

Donald Sultan's *Oranges on a Branch*

After dusk the black sky leaks over the grove
heavy as tar.

Sinuuous as the trees' adumbral petioles,
night workers slink
though leafstalks, their numbed digits rescuing
summer fruit
from the rime. How seasonable, those final
unstemmed spheres
that levitate beneath the boughs like harvest moons.
How simple,
those unenshadowed globes gleaned
by their own light.