

In the Orchard · *Lee VanDemarr*

Yellow dust blossoms
powdering in the air.
The faces, their voices
in the air too.

Storms rivered down the window.
Blackberries tilled under the bee.
They sat on the frosty road
wringing out their coats. Dust & time

moon & stars. New apples & quarries.
No nice way into that, no nice way out.
Yet it's perfectly simple, that way.
Oiled stones. White flowers braised by rain.