

# Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

---

Volume 7 | Issue 1

Article 35

---

June 2007

## The Apple

Richard Jones

Follow this and additional works at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate>

---

### Recommended Citation

Jones, Richard (2007) "The Apple," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 7: Iss. 1, Article 35.  
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol7/iss1/35>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). It has been accepted for inclusion in Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal by an authorized editor of The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). For more information, please contact [ORB@binghamton.edu](mailto:ORB@binghamton.edu).

## Jones: The Apple

### THE APPLE

Richard Jones

I pare an apple for my little girl, stunning,  
as usual, in a shimmering Cinderella gown.  
I cut seven happy, shining crescent moons  
to array and serve on a deep blue plate,  
and recall how to cut and remove the hide  
from the head of a white-tailed deer.

Before Sarah was born, before I imagined  
her in my life or how life would change,  
I met in rural Wisconsin an insurance adjuster.  
His hobby was taxidermy. Headless carcasses,  
waiting to be skinned and butchered,  
hung from pulley ropes in the trees.

I visited the taxidermist with my carpenter friend.  
We borrowed a pulley and winch to hoist  
a plate glass window to the second story  
of an old house we were renovating.  
It was brilliant, sparkling autumn. Deer season.  
Gun shots and church bells rang in the distance.

What I recall most vividly is the teenaged girl  
who lived in the house next door to the taxidermist.  
Barefoot in a sunlit Sunday dress, maple leaves swirling  
on the lawn, she danced, pale and long-limbed,  
practicing baton twirls, throwing the metal bar  
high in the air, catching it with a curtsy.

Enchanted, I steadied myself  
against my friend's truck, watching the silver baton  
spinning crosses in the air. I remember that  
as if it were yesterday. That, and the cold stare  
the girl's father gave me as he stood on the porch,  
knife in hand, paring an apple.