

# Basket of Fruit

by Annie Boutelle

Some battered leaves, a simple woven basket  
that overflows with figs, red and black grapes,

an apple, peach, two pears. And everywhere  
that longing to survive, to thrive, as the thin

and desperate stem rises to the right and lifts  
off beyond the frame Praise the luscious, touch

your hand to apple's worm hole. Everything  
earnest, grapes jostling. Nothing on its own,

yet each one lonely. All that space and air  
in a gold background that haloes the lost,

the soon-to-be-not. Water drops spill like tears  
down the leaves, and what is dream, what is waking?

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