To the Apples: A Pantoum

Angel Grubbs

Cedarville University, agrubbs@cedarville.edu

DigitalCommons@Cedarville provides a publication platform for fully open access journals, which means that all articles are available on the Internet to all users immediately upon publication. However, the opinions and sentiments expressed by the authors of articles published in our journals do not necessarily indicate the endorsement or reflect the views of DigitalCommons@Cedarville, the Centennial Library, or Cedarville University and its employees. The authors are solely responsible for the content of their work. Please address questions to dc@cedarville.edu.

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol18/iss1/12
To the Apples: A Pantoum

Browse the contents of this issue of Cedarville Review.

Please see the Editors' Foreword - A Christian Response to Art and Literature: A Very Short Guide to Images and Texts

Description (Optional)
This is a little piece of poetry, known as a pantoum. It's not a pure pantoum, as I played with the structure of the sentences a little bit, but the idea is to repeat certain lines throughout the stanzas. It helps to create a scene that maintains unity, and I have found it to be especially good at capturing moments as the form likes to ruminate.

Creative Commons License
This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License.

About the Contributor (Optional)
I am an English Major at Cedarville University pursuing a minor in Creative Writing.

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarrillereview

Part of the Poetry Commons

This poetry is available in Cedarville Review: https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarrillereview/vol18/iss1/12
Poetry by Angel Grubbs

TO THE APPLES: A PANTOUM

Father lights their cinnamon candle. Warm Aroma wafts through the house,
Silently, slowly. Not wanting to alarm but awaken the family to Outside:
Fir trees hailed by crinkled leaves. Family, crunch peacefully
To wagons stuffed with gilt hay.

Not wanting to alarm but awaken the family to Outside,
Crisp wind caresses dream-wearied faces, gasp. Race
To the wagons stuffed with euphonious hay. Sh, sh! Settled,
Mother’s flannel shawl proudly warms her.

Crisp wind caresses hungry children’s faces, gasp. Race
To the apples: Gala, Jonathan, Golden Delicious.
Mother’s wicker basket presented proudly before us.
Fingers grasp nature’s fruit, acidic wonder. Relieved hunger.

Back home from the apples: Fuji, McIntosh, Elstar.
Home to fir trees hailed by crinkled leaves. Crunch sleepily.
Bellies cherish nature’s fruit, acidic wonder. Children slumber.
Father snuffs their cinnamon candle.