Clean Break

Semis rock the Bronco
as they doppler past.
It sways on the shoulder,
engine blown. On the bank

where we wait apples load
abandoned trees. Autumn,
bright sun, and the branches
gnarl and twist above us,

clotted with fruit, except
where long before the freeway
flattened the fields a farmer
cut away a heavy limb.

Within the tangle and rot
the dark stump still tells
how once at least the saw
made a clean, bright break.