

The Citrus Thief

MARJORIE SAISER

Again before daylight
she comes in her robe and pajamas,
her slippers soft on the path,
the circle from her flashlight
bobbing on the ground. She shuts off
the light when she nears the tree.
An orange, cold and hard to her fingers,
will twist off to lie in her palm.
It's the stars, closer than they've
ever been, the ancients
who saw them, the woman who
stepped out of her cave, pulling a pelt
around her shoulders. Cold night,
Milky Way, same for any
future bandit, looking up, starstruck,
a shred of food in her hand.

