

# Apple Harvest

BARBARA DANIELS

An ancient gate creaks open.  
    You're invited, debt cancelled,  
  
out past cracks in sidewalks  
    to see the foolish moon.  
  
What slowly circles, a barn owl,  
    drops now, talons bloodied.  
  
Night air brims with noises  
    like fingers scrabbling in brushwood.  
  
You've been bought, paid for  
    with starlight. This is the center place,  
  
roused, awakening. Scent of apples,  
    you and the moon like twins  
  
raised apart, born to ornament,  
    gleaming silver. Walk the blocks.  
  
Someone sings softly, filling  
    the future with stars.