

## 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.