

OF PYRUS COMMUNIS

Jim Cory

1.

stand by the tree in May
sense the presence

of one thousand bees
delighted to be

doing
what instinct

directs
they do best

*

strange that
the starbright flower
which initiates
nature's greatest olfactory achievement
has itself
no odor
for nose
to dwell on (in?)

*

all summer hard green speckled
lump til
for 2 or 3 days
plump & perfect it
sits the grainy
but fragile skin
suddenly a soft sulfur hue

2.

their heft shape & richness of taste
— all of fall
summed up on the tongue —
make them
the lesser choice
of pie-makers

*

teardrop shaped bag
of hard pulp
brown bellybutton at the base
the way weight & mass
settle as its lower half
the unsubtle slimming
of the upper portion
tapering to the stem
(a giant's eyelash)

*

approach a bowl
at the zenith of their splendor

you will smell their juice & taste
at half a room's distance

*

no amount of chocolate sauce cinnamon nor sprinkled cloves
neither poaching nor baking
augments
the delicate perfection
of the fruit itself
as it enters
the narrow zone of absolute ripeness

3.

people compare its form
to a certain type of torso
as a way of saying: awkward
ungainly squalid
unsexed

tho they forget
how the first bite
of the first ripe fruit
in September
is precisely that kiss
which took years to happen

*

resident object of still lifes:
 not those of Cezanne who famously
 favored apples but rather
 belonging to the world of Dutch masters
 who found its awkward shape in candlelight
 a repository of challenges
 involving the articulation in paint
 of every shade of shade

*

when ripe heat oven to 300 degrees
 place fruit on pan
 heat 12 minutes
 slice into small dish
 cover w/sauce whipped cream nuts

4.

not to be carried long
 as the slightest mishandling
 stains the skin a murdered brown
 which then extends itself
 to the pulp
 erasing the taste to mush

*

rotted bodies round the treebase
 half drunk hornets gorge on pulp
 boring & bored flit
 hole to hole antennae waving

*

on winter's first day
 the last slim leaf

flies off
 leaving at sunset

the silhouette
 of a few black fruit

wearily warily
 clinging