

And Flyspeck and Sooty Blotch

—for Dr. Tami McDonald

And earth's tilt on its axis. Winds' freight. The tree long
Untended. Thick crosshatch
Of limbs. Night songs. Day songs.
Night skies.

And day skies. Cinnamon.

Nutmeg. Citron.

Rose-scented hanky.

Deer affecting two-legged reaches

After apples like these we've climbed into

Their reaches to pick.

Eve's reach. Adam's. Pound

Sweets or Grimes

Goldens, our best guesses,

Each with wild galaxies of fungi hyphae

Orbiting its skin.

Tiny black dots, shiny, in groups

Of a few to nearly

100.

And gray-black splotches

Our biologist friend calls *Ascomycetes*,

This complex of fungi,

Sooty blotch and flyspeck

(SBFS). Indices

To deep space. Flourishing cloudscapes. Whorling

Constellations. At and in

Between the poles and equators.

Sexual—

Such prolific

Conjugations born on the backs of apples,

Nor can we save them long

For divination,

Given the host fruits' certain starvation,

Separate from the tree,

Their sure shriveling around

The cores—endocarps and seeds—around

The long machinations

Of their genesis. So we eat

Them against these irrepressible
Hungers. Knowing
And not knowing. Oxygen
And carbon. Sun.
Wind. And showers. Spores and seeds.
Memes and mythemes. And all of the clattering branches.

