

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Tree Of Knowledge

by Fran Duffield

In a long gestation it branched low
sulking for a season,
then one blowsy fruit to show
for all that pain,
kept enthroned in isolation till
it withered
cheek to cheek with myself

Now the stooping branches droop
a ponderous bowlful hang hidden
as if ashamed

tried, most are still shy, held back
by their unready stalks
only two fall twisting into the hand
already showing marks of bad intent
as they reveal their undersides

I place them carefully on the floor,

still very near the door

in case something will crawl out from them

that I don't want to know