

CCW Winner for Poetry

THESE

Apples fall
into what
their ground bruises
pulp and skin become
this earth around
rain clouds
the mountains

off whose contours birds deflect
catch the light there
and turn
to snow and vanish
changing
the wind our wrists hold

the moment these
become in us
inventing a space
whose margins the trees
illuminate and are

among their branches
remembering
the light we reflect
we turn from

-Patrick Cahill