

Apples

CHARLES FINN

Nothing is one thing.
Everything is something else.
All summer the mountain wildflowers
Birthed into the blue challis
Of sky, fragrances beat out of them
By the broomstick of wind. At night
The wind, self-effacing, and the silence
Of oaks, a thing to reckon with
And behold—but all for what?
Some say the stone troth of the mind
Is nothing compared to the heart.
Some say be the rope and bucket
To the drywell of compassion.
There really isn't much choice is there?
Come winter the three-legged fawn
Will fall to the coyote
But that doesn't stop me
From setting out apples.

Charles Finn is the editor of the literary and fine arts magazine *High Desert Journal* and author of *Wild Delicate Seconds: 29 Wildlife Encounters* (Oregon State University Press 2012). His poetry, fiction, and nonfiction has appeared in a wide variety of magazines, newspapers, and journals.