

Donald Sultan's *Oranges on a Branch*

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

Sinuous 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.