

Three Poems

CHARLES W. PRATT

Bill's Advice

Apples left hanging overlong on the tree
Go greasy; brightness subsides to a dull luster.
Flesh accepts the imprint of the thumb.

Better to pick your apples maybe a week
Before full ripeness. Raise breast-gently, gently
Twist. Again. If they resist, come back.

The best don't give themselves, they must be taken—
But must be taken with a tender hand.

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