

SHARING NECTARINES

I

On the road to Colchester
there is a peach stand—
fresh fruit in late summer.
It was August, and we pulled
over to taste not only
the skin and sugar
but the days and the seasons.

II

Barefoot in the gravel,
I bit carefully, peach juice
dripping down my wrist;
you kissed me, sticky.

III

Our skin smelled of river,
hair wild and windblown.
We sat around a wooden table,
laughing—
sharing nectarines.

IV

Walking by the orchard now,
the trees have turned a pale gold—
peach stand boarded up for the season.
They are preparing the trees for next
summer's harvest—covered,
to keep away the frost.