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Orchard

Sarah J. Carter

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Orchard



Sarah J. Carter

I open the oven and step back,
breathing a day of orchard windfalls.
My middle-aged legs are nine again
and barefoot, hiding

in the tall grass between
columns of apple trees,
then chased, crushing fruit
splattered and warm.

We never ate those fruit.
They all fermented, and the rolls
are warm and swollen,
waiting for the oven.