



Image from Warriors' Path State Park

Mary-Marcia Casoly

With Permission, Orange Persimmons

A black bowl of blanched almonds. A pair of soft blue china cups. Iron Goddess of Mercy oolong, Ceylon orange sapphire, midnight Assam. One snap of your fingers could ensign an avalanche of diamonds. Yes, a lifetime of admirals and cormorants amass dust. Let's feast our ears on a hank of pinched bells, reminiscent of our laughter. Fresh mornings are terribly perishable. Twilight snail-forks skewer a canarium; after soaking it in hot water, we taste

for this, he nearly dies laughing
for another day, another day, for want of another

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