

# From Blossoms

Li-Young Lee  
(1957 – )

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From blossoms comes  
this brown paper bag of peaches  
we bought from the boy  
10 at the bend in the road where we turned toward  
signs painted Peaches.

From laden boughs, from hands,  
from sweet fellowship in the bins,  
15 comes nectar at the roadside, succulent  
peaches we devour, dusty skin and all,  
comes the familiar dust of summer, dust we eat.

O, to take what we love inside,  
20 to carry within us an orchard, to eat  
not only the skin, but the shade,  
not only the sugar, but the days, to hold  
the fruit in our hands, adore it, then bite into  
the round jubilation of peach.

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There are days we live  
as if death were nowhere  
in the background; from joy  
to joy to joy, from wing to wing,  
30 from blossom to blossom to  
impossible blossom, to sweet impossible blossom.