

IRIS PARKER CORRY

OLD ORCHARD HURRICANE, UTAH

The heat and dead
Branches snagging
My hair and the apricots
Hung ripe, unpicked,
Falling heavy at last
In the grass. Grapevines
Winding a tree
And the green grapes
Clustered with apricots
In the heat. The chitter
Of insects, asparagus
Going to seed.
Squish underfoot
In the shoulder-high grass
And the grapevine snares.