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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