

my father's guitar notes,  
streaming in from the garden  
to hold her singing,  
his music, breathing,  
lifting leaves  
that would collect and stir  
at his feet, my mother's  
clapping hands, bells jingling  
on her ankles.

### APPLE

Father,  
watching you peel the fruit,  
knife flat against flesh,  
your fingers taut, white at the knuckles,  
strips of skin flayed and falling  
to the ground,  
I think I love you  
as Eve must have loved her father  
when He turned her out  
with the man who only knew  
how to follow,  
while He sat in the garden,  
eating the white meat  
with the serpent