

STEVEN GOLDSBERRY

## A Study of Oranges

It might never happen, I say.

The wind might rise  
on the lake and then every  
image would be broken,  
scattered into itself.

Two boys stand on the bridge,  
tossing oranges into the water,  
watching the long cones  
of the splashes.

It is winter.  
Into this snowy landscape  
the oranges seem to carry  
their own light—the definitive  
shapes of incursion, sharp  
solitude made real.

Sometimes I pretend I am the wind  
and begin shouting.

The last orange drops  
perfectly. Its reflection  
sails up toward the swift eclipse  
of the splash.