

## Poetry

### 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*