

CLONCON GARDEN AND THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

I could see that tree of small sweet apples—
each red half bleeding into lemon green--
framed in one mullion of the kitchen window,
and could not devise a plan to get me close,
without annoying Praetorian bees,
presently at ease in white sentry boxes.
Sad to think of all those sweet-eaters falling
in the June drop to rot in tangled ground.
Maybe she would go gardening later
with her curved door-step sharpened knife
and slice through pale green stems of cabbages
or push aside elephant-ear leaves to dismember
purple limbs of rhubarb cowering underneath.
I waited and watched him knock a heel
of soda bread on the worn oil-cloth to shake off
loose flour which formed a little snow-drift,
on a fading square of azure blue,
and with brown arms, stab leeks into
a glass pot of salt before crunching them
in his teeth, or ponderously peel a Kerr's Pink,
held aloft on a fork like a sports trophy,
gazing at eruptions of hot starch that could
soak up gravy and country butter, fresh
from the hooped churn standing in the corner.
If I tied an arrow to a string could I impale
an apple from outside the garden wall?