

## Harvest

One drop clings  
At the bottom  
Of the apple  
Wrapped in  
Fine, misty dew;  
It sparkles,  
Diamond-like,  
Reflecting early  
Morning sunlight.

The apple dangles  
With its neighbors,  
Among the leaves,  
Rustling in  
A whisper breeze;  
Among the chirping  
Birds, welcoming  
In the new day,  
Hidden in the  
Foliage.

The buzz of  
Motors breaks  
The orchard's  
Waiting silence.  
The shouting boys  
And laughing  
Men  
Stir the air  
To vibrant life.

Busy brown hands  
Strip the trees  
Of their plump,  
Red dots, filling  
The bushel baskets.  
One drop falls  
From the bottom  
Of the fruit,  
Plucked away.