

Under the Plum Trees

Katherine Cozzens

Can you believe
I almost forgot that day?
Under the plum trees
Standing in an oasis
Of sun-spotted fruit
And leaves shaken down,
We watched the children squish
Half-rotten plums beneath their feet,
Then trip, falling in the sticky grass
Releasing purple-golden fragrance
That grew in air.
Bewildered by the wealth
That spilled past the trees' shadow,
Crushed into rivulets on the driveway,
We gathered in the rosy harvest
And smelled plums, grass,
In the children's hair
For weeks.