From Blossoms

By Li-Young Lee

From blossoms comes
   this brown paper bag of peaches
   we bought from the boy
   at the bend in the road where we turned toward
   signs painted *Peaches*.

From laden boughs, from hands,
   from sweet fellowship in the bins,
   comes nectar at the roadside, succulent
   peaches we devour, dusty skin and all,
   comes the familiar dust of summer, dust we eat.

O, to take what we love inside,
   to carry within us an orchard, to eat
   not only the skin, but the shade,
   not only the sugar, but the days, to hold
   the fruit in our hands, adore it, then bite into
   the round jubilance of peach.

There are days we live
   as if death were nowhere
   in the background; from joy
   to joy to joy, from wing to wing,
   from blossom to blossom to
   impossible blossom, to sweet impossible blossom.


Source: Rose (BOA Editions Ltd., 1986)