

APPLES FROM THE GARDEN

What does it mean to have a crazy old heart
thumping inside and a mind that's a bit singed
around its edges or what some say is a daft sense of
what is real? It comes about
when one loves and loses
or loves and prays for change
but change does not come . . . It comes about
as one loves and learns a few things but only
a few so that the soul continues its search
for light and truth, come what may.

When we are young,
everyone tells us to take a bite out of life . . .
we need to know . . . we really need to know,
so we struggle and risk, adopting all
the ideas that we think help us grow
but instead, we become like Eve,
in her little garden.

When no longer children, is it then
okay to not know? When life changes
course, can we be content
to become lost along the way?
turn our backs on all the things we
thought were "green or golden"
. . . learn to till our own special gardens?

Until maybe this time we adapt
to a crazy old heart
thumping inside and a mind that's a bit singed
around its edges, with what, some say,
is a daft sense of what is real
because . . .
now we can strip down
lay bare the worms
taste the delicious fruit
every apple holds within its flesh.

by Theresa Hickey



Lucas Cranach the Elder, *Paradise*, 1550