  
I walk past the horse, singing to the trinity,  
like an angel praising the apple.

*Elizabeth Lund*