

the poet. in the multifarious rhythms
single spot on in the multifarious rhythms
rafters where of picking apples-
the poet moves placing in buckets
as he speaks. dropping them eventually
it the dance of (ohhhsoooo, gently
a ritual upon a soooo delicately
very high extension yes, with yellow delicious)
ladder. into tote boxes
 large wooden crates
 and forklifts-
we have ritual.
holding apples shipt in the palm a yr hand
from treetahandtabox
crated across these borders
by rail
(as across these walls)
 -painting
 like writing
 across a page
 with strokes
 with making marks
 we have passages
tree to tree
brush to brush
stroke-
 across a branch
 with no corners cut
 apple to apple
 reaching the trim
 like a new character
 cutting her in
 - rhythms.

in the multifarious rhythms
 of picking apples
placing in buckets
 dropping eventually
with story, with rhythm
we have various rituals of passage.
placing into buckets
into tote boxes
into large wooden crates
 ritual
with forklift
by train
across the land
 the land
 the land
 ritual

hand to hand
to mouth to mouth
hand to brush
from wall to wall
the pen in hand
across this page
 ritual.
and it is only the observance
 of natural acts
as an intrinsic part
 of our life
every, every day
 done.
in the multifarious rhythms
 of picking apples
like painting
like writing

across a page
with strokes
with making marks
we have rituals, we have stories, we have passages.

the woman,
stated as she
moves closer
to the ladder.

i say
the air touch
2 hands turn
touch reach ing
5 fingers each
th'air
th' air touch fi
fi
touch five
the air
five
five
five fing
ers touch ing
reach ing the air
fing
fing ers five fing ers touch
ing the air touch reach ing
the air
five five five
fing ers touch ing the air
fing touchers the air five
five
i say the air reach
touch ing the...

the poet, stated
to the woman.

i want to be out on the limb,
the limb, the limb,
as far from the trunk as possible
i believe enuf has been made of the trunk
enuf of the trunk has been barked