Apple Trees in January

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Whenever I say I live on a farm, no bigger than a postage stamp, on the outskirts of a small town, whose name is famous in a rhyme, I know I am taking you by surprise in the same way the Pied Piper’s pretty music jigged children down a cobbled path.

Can you imagine, dearies, living here in winter?

The apple trees seem to be head bent, leaning into an arctic wind that swirls a mist of snow down its narrow row; its light voile caught on nimble branches like Degas’s dancers waiting for the music to rise on a hundred twenty-eighth note.

This is what one who watches from a window sees in weather’s bluster . . . and I wonder when you are traveling by my words’ compact car, is this the rural place few will remember?

M.J.Iuppa

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