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Wild Orchard

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Wild Orchard

A sultry wind.
A moment more
till October spins the vane round.
The crows dips low
over fallow fields
and the sun too soon will follow.
So little time
as autumn nears
to savor summer’s closing.

And so, my dear
I’ll pull you close
as we lie hidden in the high grass.
We’ll find the lost grove in the wood behind the steeple.
and wander through old apple trees
limbs bent with unclaimed harvest.

We’ll pick the fruit
warmed in the sun
and taste the spice of living.
For all too soon
the fruit will fall
and the vine will wilt and wither.
St. Peter’s book
it has no fields
for status, rank, and balance
but did you love?
and did you learn?
and shun every kind of hatred?

So now my love
before summer’s gone
let’s make the most of living
The ancient, tangled, orchard obscures the canon’s aim
And shields us from its thunder.

So lie with me
where limbs entwine
between the tree’s age-old rows
Its canopy
we will not need
to hide us from the heavens.

The setting sun
still warms us both
though all the world’s in shadow.

--Sean O’Skea