

PRESENT at the CREATION, 2006

- *Vilma Ginzberg*

OFFERINGS

suddenly
on the winding country roadside
I come upon the gnarled apple tree
abandoned to its own untended nature
like the feral cat in backyard alleyways
long ago left alone
to get along as it will

now nearly leafless limbs
reach over the old stone wall
dangling their fall booty
as enticingly as
premature holiday ornaments

green apples
unsprayed for perfection
unpolished for market
wait in their drab garb for the picking
offering themselves
to unknown appetites
and undetermined destiny

I wonder as I pass by
whether I will see them at winter's end
still hanging their wrinkling corpses
out over the wind-blown stone wall
waiting for the taking

much as my poems hang withering
waiting for someone
to pick a wild apple or two