



## Fruit Bowl

*Christa de Brún*

I

I'm a sun-blazed sphere of ochre delight.  
I can be sweet or bitter, depends on the weather.  
I'm great in a jiffy, excel in a jam;  
my supreme segments glint and whirl like  
marmalade tygers in every bite.

II

I was a bit green at first, waxing and waning  
like a crescent moon on a stem of lady fingers  
and praying hands that curve on steeped stalks.  
Sun breaks and I bend towards the lambent light.  
Braving gravity, I mellow to the middle  
and yield to yellow happiness.

III

I always imagined a rosy future for myself, a crumble, a pie, a tart –  
now I'm bruised, battered by the trek from tree to truck,  
truck to trader, tired to the core.  
I've made a pact with sugar: if she sweetens me, I'll melt for her.  
Together we'll join in pastry and be remembered in crumbs.

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## IV

I am tender but firm, sustained by a gritty stem  
till summer when I drop from the branches  
like coloured confetti, gold and russet,  
into the magical sound of crisp leaves.  
When I'm pressed, I blush and glow like  
a lightbulb and pour my plump and fragrant  
pulp into a symphony of buttery delight.

## V

We're all bunched up,  
clustered together  
in all kinds of weather,  
juicy orbs, ripe and keen  
in velvet red or verdant green.  
We melt at the sight of cheese  
and go crazy for crackers.

I | Orange II | Banana III | Apple IV | Pear V | Grapes

