

Weblinks

<https://www.poemoftheweek.com/robertgrunst2>

<http://www.versedaily.org/2012/orchardofstarfruit.shtml>

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Photo link



About 'TWO SAD APPLES'

I have never spun a poem off a photograph; though, when my twin daughters, Andrea & Melissa, and I happened upon the two apples in a small, little cared for orchard one third of the way down the footpath from the mountainside village of Zagora to the Aegean beach at Chorefto (or Xania) the situation of the apples immediately struck me. One of my daughters took the photo at my request—to safekeep the setting. Who knows why? Something about the silence. Something about the sea in the distance below much larger orchards spaced out on the surrounding slopes. January in Greece. There was snow two hundred meters above Zagora. Any garden, any orchard is a referent to the one in Genesis, the eviction, and thereafter to narrative in general. The acrobats still surprise me. I may have been thinking somehow about Francis Bacon or Marc Chagall, or about how steep the descent had already been before landing on the narrow the shelf the orchard and table and chairs stand on. We found most of the beachside shops closed for the season. One guy was open though, and he switched on electric heaters. He offered us Ouzo, but what we needed was hot mint tea and cream. That's what he brought us.



Robert Grunst is the author of two books of poetry—***The Smallest Bird in North America***, New Issues Press, and ***Blue Orange***, McGovern Prize winner, Ashland Poetry Press—and many essays focusing on stories and folkways connected with the Great Lakes commercial fishing industry. He is a former 9th grade English teacher, a former gillnet tug deckhand and Kahlenberg

(semi-diesel) engineer, and graduate of the University of Iowa's Writers Workshop and Ph.D. program in English. Currently he is a professor emeritus, St. Catherine University, St. Paul, Minnesota and oft-times resident with his wife in Nieul-Sur-Mer, France. His daughters are postdoc research associates at La Rochelle Université Institute for Littoral Environment et Sociétés. *'Two Sad Apples'* is from a manuscript entitled *'Becoming As.'*

Additional Poem

(The following poem has not been published elsewhere; though, the poem is closely related to *'Two Sad Apples'* and, as yet, has not been submitted elsewhere.)

Two Wild Boars

*Great was that chase with the hounds for
The unattainable meaning of the world.*

Czeslaw Milosz

For our parts now we will not draw nearer than the roadway's curb—the closest look we'll get to see what remains of their wildness—wiry hair, curved tusks.

Cables of blood clinging to the hacked open carcasses' insides. Gouts hardening in crevasses between their ribs. Field dressed. Slung into the bed of a Toyota pick-up

and driven down the mountainside to be laid out and admired in this driveway. Just within the limits of Tsagarada, Greece this is. The hunters standing.

Smoking cigarettes. Encircling the boars. Turned-up-earflaps-fleece-lined hats. Canvas coats agape. Woolen pants. Heavy boots. They'll truss and hang the pair

from garage rafters or in some shed out back. Three nights to cure the meat. Then skin and butcher them. The dogs are leashed and tied to the pick-up's trailer hitch.

Straining at the wild smells. But let's leave them be. Let the hunters celebrate. Pass

a flask of Tsipouro. We cannot ask how high up the mountainside they had to go.

Or if the dogs were fed the livers as their reward. Or if they remember why it was
Odysseus walked off with his ankle scar and next to useless oar holding trust with Tiresias.