

Winning Poems in 2021 CFCP, Inc., Annual Contest

5. Nature, Any Style, Second Place

Loquat: a murderous tale

A garrulous squirrel sits high
in the arms of the loquat tree,
among the ripened fruit; camouflaged
except for her tail— burnt orange,
tinged with black, erect
within the leaf cluster.

She nibbles the squishy treasure
under the tough yellow skin,
then flings the ravaged remains
toward the ground.
Slimy and sticky, some seeds
catch on a leathery leaf as they pass.
They dry.

Others drift, and reach the soil.
their roots burst forth to crack the heavy clay,
which anchors spring shoots
in their zestful emergence.
Leafy hands wave at the warming sun
from under the darkened canopy;
'Til one by one they are torn from the earth
by the thorough gardener.

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