

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Harvest

by Fran Duffield

A suspicion, a doubt,
a jealousy grew:
in my mind a shadow
lengthened, seeped
mulberry indigo

stained my memory
of low sun glowing sidelong,
lighting the uncertain colour
of your eyes,
flecked and dappled
appleshade green

the lightest breath of wind
uneasing your hair, a halo:
you paused, smiling serious
leaning close to kiss,
pear-skin gold

sweet ripeness, soft-melting,
and rotten
at the core