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An Orchard Next Time

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An Orchard Next Time

Author Bio

Lauren Hand is a sophomore double majoring in Spanish and English with a Writing Concentration. She is a proud ginger, a coffee addict, and co-president of Poetry Circle.

An Orchard Next Time

I grew a forest inside my chest
Of pine and cedar and all the rest
And I thought that we could rest together
Beneath their shade.

I was so impressed by what I had made
I forgot to account for fire,
Which with one spark took over
And rapidly eradicated
The whole forest I had fabricated,
Leaving me dashed in a desert of ash
Alone beneath the overbearing sun.

So the next time I built a nest.
I found all the finest pieces,
Twigs and popcorn,
Licorice and twine,
And I designed it
So that this time you would stay,
And I sat on that hope,
Round and robin's egg blue
And I kept it warm so that it grew,
But when it hatched it only flew away
And left me empty.

I think I am through with forests,
Which I only ever miss for their trees,
And I think I am done with nests,
Whose inhabitants only know how to leave.
I am weary of the grief
Which only comes from losing
What never could be.

An orchard next time,
I want to grow an orchard next time,
Sowing apples and peaches and pears, pouring
From tall trees that two tortured souls can climb,
And we'll find ourselves reclining there
beneath the open sky
As we sink our sweet teeth into the fruit
Of our labor.
We'll care for our garden together,
You and I against the weather;
We'll have all the wherewithal
And with all the time we need.

I want to grow an orchard—
My heart is a seed.