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)