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 permeate 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.