

# The Day

By Geoffrey Brock

It hangs on its  
    stem like a plum  
at the edge of a  
    darkening thicket.

It's swelling and  
    blushing and ripe  
and I reach out a  
    hand to pick it

but flesh moves  
    slow through time  
and evening  
    comes on fast

and just when I  
    think my fingers  
might seize that  
    sweetness at last

the gentlest of  
    breezes rises  
and the plum lets  
    go of the stem.

And now it's my  
    fingers ripening  
and evening that's  
    reaching for them.

Source: *Poetry* (May 2013)