**Golden Delicious**

Jan Chronister

It’s January

boots in school hall.

I pull an apple

from my bag.

I see our tree

obscured by blossoms in spring

courting pollinators.

During summer visits

thistles pierce bare feet.

In August I examine hard green balls

festoon my pants with burrs.

Leaves fall, first snow

frosts each gold orb.

We fill bushels,

leave the rest for deer.

They come at night

stretch high like dancers

eat warm sun

buried deep within

cold fruit.