

Fall Farther From the Tree

It sits with stillness: tense

The wind will strike the grapefruit.

The fattened fruit with thin-enough skin does not sway,
but quivers,

it would slosh if it swung a few more inches,

brackish, too sweet, sticky: excitement's inner juices

Will be broken from the fruit,

Splattering over a reluctant bedspace shared with the upstanding apples
with well-shaped seeds.

Encroaching on fellow fruit,

that cringe away like older brothers.

Can't get away, into the tree

where they won't be blamed so...

"We're sorry that he's like this."

No no no nonono.

"If you're really sorry,"

"show me."

to put me at ease.