

The Old Shall Bear Fruit

After the storm, we navigate
a damp tangle of the autumn garden.
Vines, leeks, squash, beets
glisten with drops of rain.
The turquoise foliage of fennel
shimmers like lacework
in the moist air.

In a corner bordered by woods,
an aged fruit tree
leans into the horizontal,
exposing roots tangled as snakes.
Beneath its gnarled branches,
fallen apples litter the earth.

See where the crafty fox
has left her mark –
the sharp imprint of teeth
on a ruby beauty
that still clings to the tree.

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Atlanta Review Fall/Winter 2018