**Peaches**

Ruth Bavetta

The peach tree outside her bedroom window

was there before the house was, before

this became her room, before she was thirteen

and looking and longing and looking again.

Fruit dangled like blushing moons,

like small summers that yearned to bloom.

Sweet as her newfound hunger,

the peaches relaxed and ripened,

tempting her with flesh so lush

it filled the swelling day.

Open the window, it called. Move

the screen aside, reach. Reach farther.