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## To the Apples: A Pantoum

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# To the Apples: A Pantoum

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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.

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## About the Contributor (Optional)

I am an English Major at Cedarville University pursuing a minor in Creative Writing.

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*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.