Fruit

*Tyler Chadwick*

First
"She's like an apple
in a water balloon,"
the doctor says. They watch

their fruit unfold across
the screen in light movements.
Submerged beneath her sea

enclosed by silent walls,
slow fluid breaths inspire
her ripening, baptize

the room in innocence.
Within this matrix
of tranquility,

they sense her beckoning
through sound's translucent waves,
calling from her still place

into time's raging sea
for a Return. Then Light
ripples from 'round her world

as from the Garden tree
whence God called to Adam
and questioned why His Seed
had grown so ripe with blood.
Last
Within their yellow tree
atop a falling hill,
still shades of spring shadow

the waiting fruit. Chilled rains
stagnate in micro-seas
about their stems, throw drops

of ripened dew across
his face as he climbs
upward, pulls the apples

from their place, and drops them
to her waiting hands below.
Pale bruises hide beneath

the golden skin, some from
their gathering, some from
tussles with rough branches

and hungry birds, and some
born from the inside-out
of parasitic guile.

Holding his breath, he cradles
the last fruit and feels
naked branches stealing
the blood from his cold hand.

Return
The pair, fallen with years,
returns to their garden,
straining for shades of green
within the withered gold.  
They step, each arm in arm,  
beneath their waiting tree

and rest against the trunk.  
His eyes pursue the land  
into a blurry field

and hers cover his face  
in reminiscent strokes.  
She sees the sun depart

his gaze. Dark winds carry  
the breath of swollen fruit,  
pooled round their feet. He sighs;

she leans against his arm  
and waits with him the night  
that folds across his frame.

Her tears swell with their fruit,  
distilling through Earth’s skin  
into the flowing blood  
of their generations’ veins.