

scape



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FLOWING INTO THE ADJACENT POSSIBLE

The unpredictable snap
separates one apple from
its branch at the touch of
my hand bringing the sweet
to a surprise of teeth and tongue.

What willed the moment?
Did I hunger and simply choose?
Did the apple draw me to it
by the pungency of its fruit
fermenting at its roots?

Did the slope of hillside
draw us together as gravity

curved this space to encourage
a collision and a swallowing
as if centered at a black hole?

I may have followed the buzz
of bees seemingly delighted
by the sugars seeping from
the broken fallen fruit,
bee dancing to show the way.

An afternoon of early autumn,
chance and circumstance on
a foothill of the Blue Ridge,
paths and intersections
becoming the hunger of event.

A universe of the possible
unrandoms to a subset
of significant chances,
draws bee and me to apple
tree and tastes of sweetness.

With wafts of apple aroma,
this continuity seems breaking
wisdom from a clear fall sky.
Or is this just a reaching for
too much in one temptation?

Ceaselessly, the collisions
we are become new things,
biographies beyond our
expectation, tastes of fruit
forbidden to understanding.

It is best to accept the truth
that falls into our hands as
we meet what is just lying

over the latent hill, drawing us
to meet the tasting of small chaos.

All and the singular fall
from the pending grace
where fruit suspends from
each meaningful branch,
winds bearing to sweet witness.

David Anthony Sam has written poetry for over 40 years and been published in various journals. He has two collections, including *Memories in Clay, Dreams of Wolves* (2014). He lives in Virginia with his wife and life partner, Linda, and currently serves as president of Germanna Community College.

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