

Windfall

The wind blew and the pears fell
the mill turned and we were old

again, one with a hopeless husband
one with an faithless wife, the three

of us lying under the trees
down in the damp and tangled grasses

so we can't help but hear the buzzing
grow louder in the afternoon sun

watching out for the hungry eye,
beak, mandible, tooth and the tongues

finding us here where we are fallen
unable to hide and meant to be eaten