

Sonnet Scroll

Windfall

By Denise Provost

Be sure to wash those apples carefully,
she said, gathering fruit from under trees
to press into fresh cider she won't heat,
won't pasteurize, to minimize its risk.

We've gleaned more apples than we'll ever need;
have eaten lots directly off the ground.
Why stop, immersed so deep in gluttony?
We'll soon find out whether they've made us sick.

Oh, apple-greed in autumn! We've consumed,
beyond a doubt, our share of tainted fruit.
Yet, before my next bite, I hesitate.
Surprisingly, you nod, *go on and taste*.

It's true: the apples we already ate
will have by now predetermined our fate.