



DESCENT INTO PEARGATORY

(with apologies to H.D.)

Sherry Gamble

"Vous êtes tous une génération perdue."

Gertrude Stein to Ernest Hemingway

The apple was not the culprit
nor was there an original citrus sin.
This fine fruit plainly
plunged us into peargatory.

Behold the dappled pear
ripening sagely, woman-like.
Cup it in your hand; let its aroma
peaceably pearmeate your senses.

See the speckled skin
stretched tautly over firm sweet meat.
Beckoning, the softly rounded haunches:
teasing the teeth.

Of all fruits, this the most fragile, female;
o pear girl.