**1 in 20 in 5**

Wren Jones

an apple  
dangling from my liver

picked,

insides pruned,  
49 staples graft me together

margins clear

certainty bruised

*five years. five per cent.*

*hope. patience. luck.*

an apple tree

sown in my heart

small black seeds  
tendril into rich red tissue

fear quietly takes root

the wonderful unbearable   
knowing of a life’s end

rooted but left un-watered,   
at the back of the orchard,

in the rusty wagon next to the barn,

in the vegetable patch, covered in rotting vines

in the dirt,

a mason jar,

lid screwed on tight,

buried

a scrap of white paper inside,

pencilled with a wish -   
to stay.

*five years. five per cent.*

*hope. patience. luck.*

each spring   
with the crocuses and snowdrops,  
the buds of worry push

into ventricles and aortas

blocking circulation,

annual blood work and scans  
ticks April calendar

at five years, I stand in an empty field

dig up the jar

brush away the dirt in the hot sun

hold the paper in a fist

unfurl my hand,

apples tumble from my heart.

*five years. five per cent.*

*luck. patience. hope*.