

Hey, Adam

by [Muriel Nelson](#) in the [February 3, 2016](#) issue

Give me the green side of that apple,
the tree side, puckery, crisp.
And your mouth, stop sunning it.

Here! Give me a kiss.
On second thought, take it back! When you
domineered the animals, your fingers

useless in fists, I looked the given
in the mouth (your horsing and naming,
your curses). The gist: We've both had our due.

The worm's in us. Yum. And we're in this
together. The risk: Come. Whet wit
with me. Defy! Deify.

I'm a northerner, shade-grown, tall. I can reach
the top fruit, but no higher. See that Winesap,
King—you name it—up there? Catch

and imagine them huge—logo balloons,
image parades snaking the earth,
peopling the sky.