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Under The Wisteria

under the wisteria
that we pruned
too hard last year,
now dripping with bees
you press urgently against me
and I am wild with that
sugared pink smell
"be still," you whisper,
entwining my arms
in the vines

or later against
the orange tree,
where I found you
pulling down fruit
in your bare feet,
the flesh under your arms
warm and ripe
as the sweet melon
tangled along the fence,
all your oranges
dropping to the ground
in surprise

once we even tried it
in the tomato bed,
because I could not resist
popping a red cherry
into your mouth each time
it dropped open,
or rolling a hot beefsteak
across your chest
until the seeds burst free