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.